# Everybody's Magazine

JUN 25 1915
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## Do you know

how your soul makes your body sick? page 741

## Do you know

which business men are asleep to opportunities opened by the war? and which are not? page 712

## Do you know

that WEBSTER ~ Henry Kitchell starts a big new serial story? page 657

## Do you know

how Griffith is putting a new move in the movies? page 677

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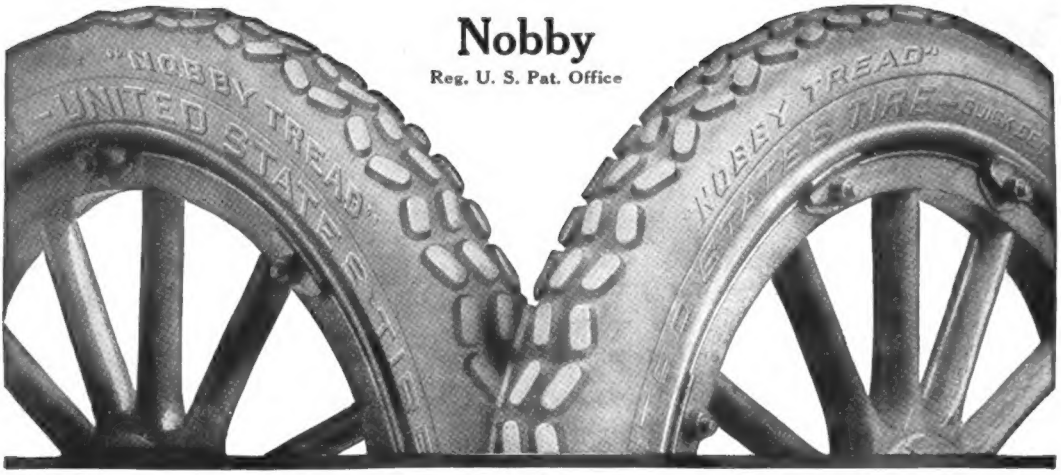


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EVERYBODY'S
MAGAZINE
JUNE·1915·VOL·32·NO·6

# The Real Adventure

by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE BUTTERFLY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD L. CHASE

**IF YOU want a love-story as modern as 1915 and as full of sentiment as 1860—Henry Kitchell Webster. If you want a marriage-story chock-full of problems and yet chock-full of humor—Henry Kitchell Webster. If you want the most realistic story possible about actors and actresses and stage-life—Henry Kitchell Webster.**

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# THE REAL ADVENTURE

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

"INDEED," continued the professor, glancing demurely down at his notes, "if one were the editor of a column of—er—advice to young girls, such as I believe is to be found, along with the household hints and the dress patterns on the ladies' page of most of our newspapers—if one were the editor of such a column, one might crystalize the remarks I have been making this morning into a warning—never marry a man with a passion for principles."

It got a laugh, of course. Professorial jokes always do. But *the* girl didn't laugh. She came to with a start—she had been staring out the window—and wrote, apparently, the fool thing down in her note-book. It was the only note she had made in thirty-five minutes.

All of his brilliant exposition of the paradox of Rousseau and Robespierre (he was giving a course on the French Revolution), the strange and yet inevitable fact that the softest, most sentimental, rose-scented religion ever invented, should have produced, through its most thoroughly infatuated disciple, the ghastliest reign of terror that ever shocked the world; his masterly character study of the "sea-green incorruptible," too humane to swat a fly, yet capable of sending half of France to the guillotine in order that the half that was left might believe unanimously in the rights of man—all this the girl had let go by unheard, in favor, apparently, of the drone of a street piano, which came in through the open window on the wings of a prematurely warm March wind. Of all his philosophizing, there was not a pen-track to mar the virginity of the page she had opened her note-book to when the lecture began.

And then, with a perfectly serious face, she had written down his silly little joke about advice to young girls.

There was no reason in the world why she should be *the* girl. There were twenty or thirty of them in the class along with about as many men. And, partly because there was no reason for his paying any special attention to her, it annoyed him frightfully that he did.

She was good-looking, of course—a rather boyishly splendid young creature of somewhere about twenty, with a heap of hair that had, in spite of its rather commonplace chestnut color, a sort of electric vitality about it. She had a strong chin, with a slight forward thrust, and a humorous lift to her otherwise sensible nose. She had good straight-looking, expressive eyes, too, and a big, wide, really beautiful mouth, with square white teeth in it, which, when she smiled or yawned—and she yawned more luxuriously than any girl who had ever sat in his classes—exerted a sort of hypnotic effect on him. All that, however, left unexplained the quality she had of making you, whatever she did, irresistibly aware of her. And, conversely, unaware of every one else about her.

A bit of campus slang occurred to him as quite literally applicable to her. She had all the rest of them faded.

It wasn't, apparently, an effect she tried for. He had to acquit her of that. Nor even, perhaps, one that she was conscious of. When she came early to one of his lectures—it didn't happen often—the men showed a practical unanimity in trying to choose seats near by, or at least where they could see her. But, while this didn't distress her at all—they were welcome to look if they liked—she struck no attitudes for their benefit. A sort of breezy indifference—he selected that phrase finally as the best description of her attitude toward all of them, including himself. When she was late, as she usually was, she slid unostentatiously into the back row—if possible, at the end where she could look out of the window. But, for three minutes after she had come in, he knew he might as well have stopped his lecture and begun reciting the Greek alphabet. She was, in the professor's mind, the final argument against co-education. Her name was Rosalind Stanton, but his impression was that they called her Rose.

The bell rang out in the corridor. He dismissed the class and began stacking up his notes. Then, "Miss Stanton," he said.

She detached herself from the stream that was moving toward the door and, with a good-humored look of inquiry about her very expressive eyebrows, came toward him. And then he wished he hadn't called her.



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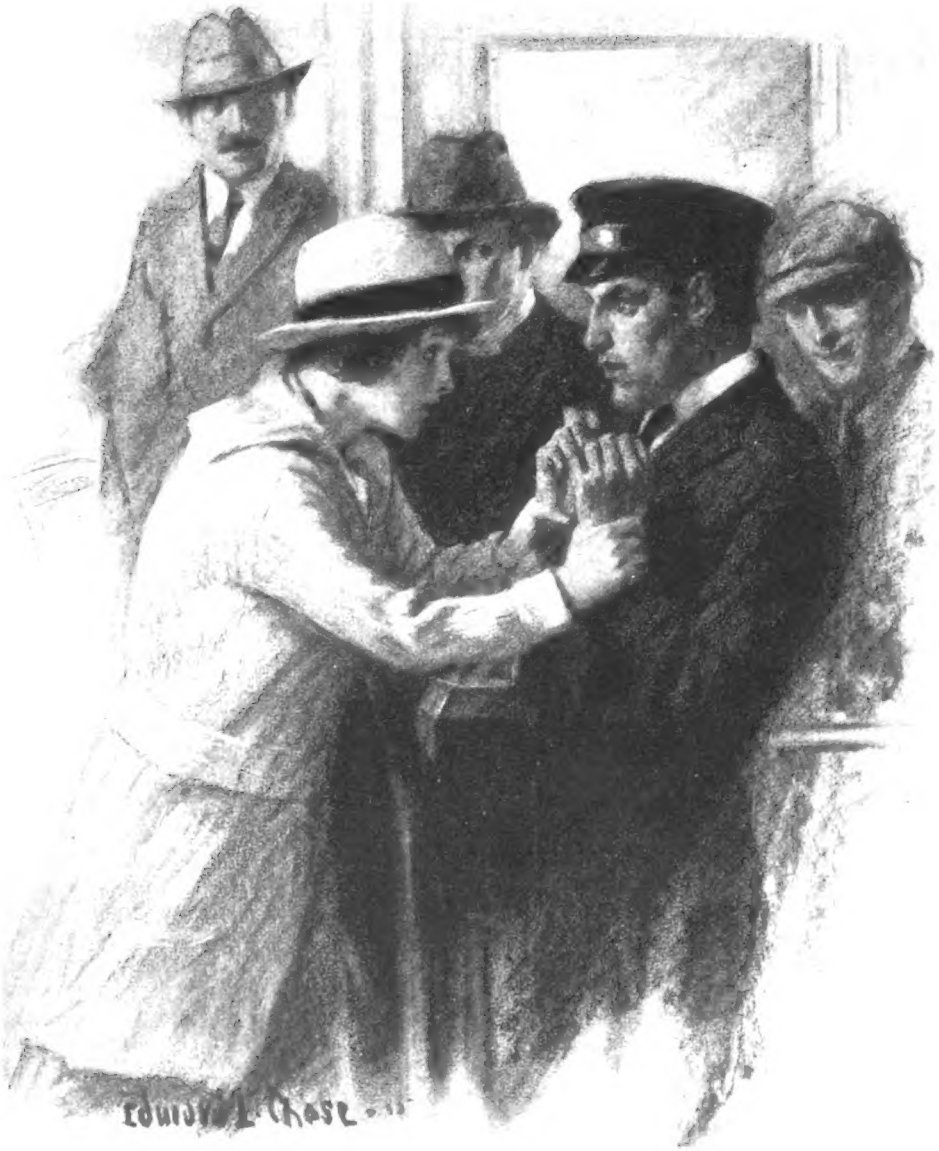


THE FIRST THING HE KNEW HE FOUND BOTH HIS WRISTS PINNED IN THE GRIP OF HER TWO HANDS; FOUND HIMSELF STARING STUPIDLY INTO A PAIR OF GREAT BLAZING BLUE EYES.



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She had spoiled his lecture—a perfectly good lecture—and his impulse had been to remonstrate with her. But the moment he saw her coming he knew he wasn't going to be able to do it. It wasn't her fault that her teeth had hypnotized him and her hair tangled his ideas.

"This is an idiotic question," he said as she paused before his desk, "but did you get anything at all out of my lecture except my bit of facetious advice to young girls about to marry?"

She flushed a little (a girl like that hadn't any right to flush. It ought to be against the college regulations), drew her brows together in a puzzled sort of way, and then, with her wide, boyish, good-humored mouth, she smiled. "I didn't know it was facetious," she said. "It struck me as pretty good. But—I'm awfully sorry if you thought me inattentive. You see, mother brought us up on the Social Contract and the Age of Reason, such things, and I didn't put it down because . . ."

"I see," he said. "I beg your pardon."

She smiled, perfectly cheerfully begged his, and assured him she'd try to do better.

Another girl who had been waiting to speak to the professor, perceiving that their conversation was at an end, came and stood beside her at the desk—a scrawny girl with an eager voice, and a question she wanted to ask about Robespierre; and for some reason or other, Rosalind Stanton's valedictory smile seemed to include a consciousness of this other girl—a consciousness of a contrast. It might not have been any more than that, but somehow it left the professor feeling that he had given himself away.

He was particularly polite to the other girl, because his impulse was to act so very differently.

There is nothing cloistral about the University of Chicago except its architecture. The presence of a fat abbot or a lady prioress in the corridor outside the recitation-room would have fitted in admirably with the look of the warm gray walls and the carven pointed arches of the window and door casements, the blackened oak of the doors themselves.

On the other hand, the appearance of the person whom Rose found waiting for her out there, afforded the piquant effect of contrast. Or would have done so, had the spectacle of him in that very occupation not been so familiar.

He was a 'Varsity half-back, a gigantic blond young man in a blue serge suit. He said "Hello, Rose!" and she said "Hello, Harry!" And he heaved himself erect from the wall he had been leaning against and reached out an immense hand to absorb the little stack of notebooks she carried. She ignored the gesture, and when he asked for them, said she'd carry them herself. There was a sort of strategic advantage in having your own notebooks under your own arm—a fact which no one appreciated better than the half-back himself.

He looked a little hurt. "Sore about something?" he asked.

She smiled widely and said, "Not a bit!"

"I didn't mean at me necessarily," he explained, and referred to the fact that the professor had detained her after he had dismissed the class. "What'd he try to do—call you down?"

There was indignation in the young man's voice—a hint of the protector aroused—of possible retribution.

She grinned again. "Oh, you needn't go back and kill him," she said.

He blushed to the ears. "I'm sorry," he observed stiltedly, "if I appear ridiculous."

But she went on smiling. "Don't you care," she said. "Everybody's ridiculous in March. You're ridiculous, I'm ridiculous, he"—she nodded back along the corridor—"he's plumb ridiculous."

He wasn't wholly appeased. It was rather with an air of resignation that he held the door for her to go out by. They strolled along in silence until they rounded the corner of the building. Here, ceremoniously, he fell back, walked around behind her, and came up on the outside. She glanced up and asked him, incomprehensibly, to walk on the other side, the way they had been. He wanted to know why. This was where he belonged.

"You don't belong there," she told him, "if I want you the other way. And I do."

He heaved a sigh and said, "Women!" under his breath. *Mutabile semper!* No matter how much you knew about them, they remained incomprehensible. Their whims passed explanation. He was getting downright sulky.

As a matter of fact, he did her an injustice. There was a perfectly valid reason for her wanting him to walk on the other side. What gave the appearance of pure caprice to her request was just her womanly

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dislike of hurting his feelings. There was a small boil on the left side of his neck, and when he walked at her left hand it didn't show.

"Oh, don't be fussy," she said. "It's such a dandy day."

But the half-back refused to be comforted. And he was right about that. A woman never tells you to cheer up, in that brisk, unfeeling way, if she really cares a cotton hat about your troubles. And a candid, deliberate self-examination would have convinced Rose that she didn't, in spite of the sentimentally warm March wind that was blowing her hair about. She was less moved by the half-back's sorrows this morning than at any time during the past six months. She'd hardly have minded the boil before to-day.

Six months ago, he had been a very wonderful person to her. There had been a succession of pleasant—of really thrilling discoveries. First, that he'd rather dance with her than with any other girl in the University. (You're not to forget that he was a celebrity. During the football season, his name was on the sporting page of the Chicago papers every day—generally in the headlines when there was a game to write about; and Walter Camp had devoted a whole paragraph to explaining why he didn't put him on the first all-American Eleven but on the second instead—a gross injustice which she had bitterly resented.)

There was a thrill, then, in the discovery that he liked her better than other girls, and a greater thrill in the subsequent discovery that she had become the basis of his whole orientation. It was her occupations that left him leisure for his own; his leisure was hers to dispose of as she liked; his energy, including his really prodigious physical prowess, to be directed toward any object she thought laudable. Six months ago she wouldn't have laughed—not exactly in that derisive way at least—at the notion of his going back and beating up the professor.

There had been a thrill, too, in their more sentimental passages. But at this point there developed a most perplexing phenomenon. The idea that he wanted to make love to her, really moved and excited her—set her imagination to exploring all sorts of roseate mysteries. The first time he had ever held her hand—it was inside her muff, one icy December day when he hadn't any gloves on—the memory of the feel of that big hand, and of the timbre of his voice, left her starry-eyed with a new wonder. She dreamed of other caresses; of wonderful things that he should say to her and she should say to him.

But here arose the perplexity. It was her imagination of the thing that she enjoyed rather than the thing itself. The wonderful scenes that her own mind projected never came true. The ones that happened were disappointing—irritating, and, eventually and unescapably, downright disagreeable to her. There was no getting away from it—the ideal lover of her dreams, whose tenderness and chivalry and devotion were so highly desirable, although he might wear the half-back's clothes and bear his face and name, was not the half-back. She might dote upon his absence, but his presence was another matter.

The realization of this fact had been gradual. She wasn't fully conscious of it, even on this March morning. But something had happened this morning that made a difference. If she'd been ascending an imperceptible gradient for the past three months, to-day she had come to a recognizable step up and taken it. Oddly enough, the thing had happened back there in the class-room as she stood before the professor's desk and caught his eye wavering between herself and the scrawny girl who wanted to ask a question about Robespierre. There had been more than blank, helpless exasperation in that look of his, and it had taught her something. She couldn't have explained what.

To the half-back she attributed it to the month of March. "You're ridiculous, I'm ridiculous, he's ridiculous." That was about as well as she could put it.

She and the half-back had walked about a hundred yards in silence. Now they were arriving at a point where the path forked.

"You're elegant company this morning, I must say," he commented resentfully.

Again she smiled. "I'm elegant company for myself," she said, and held out her hand. "Which way do *you* go?" she asked.

A minute later she was swinging along alone, her shoulders back, confronting the warm March wind, drawing long breaths into her good deep chest. She had just had, psychically speaking, a birthday.

She played a wonderful game of basketball that afternoon.

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*Rose is put off a car and followed by a voice*

IT WAS after five o'clock when, at the conclusion of the game and a cold shower, a rub, and a somewhat casual resumption of her clothes, she emerged from the gymnasium. High time that she took the quickest way of getting home, unless she wanted to be late for dinner.

But the exhilaration of the day persisted. She felt like doing something out of the regular routine. Even a preliminary walk of a mile or so before she should cross over and take the elevated, would serve to satisfy her mild hunger for adventure. And really, she liked to be a little late for dinner. It was always pleasanter to come breezing in after things had come to a focus, than to idle about for half an hour in that no-man's land of the day, when the imminence of dinner made it impossible to do anything but wait for it.

So, with her notebooks under her arm and her sweater-jacket unfastened, at a good four-mile swing she started north. In the purlieus of the University she was frequently hailed by friends of her own sex or the other. But though she waved cheerful responses to their greetings, she made her stride purposeful enough to discourage offers of company. They all seemed young to her to-day. All her student activities seemed young. As if, somehow, she had outgrown them. The feeling was none the less real after she had laughed at herself for entertaining it.

She noticed presently that it was a good deal darker than it had any right to be at this hour, and the sudden fall of the breeze and a persistent shimmer of lightning supplied her with the explanation. When she reached Forty-seventh Street, the break of the storm was obviously a matter of minutes, so she decided to ride across to the elevated—it was another mile, perhaps—rather than walk across as she had meant to do. She didn't in the least mind getting wet, providing she could keep on moving until she could change her clothes. But a ten-mile ride in the elevated, with water squashing around in her boots and dripping out of her hair, wasn't an alluring prospect.

She found quite a group of people waiting on the corner for a car, and the car itself, when it came along, was crowded. So she handed her nickel to the conductor over somebody's shoulder, and moved back to the corner of the vestibule. It was frightfully stuffy inside, and most of the newly received passengers seemed to agree with her that the platform was a pleasanter place to stay; which did very well until the next stop, where half a dozen more prospective passengers were waiting. They were in a hurry, too, since it had begun in very downright fashion to rain.

The conductor had been chanting, "Up in the car, please!" in a perfunctory cry all along. But at this crisis his voice got a new urgency. "Come on now," he proclaimed, "you'll have to get inside!"

From the step the new arrivals pushed, the conductor pushed, and finally he was able to give the signal for starting the car. The obvious necessity of making room for those who would be waiting at the next corner, kept him at the task of herding them inside, and the sheeplike docility of an American crowd helped him.

Regretfully, with the rest, Rose made her way to the door.

"Fare, please!" he said sharply as she came along.

She told him she had paid her fare; but for some reason, perhaps because he was tired at the end of a long run, perhaps because he saw some one he suspected of being a spotter, he elected not to believe her.

"When did you pay it?" he demanded.

"A block back," she said, "when all those other people got on."

"You didn't pay it to me," he said truculently. "Come along! Pay your fare or get off the car!"

"I paid it once," she said quietly, "and I'm not going to pay it again." With that she started forward toward the door.

He reached out across his little rail and caught her by the arm. It was a natural act enough—not polite, to be sure, by no means chivalrous. Still, he probably put into his grip no more strength than he thought necessary to prevent her walking by into the car.

But it had a surprising result—a result that normally wouldn't have happened. Yet, on this particular day, it couldn't have happened differently. It had been a red-letter day from the beginning—from no assignable cause—an exciting, joyous day; and the thrill of the hard, fast game, the shower, the rub, the walk, had brought her

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"JUST CONCENTRATE YOUR MIND ON ONE THING, AND THAT'S BEING NICE TO HERMIONE WOODRUFF—AND ON SEEING THAT RODDY IS."



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up to what engineers speak of as a "peak."

Well, the conductor didn't know that. If he had, he'd either have let the girl go by, or have put a good deal more force into his attempt to stop her. And the first thing he knew he found both his wrists pinned in the grip of her two hands; found himself staring stupidly into a pair of great blazing blue eyes—it's a wrathful color, blue, when you light it up—and listening uncomprehendingly to a voice that said, "Don't dare touch me like that!"

The episode might have ended right there, for the conductor's consternation was complete. If she could have walked straight into the car, he wouldn't have pursued her. But her notebooks were scattered everywhere and had to be gathered up, and there were two or three of the passengers who thought the situation was funny, and laughed, which didn't improve the conductor's temper.

Rose was aware, as she gathered up her notebooks, of another hand that was helping her—a gloved masculine hand. She took the books it held out to her as she straightened up, and said "Thank you," but without looking around for the face that went with it. The conductor's intentions were still at the focal point of her mind. They were, apparently, unaltered. He had jerked the bell while she was collecting her notebooks, and the car was grinding down to a stop.

"You pay your fare!" he repeated, "or you get off the car right here!"

"Right here" was in the middle of what looked like a lake, and the rain was pouring down with a roar.

She didn't hesitate long, but before she could answer a voice spoke—a voice which, with intuitive certainty, she associated with the gloved hand that had helped gather up her notebooks—a very crisp, finely modulated voice.

"That's perfectly outrageous," it said. "The young lady has paid her fare."

"Did you see her pay it?" demanded the conductor.

"Naturally not," said the voice: "I got on at the last corner. She was here then. But if she said she did, she did."

It seemed to relieve the conductor to have some one of his own sex to quarrel with. He delivered a stream of admonition somewhat sulphurously phrased, to the general effect that any one whose concern the present affair was not, could, at his option, close his jaw or have his block knocked off.

Rose hadn't, as yet, looked round at her champion. But she now became aware that inside a shaggy gray sleeve which hung beside her, there was a sudden tension of big muscles; the gloved hand which had helped gather up her notebooks clenched itself into a formidable fist. The thought of the sort of thud that fist might make against the over-active jaw of the conductor, was pleasant. Still, the thing mustn't be allowed to happen.

She spoke quickly and decisively: "I won't pay another fare; but, of course, you may put me off the car."

"All right," said the conductor.

The girl smiled over the very gingerly way in which he reached out for her elbow to guide her around the rail and toward the step. Technically, the action constituted putting her off the car. She heard the crisp voice once more, this time repeating a number — "twenty-two-ought-five," or something like that—just as she splashed down into the two-inch lake that covered the hollow in the pavement. The bell rang twice, the car started with a jerk, there was another splash, and a big, gray-clad figure alighted in the lake beside her.

"I've got his number," the crisp voice said triumphantly.

"But," gasped the girl, "but what in the world did you get off the car for?"

It wasn't raining. It was doing an imitation of Niagara Falls, and the roar of it almost drowned their voices.

"What did I get off the car for!" he shouted. "Why, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It was immense! It's so confounded seldom," he went on, "that you find anybody with backbone enough to stick up for a principle. . . ."

He heard a brief, deep-throated little laugh and pulled up short with a "What's the joke?"

"I laughed," she said, "because you have been deceived." And she added quickly, "I don't believe it's quite so deep on the sidewalk, is it?" With that she waded away toward the curb.

He followed, then led the way to a lee wall that offered, comparatively speaking, shelter. Then, "Where's the deception?" he asked.

On any other day, it's probable she'd

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have acted differently—would have paid some heed, though a bit contemptuously, perhaps, to the precepts of ladylike behavior, in which she'd been admirably grounded. The case for reticence and discretion was a strong one. The night was dark; the rain-lashed street deserted; the man an utterly casual stranger—why, she hadn't even had a straight look into his face! His motive in getting off the car was at least dubitable. Even if not sinister, it could easily be unpleasantly gallant. A man might not contemplate doing her bodily harm, and still be capable of trying to collect some sort of sentimental reward for the ducking he had submitted himself to.

Of course her instinct rejected all that. The sound of his voice, the general atmosphere of him, had been exactly right. And then, he'd left undone the things he ought not to have done. He hadn't tried to take hold of her arm as they had splashed along through the lake to the curb. He hadn't exhibited any tenderly chivalrous concern over how wet she was. And, to-day being to-day, she consigned ladylike considerations to the inventor of them, and gave instinct its head.

She laughed again as she answered his question: "The deception was that I pretended to do it from principle. The real reason why I wouldn't pay another fare is that I only had one more nickel."

"Good Lord!" said the man.

"And," she went on, "that nickel will pay my fare home on the elevated. It's only about half a mile to the station, but from there home it's ten. So you see I'd rather walk this than that."

"But that's dreadful!" he cried. "Isn't there . . . Couldn't you let me . . ."

"Oh," she said, "it isn't as bad as that. It's just one of the silly things that happen to you sometimes, you know. I didn't have very much money when I started, it being Friday. And then I paid my subscription to *The Maroon*. . . ." She didn't laugh audibly, but without seeing her face he knew she smiled, the quality of her voice enriching itself somehow. . . . "And I ate a bigger lunch than usual, and that brought me down to ten cents. I could have got more, of course, from anybody; but ten cents, except for that conductor, would have been enough."

"You will make a complaint about that, won't you?" he urged. "Even if it wasn't on principle that you refused to pay another fare? And let me back you up in it. I've his number, you know."

"You deserve that, I suppose," she said, "because you did get off the car on principle. But—well, really, unless we could prove that I did pay my fare, by some other passenger, you know, they'd probably think the conductor did exactly right. Of course he took hold of me, but that was because I was going right by him. And then—well, think what I did to him!"

He grumbled that this was nonsense—the man had been guilty at least of excessive zeal—but he didn't urge her, any further, to complain.

"There's another car coming," he now announced, peering around the end of the wall. "You will let me pay your fare on it, won't you?"

She hesitated. The rain was thinning. "I would," she said, "if I honestly wouldn't rather walk. I'm wet through now, and it'll be pleasanter to—walk a little of it off, than to squeeze into that car. Thanks, really very, very much, though. Don't you miss it." She thrust out her hand. "Good-by!"

"I can't pretend to think you need an escort to the elevated," he said. "I saw what you did to the conductor. I haven't the least doubt you could have thrown him off the car. But I'd—really like it very much if you would let me walk along with you."

"Why," she said, "of course. I'd like it, too. Come along!"

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***The guest of honor arrives in a rainpool***

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AT TWENTY minutes after seven that evening, Frederica Whitney was about as nearly dressed as she usually was ten minutes before the hour at which she had invited guests to dinner—not quite near enough dressed to prevent a feeling that she had to hurry.

Ordinarily, though, she didn't mind. She'd been an acknowledged beauty for ten years, and the fact had ceased to be exciting. She took it rather easily for granted, and, knowing what she could do if she chose, didn't distress herself over being lighted up, on occasions, to something a good deal less than her full candle-power. To Frederica at thirty, the job of being a radiantly

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"I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S QUITE SO DEEP ON THE SIDEWALK, IS IT?" WITH THAT SHE WADED AWAY TOWARD THE CURB.



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delightful object of regard lacked the sporting interest of uncertainty—was almost too simple a matter to bother about.

But to-night the tenseness of her movements and the faint trace of a wire edge in the tone in which she addressed the maid, revealed the fact that she wished she'd started half an hour earlier. Even her husband discovered it. He brought in a cigarette, left the door open behind him, and stood smiling down at her with the peculiarly complacent look that characterizes a married man of forty when he finds himself dressed beyond cavil in the complete evening harness of civilization, ten minutes before his wife.

She shot a glance of rueful inquiry at him —"Now what have *you* come fussing around for?" would be perhaps a fair interpretation of it—and asked him what time it was, in the evident hope that the boudoir clock on her dressing-table had deceived her. It had, but in the wrong direction.

"Seven twenty-two, thirty-six," he told her. It was a perfectly harmless passion he had for minute divisions of time, but to-night it irritated her. He might have spared her that thirty-six seconds.

She made no comment except with her eyebrows, but he must have been looking at her, for he wanted to know, good-humoredly, what all the excitement was about.

"You could go down as you are and not a man here to-night would know the difference. And as for the women—well, if they have something on you for once, they'll be all the better pleased."

"Don't try to be knowing and philosophical, and—Havelock Ellish, Martin dear," she admonished him, pending a minute operation with an infinitesimal hairpin. "It isn't your lay a bit. Just concentrate your mind on one thing, and that's being nice to Hermione Woodruff. . . ."

She broke off for a long stare into her hand-glass; then finished, casually, ". . . and on seeing that Roddy is."

He asked, "Why Rodney?" in a tone that matched hers; looked at her, widened his eyes, said "Huh!" to himself and, finally, shook his head. "Nothing to it," he pronounced.

She said "Nothing to what?" but abandoned this position as untenable. She despatched the maid with the key to the wall safe in her husband's room. "Why isn't there?" she demanded. "Rodney won't look at young girls. They bore him to death—and no wonder, because he freezes them perfectly brittle with fright. But Hermione's really pretty intelligent. She can understand fully half the things he talks about, and she's clever enough to pretend about the rest. She's got lots of tact and skill, she's good-looking and young enough —no older than I and I'm two years younger than Roddy. She'll appreciate a real husband, after having been married five years to John Woodruff. And she's rich enough, now, so that his wild-eyed way of practising law won't matter."

"All very nice and reasonable," he conceded, "but somehow the notion of Rodney Aldrich trying to marry a rich widow is one I'm not equal to without a handicap of at least two cocktails." He looked at his watch again. "By the way, didn't you say he was coming early?"

She nodded. "That's what he told me this morning when I telephoned him to remind him that it was to-night. He said he had something he wanted to talk to me about. I knew I shouldn't have a minute, but I didn't say so because I thought if he tried to get here early, he might miss being late."

They heard, just then, faint and far away, the ring of the door-bell, at which she cried, "Oh dear! There's some one already!"

"Wait a second," he said. "Let's see if it's him."

The paneled walls and ceiling of their hall were very efficient sounding-boards, and there was no mistaking the voice they heard speaking the moment the door opened—a voice with a crisp ring to it that sounded always younger than his years. What he said didn't matter—just a cheerful greeting to the butler. But what they heard the butler say to him was disconcerting.

"You're terribly wet, sir!"

Frederica turned on her husband a look of despair. "He didn't come in a taxi! He's walked or something, through that rain! Do run down and see what he's like. And if he's very bad, send him up to me. I can imagine how he'll look."

She was mistaken about that, though. For once Frederica had overestimated her powers, stimulated though they were by the way she heard her husband say "Good Lord!" when the sight of his brother-in-law burst upon him.

"Praise heaven you can wear my clothes,"

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she heard him add. "Run along up-stairs and break yourself gently to Freddy."

She heard him come squudging up the stairs and along the hall, and then in her doorway she saw him. His baggy gray tweed suit was dark with the water that saturated it. The lower part of his trouser legs, in irregular vertical creases, clung dismally to his ankles and toned down almost indistinguishably into his once tan boots by the medium of a liberal stipple of mud spatters. Evidently he had worn no overcoat. Both his side pockets had been, apparently, strained to the utmost to accommodate what looked like a bunch of pasteboard-bound notebooks, now far on the way to their original pulp, and lopped despondently outward. A melancholy pool had already begun forming about his feet.

The maddening, but yet—though she hadn't much room for any other emotion—touching thing about the look of him, was the way his face, above the dismal wreck, beamed good-humored, innocent affection at her. It was a big-featured, strong, rosy face, and the unmistakable intellectual power of it, which became apparent the moment he got his faculties into action, had a trick of hiding, at other times, behind a mere robust simplicity.

"Good gracious!" he said. "I didn't know you were going to have a party." It seemed, though, he didn't want to make an issue of that. He hedged. "I know you said something about a birthday-cake, but I thought it would just be the family. So instead of dressing, I thought I'd walk down from home. It takes about the same time. And then it came on to rain, so I took a street-car—and got put off."

It appeared from the way she echoed his last two words that she wanted an explanation. He was painting with a large brush and a few details got obliterated.

"Got into a row with the conductor, who wanted to collect two fares for one ride, so I walked over to the elevated—and back, and here I am."

"Yes, here you are," said Frederica.

She didn't mean anything by that. Already she was making up her mind what she would do with him. His own suggestion was that he should decamp furtively by the back stairs, the sound of new arrivals to the dinner-party warning him that the other way of escape was barred. Walters could be instructed to rescue his hat for him, and he could toddle along downtown again.

She didn't give him time to complete the outline of this masterly strategem. "Don't be impossible, Rod," she said. "Don't you even know whose birthday-party this is?"

He looked at her, frowned, then laughed. He had a great big laugh. "I thought it was one of the kids'," he said.

"Well, it isn't," she told him. "It's yours. And those people down there were asked to meet you. And you've got just about seven minutes to get presentable in. Go into Martin's bathroom and take off those horrible clothes. I'll send Walters in to lay out some things of Martin's."

She came up to him and, at arm's length, touched him with cautious finger-tips. "And do, please, there's a dear boy," she pleaded, "hurry as fast as you can, and then come down and be as nice as you can"—she hesitated—"especially to Hermione Woodruff. She thinks you're a wonder and I don't want her to be disappointed."

"The widdy?" he asked. "Sure I'll be nice to her."

She looked after him rather dubiously as he disappeared in the direction of her husband's room. She'd have felt safer about him if he had seemed more subdued as a result of his escapade. There was a sort of hilarious contentment about him which filled her with misgivings.

Well, they were justified!

But the maddening thing was, she had afterward to admit, that the disaster had been largely of her own contriving. She had been caught in the net of her own strategem—hoist with her own petard.

She had made it a six-couple dinner in order to insure that the talk should be by twos rather than general, and she had spent a good half-hour over the place-cards, getting them to suit her.

Hermione had to be on Martin's right hand, of course. She was just back in the city after an absence of years, and everybody was rushing her. She put Violet Williamson, whom Martin was always flirting with in a harmless way, on his left, and Rod to the right of Hermione. At Rodney's right, she put a girl he had known for years and cared nothing whatever about, and then Howard West—who probably wasn't interested in her either, but would be polite because he was to everybody. Frederica herself sat between Carl Leaventritt of the

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University—a great acquisition, since whatever you might think of him as an empirical psychologist, there was no doubt of his being an accomplished diner-out—and Violet's husband, as he vociferously proclaimed himself, John Williamson, an untired business man who, had their seasons coincided, could have enjoyed a ball-game in the afternoon and stayed awake at the opera in the evening. Dr. Randolph's pretty wife she slid in between Leaventritt and Howard West, and, in happy ignorance of what the result was to be, she put Randolph between Violet and Alice Leaventritt. He was a young, up-to-the-minute mind and nerve doctor.

It was an admirable plan all right, the key-stone of it being, as you no doubt will have observed, the easy, unforced isolation of Rodney and the rich widow. Before that dinner was over, they ought to be old friends.

And, for a little while, all went well. Rodney came down almost within the seven minutes she had allowed him, looking much less dreadful than she had expected, in her husband's other dress-suit, and not forgetful, it appeared, of the line of behavior she had enjoined on him; namely, that he was to be nice to Hermione Woodruff.

From her end of the table, she saw them apparently safely launched in conversation over the *hors d'œuvre*, took a look at them during the soup to see that all was still well, then let herself be beguiled into a conversation with John Williamson, whom she liked as well as Martin did Violet. She never thought of the objects of her matrimonial design again until her ear was caught by a huge, seven-cornered word in her brother's voice. He couldn't be saying it to Hermione; no, he was leaning forward, shouting at Dr. Randolph, who, apparently, knew what he meant and was getting visibly ready to reply in kind.

According to Violet Williamson's account, given confidentially in the drawing-room afterward, it was really Hermione's fault. "She just wouldn't let Rodney alone—would keep talking about crime and Lombroso and psychiatric laboratories—I'll bet she'd got hold of a paper of his somewhere and read it. Anyway, at last she said, 'I believe Dr. Randolph would agree with me.' He was talking to me then, but maybe that isn't why she did it. Well, and Rodney straightened up and said, 'Is that Randolph, the alienist?' You see he hadn't caught his name when they were introduced. And that's how it started. Hermione was game—I'll admit that. She listened and kept looking interested, and every now and then said something. Sometimes they'd take the trouble to smile and say 'Yes, indeed!'—politely, you know, but other times they wouldn't pay any attention at all, just roll along over her and smash her flat—like what's his name—Juggernaut."

"You don't need to tell me that," said Frederica. "All I didn't know was how it started. Didn't I sit there and watch for a mortal hour, not able to do a thing? I tried to signal to Martin, but of course he wasn't opposite to me, and . . ."

"He did all he could, really," Violet assured her. "I told him to go to the rescue, and he did, bravely. But what with Hermione being so miffy about getting frozen out, and Martin himself being so interested in what they were shouting at each other—because it was frightfully interesting, you know, if you didn't have to pretend you understood it—why, there wasn't much he could do."

In the light of this disaster, she was rather glad the men lingered in the dining-room as long as they did—glad that Hermione had ordered her car for ten and took the odd girl with her. She made no effort to resist the departure of the others, with reasonable promptitude, in their train. When, after the front door had closed for the last time, Martin released a long yawn, she told him to run along to bed; she wanted to talk with Rodney, who was to spend the night while his own clothes were drying out in the laundry.

"Good night, old chap!" said Martin in accents of lively commiseration, "I'm glad I'm not in for what you are."

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### *Rodney gets some light on marriage*

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RODNEY found a pipe of his which he kept concealed on the premises, loaded and lighted it, sat down astride a spindling little chair which looked hardly up to his weight, settled his elbows comfortably on the back of it, and then asked his sister what Martin had meant—what was he in for?

Frederica, curled up in a corner of the

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sofa, finished her own train of thought aloud, first. "She's awfully attractive, don't you think? His wife, I mean. Oh, James Randolph's, of course." She turned to Rodney, looked at him at first with a wry pucker between her eyebrows, then with a smile, and finally answered his question. "Nothing," she said. "I mean, I was going to scold you, but I'm not."

"Why, yes," he admitted through his smoke, "Randolph's wife's a mighty pretty woman. But I expect that lets her out, doesn't it?"

Frederica shook her head. "She's a good deal of a person, I should say, on the strength of to-night's showing. She kept her face perfectly through the whole thing—didn't try to nag at him or apologize to the rest of us. I'd like to know what she's saying to him now."

Then, "Oh, I was furious with you an hour ago," she went on. "I'd made such a nice, reasonable, really beautiful plan for you, and given you a tip about it, and then I sat and watched you in that thoroughgoing way of yours kicking it all to bits. But somehow, when I see you all by yourself, this way, it changes things. I get to thinking that perhaps my plan was silly after all—anyhow, it was silly to make it. The plan was, of course, to marry you off to Hermione Woodruff."

He turned this over in his deliberate way, during the process of blowing two or three smoke rings, began gradually to grin, and said at last: "That was some plan, little sister. How do you think of things like that? You ought to write romances for the magazines, that's what you ought to do."

"I don't know," she objected. "If reasonableness counted for anything in things like that, it was a pretty good plan. It would have to be somebody like Hermione. You can't get on at all with young girls. As long as you remember they're around, you're afraid to say anything except milk and water out of a bottle that makes them furious, and then if you forget whom you're talking to and begin thinking out loud, developing some idea or other, you—simply paralyze them.

"Well, Hermione's sophisticated and clever; she's lived all over the place; she isn't old yet; and she was a brick about that awful husband of hers—never made any fuss—bluffed it out until he, luckily, died. Of course she'll marry again, and I just thought, if you liked the idea, it might as well be you."

"I don't know," said Rodney, "whether Mrs. Woodruff knows what she wants or not, but I do. She wants a run for her money—a big house to live in three months in the year, with a flock of servants and a fleet of motor-cars, and a string of what she'll call cottages to float around among, the rest of the time. And she'll want a nice, tame, trick husband to manage things for her and be considerate and affectionate and amusing, and, generally speaking, Johnny-on-the-spot whenever she wants him. If she has sense enough to know what she wants in advance, it will be all right. She can take her pick of dozens. But if she gets a sentimental notion in her head—and I've a hunch she's subject to them—that she wants a real man, with something of his own to do, there'll be, saving your presence, hell to pay. And if the man happened to be me . . . !"

Frederica stretched her slim arms outward. Thoughtful-faced, she made no comment on his analysis of the situation, unless a much more observant person than Rodney might have imagined there was one in the deliberate way in which she turned her rings, one at a time, so that the brilliant masses of gems were inside, and then clenched her hands over them.

He had got up and was ranging comfortably up and down the room. "I know I look more or less like a nut to the people who've always known us—father's and mother's friends, and most of their children. But I give you my word, Freddy, that most of them look like nuts to me. Why, they live in curiosity-shops—so many things around, things they have and things they've got to do, that they can't act or think for fear of breaking something. Why a man should load himself up with three houses and a yacht, a stable of motor-cars, and God knows what besides, when he's rich enough to buy himself real space and leisure to live in, is a thing I can't figure out on any basis except of defective intelligence. I suppose they're equally puzzled about me when I refuse a profitable piece of law work they've offered me, because I don't consider it interesting. All the same, I get what I want, and I'm pretty dubious sometimes whether they do. I want space—comfortable elbow room, so that if I happen to get an idea by the tail, I can swing

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"PERHAPS MY PLAN WAS SILLY AFTER ALL—ANYHOW, IT WAS SILLY TO MAKE IT. THE PLAN WAS, OF COURSE, TO MARRY YOU OFF TO HERMIONE WOODRUFF."



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it around my head without knocking over the lamp."

"It is a luxury, though, Rod, that kind of spaciousness, and you aren't very rich. If you married a girl without anything . . ."

He broke in on her with that big laugh of his. "You've kept your sense of humor pretty well, sis, considering you've been married all these years to a man as rich as Martin; but don't spring remarks like that, or I'll think you've lost it. If a man can't keep an open space around him, even after he's married, on an income, outside of what he can earn, of ten or twelve thousand dollars a year, the trouble isn't with his income. It's with the content of his own skull."

She gave a little shiver and snuggled closer into a big down pillow. "You will marry somebody, though, won't you, Roddy? I try not to nag at you and I won't make any more silly plans, but I can't help worrying about you, living alone in that awful big old house. Anybody but you would die of despondency."

"Oh," he said, "that's what I meant to talk to you about! I sold it to-day—fifty thousand dollars — immediate possession. Man wants to build a printing establishment there. You come down sometime next week and pick out all the things you think you and Harriet would like, and I'll auction off the rest."

She shivered again and, to her disgust, found that her eyes were blurring up with tears. She was a little bit slack and edgy to-day anyhow.

But there really was something rather remorseless about Rodney. It occurred to her that the woman he finally did marry would need to be strong and courageous and rather insensitive to sentimental fancies, to avoid a certain amount of unhappiness.

What he had just referred to in a dozen brisk words, was the final disappearance of the home they had all grown up in. Their father, one of Chicago's great men during the twenty great years between the Fire and the Fair, had built it when the neighborhood included nearly all the other big men of that robust period, and had always been proud of it. There was hardly a stone or stick about it that hadn't some tender, happy association for her. Of course for years the neighborhood had been impossible. Her mother had clung to it after her husband's death, as was, of course, natural.

But when she had followed him, a year ago now, it was evident that the old place would have to go. Rodney, who had lived alone with her there, had simply stayed on, since her death, waiting for an offer for it that suited him. Frederica had known that, of course—had worried about him, as she said, and, in her imagination, had colored his loneliness to the same dismal hue her own would have taken on in similar circumstances.

All the same, his curt announcement that the long-looked-for change had come, brought up quick, unwelcomed tears. She squeezed them away with her palms.

"You'll come to us then, won't you?" she asked, but quite without conviction. She knew what he'd say.

"Heavens, no! Oh, I'll go to a hotel for a while—maybe look up a little down-town apartment, with a Jap. It doesn't matter much about that. It's a load off, all right."

"Is that," she asked, "why you've been looking so sort of—gay, all the evening—as if you were licking the last of the canary's feathers off your whiskers?"

"Perhaps so," he said. "It's been a pretty good day, take it all round."

She got up from the couch, shook herself down into her clothes a little, and came over to him. "All right, since it's been a good day, let's go to bed." She put her hands upon his shoulders. "You're rather dreadful," she said, "but you're a dear. You don't bite my head off when I urge you to get married, though I know you want to. But you will some day—I don't mean bite my head off—won't you, Rod?"

"When I see any prospect of being as lucky as Martin—find a girl who won't mind when I turn up for dinner looking like a drowned tramp, or kick her plans to bits, after she's tipped me off as to what she wants me to do. . . ."

Frederica took her hands off, stepped back, and looked at him. There was an ironical sort of smile on her lips. "You're such an innocent," she said. "You've got an idea you know me—know how I treat Martin. Roddy dear, of course a girl's brother doesn't matter. She isn't depending on him, nor responsible for him. And if she's rather sillily fond of him, she's likely to spoil him frightfully. Don't think the girl you marry will ever treat you like that."

"But look here!" he exclaimed. "You say I don't know you, whom I've lived with off and on for thirty years—don't know how

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you'd treat me if you were married to me. How in thunder am I going to know about the girl I get engaged to, before it's too late?"

"You won't," she said. "You haven't a chance in the world."

"Hm!" he grunted, obviously struck with this idea. "You're giving the prospect of marriage new attractions. You're making the thing out—an adventure."

She nodded rather soberly. "Oh, I'm not afraid for you," she said. "Men like adventures—you more than most. But women don't. They like to dream about them, but they want to turn over to the last chapter and see how it's going to end. It's the girl I'm worried about. . . . Oh, come along! We're talking nonsense. I'll go up with you and see that they've given you pajamas and a tooth-brush."

She had accomplished this purpose, kissed him good-night, and, under the hint of his unbuttoned waistcoat and his winding watch, turned to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a heap of damp, warped, pasteboard-bound notebooks, which she remembered having observed in his side pockets when he first came in. The color on the pasteboard binding had run, and, as they lay on the drawn linen cover to the chiffonier, she went over and picked them up to see how much damage they'd done. Then she frowned, peered at the paper label that had half peeled off of the topmost cover, and read what was written on it.

"Who," she asked with considerable emphasis, "is Rosalind Stanton?"

"Oh," said Rodney, very casually, behind the worst imitation of a yawn she had ever seen, "oh, she got put off the car when I did."

"That sounds rather exciting," said Frederica behind an imitation yawn of her own—but a better one. "Going to tell me about it?"

"Nothing much to tell," said Rodney. "There was a row about a fare, as I said. The conductor was evidently solid concrete above the collar-bone, and didn't think she'd paid. And she grabbed him and very nearly threw him out into the street—could have done it, I believe, as easily as not. And he began to talk about punching somebody's head. And then, we both got put off. So, naturally, I walked with her over to the elevated. And then I forgot to give her her notebooks and came away with them."

"What sort of looking girl?" asked Frederica. "Pretty?"

"Why, I don't know," said Rodney judicially. "Really, you know, I hardly got a fair look at her."

Frederica made a funny-sounding laugh and wished him an abrupt "good night."

She was a great old girl, Frederica—pretty wise about lots of things, but Rodney was inclined to think she was mistaken in saying women didn't like adventures. Take that girl this afternoon, for example. Evidently she was willing to meet one halfway. And how she'd blazed up when that conductor touched her! Just the memory of it brought back something of the thrill he had felt when he saw it happen.

"You're a liar, you know," remarked his conscience, "telling Frederica you hadn't had a good look at her."

On the contrary, he argued, it was perfectly justifiable to deny that a look as brief as that, was good. He wouldn't deny, however, that the thing had been a wholly delightful and exhilarating little episode. That was the way to have things happen! Have them pop out of nowhere at you and disappear presently, into the same place.

"Disappear, indeed," sneered his conscience. "How about those notebooks, with her name and address on every one? And there's another lie you told—about forgetting to give them to her!"

He protested that it was entirely true. He had gone into the station with the girl, shaken hands with her, said good-night, and turned away to leave the station, unaware—as, evidently, she was—that he still had her notebooks under his arm. But it was equally true that he had discovered them there a good full second before the girl had turned the corner of the stairs—in plenty of time to have called her back to the barrier and handed them over to her.

"All right, have it your own way," said Rodney, cheerfully, as he turned out the light.

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### *The Second Meeting*

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PORTIA STANTON was late for lunch; so, after stripping off her jacket and gloves, rolling up her veil, and scowling at herself in an oblong mahogany-framed mirror in the hall, she walked into the



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dining-room with her hat on. Seeing her mother sitting alone at the lunch-table, she asked, "Where's Rose?"

"She'll be down presently, I think," her mother said. "She called out to me that she'd only be a minute, when I passed her door. Does your hat mean you're going back to the shop this afternoon?"

Portia nodded, pulled back her chair abruptly, and sat down. "Oh, don't ring for Inga," she said. "What's here's all right, and she takes forever."

"I thought that on Saturday . . . " her mother began.

"Oh, I know," said Portia; "but Anne Loomis telephoned she's going to bring Dora Wild around to pick out which of my three kidney sofas she wants for a wedding present. That girl I've got isn't much good, and besides, I think there's a chance that Dora may give me her house to do. Her man's stupidly rich, they say, and richly stupid, so the job ought to be worth eating a cold egg for."

You'd have known them for mother and daughter anywhere, and you'd have had trouble finding any point of resemblance in either of them to the Amazonian young thing who had so nearly thrown a street-car conductor into the street the night before. Their foreheads were both narrow and rather high, their noses small and slightly aquiline, and both of them had slender, fastidious hands.

The mother's hair was very soft and white, and the care with which it was arranged indicated a certain harmless vanity in it. There was something a little conscious, too, about her dress—an effect difficult to describe without exaggeration. It was not bizarre nor "artistic," but you would have understood at once that its departures from the prevailing mode were made on principle. If you took it in connection with a certain resolute amiability about her smile, you would be entirely prepared to hear her tell Portia that she was reading a paper on "Modern Tendencies" before the Pierian Club this afternoon.

A very real person, nevertheless—you couldn't doubt that. The marks of passionately held beliefs and eagerly given sacrifices were etched with undeniable authenticity in her face.

Once you got beyond a catalogue of features, Portia presented rather a striking contrast to this. Her hair was done—you could hardly say arranged—with a severity that was fairly hostile. Her clothes were brusquely cut and brusquely worn, their very smartness seeming an impatient concession to necessity. Her smile, if not ill-natured—it wasn't that—was distinctly ironic. A very competent, good-looking young woman, you'd have said, if you'd seen her with her shoulder-blades flattened down and her chest up. Seeing her to-day, drooping a little over the cold lunch, you'd have left out the adjective young.

"So Rose didn't come down this morning at all," Portia observed, when she had done her duty by the egg. "You took her breakfast up to her, I suppose."

Mrs. Stanton flushed a little. "She didn't want me to, but I thought she'd better keep quiet."

"Nothing particular the matter with her, is there?" asked Portia.

There was enough real concern in her voice to save the question from sounding satirical, but her mother's manner was still a little apologetic when she answered it.

"No, I think not," she said. "I think the mustard foot-bath and the quinine probably averted serious consequences. But she was in such a state when she came home last night—literally wet through to the skin, and blue with cold. So I thought it wouldn't do any harm. . . . "

"Of course not," said Portia. "You're entitled to one baby anyway, mother dear. Life was such a strenuous thing for you when the rest of us were little, that you hadn't a chance to have any fun with us. And Rose is all right. She won't spoil badly."

"I'm a little bit worried about the loss of the poor child's notebooks," said her mother. "I rather hoped they'd come in by the noon mail. But they didn't."

"I don't believe Rose is worrying her head off about them," said Portia.

The flush in her mother's cheeks deepened a little, but it was no longer apologetic. "I don't think you're quite fair to Rose, about her studies," she said. "The child may not be making a brilliant record, but really, considering the number of her occupations, it seems to me she does very well. And if she doesn't seem always to appreciate her privilege in getting a college education, as seriously as she should, you should remember her youth."

"She's twenty," said Portia bluntly.

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"You graduated at that age, and you took it seriously enough."

"It's very different," her mother insisted. "And I'm sure you understand the difference quite well. Higher education was still an experiment for women then—one of the things they were fighting for. And those of us by whom the success of the experiment was to be judged——"

"I'm sorry, mother," Portia interrupted contritely. "I'm tired and ugly to-day, and I didn't mean any harm anyway. Of course Rose is all right, just as I said. And she'll probably get her notebooks back Monday." Then, "Didn't she say the man's name was Rodney Aldrich?"

"I think so," her mother agreed. "Something like that."

"It's rather funny," said Portia. "It's hardly likely to have been the real Rodney Aldrich. Yet it's not a common name."

"The *real* Rodney Aldrich?" questioned her mother. But, without waiting for her daughter's elucidation of the phrase, she added, "Oh, there's Rose!"

The girl came shuffling into the room in a pair of old bedroom slippers. She had on a skirt that she used to go skating in, and a somewhat tumbled middy-blouse. Her hair was wopsed around her head anyhow—it really takes one of Rose's own words to describe it. As a toilet representing the total accomplishment of a morning, it was nothing to boast of. But if you'd been sitting there, invisibly, where you could see her, you'd have straightened up and drawn a deeper breath than you'd indulged in lately, and felt that the world was distinctly a brighter place to live in than it had been a moment before.

She came up behind Portia, whom she had not seen before that day, and enveloped her in a big, lazy hug. "Back to work another Saturday afternoon, Angel?" she asked commiseratingly. "Aren't you ever going to stop and have any fun?" Then she slumped into a chair, heaved a yawning sigh, and rubbed her eyes.

"Tired, dear?" asked her mother. She said it under her breath in the hope that Portia wouldn't hear.

"No," said Rose. "Just sleepy!" She yawned again, turned to Portia, and, somewhat to their surprise, said: "Yes, what do you mean—the *real* Rodney Aldrich? He looked real enough to me. And his arm felt real—the one he was going to punch the conductor with."

"I didn't mean he was imaginary," Portia explained. "I only meant I didn't believe it was the Rodney Aldrich—who's so awfully prominent; either somebody else who happened to have the same name, or somebody who just—said that was his name."

"What's the matter with the prominent one?" Rose wanted to know. "Why couldn't it have been him?"

Portia admitted that it could, so far as that went, but insisted on an inherent improbability. A millionaire, a member of one of the oldest families in the city, a social swell, the brother of that Mrs. Martin Whitney, whose pictures the papers were always publishing on the slightest excuse, wasn't likely to be found riding in street-cars, in the first place; and the improbability reached a climax during a furious storm like that of last night, when, if ever during the year, the real Rodney Aldrich would be saying, "Home, James!" to a liveried chauffeur, and sinking back luxuriously among the whip-cord cushions of a palatial limousine.

I hasten to say that these were not Portia's words; all the same, what Portia did say formed a basis for Rose's unspoken caricature.

"Millionaires have legs," she said aloud. "I bet they can walk around like anybody else. However, I don't care who he is, if he'll send back my books."

Portia went back presently to the shop, and it wasn't long after that that her mother came down-stairs clad for the street, with her "Modern Tendencies" under her arm in a leather portfolio.

It had turned cold over night, and there was a buffeting, gusty wind which shook the windows and rattled the stiff branches of the trees. Her mother's valedictory, given with more confidence now that Portia was out of the house, was a strong recommendation that Rose stay quietly within doors and keep warm.

The girl might have palmed off her own inclination as an example of filial obedience, but she didn't.

"I was going to, anyway," she said. "Home and fireside for mine to-day."

Ordinarily, the gale would have tempted her. It was such good fun to lean up against it and force your way through,

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while it tugged at your skirts and hair and slapped your face. But to-day the warmest corner of the sitting-room lounge, the quiet of the house, deserted except for Inga in the kitchen, engaged in the principal sporting event of her domestic routine—the weekly baking; the fact that she needn't speak to a soul for three hours; a detective story just wild enough to make little intervals in the occupation of doing nothing at all—presented an ideal a hundred per cent. perfect.

She hadn't meant to go to sleep, having already slept away half the morning; but the author's tactics in the detective story were so flagrantly unfair, he was so manifestly engaged trying to make trouble for his poor anemic characters instead of trying to solve their perplexities, that presently she tossed the book aside and began dreaming one of her own in which the heroine got put off of a street-car in the opening chapter.

The telephone bell roused her once or twice, far enough to observe that Inga was attending to it, so when the front-door bell rang she left that to Inga, too—didn't even sit up and swing her legs off the couch and try, with a prodigious stretch, to get herself awake, until she heard the girl say casually:

"Her ban right in the sitting-room!"

So it fell out that Rodney Aldrich had, for his second vivid picture of her—the first had been, you will remember, when she had seized the conductor by both wrists, and had said in a blaze of beautiful wrath: "Don't dare touch me like that!"—a splendid lazy, tousled creature, in a chaotic glory of chestnut hair, an unlaced middy-blouse, a plaid skirt twisted around her knees, and a pair of ridiculous red bedroom slippers, with red pom-poms on the toes. The creature was stretching herself with the grace of a big cat that has just been roused from a nap on the hearth-rug.

If his first picture of her had been brief, his second one was practically a snap-shot, because at sight of him she flashed to her feet.

So, for a moment, they confronted each other about equally aghast, flushed up to the hair, and simultaneously and incoherently begging each other's pardon—neither could have said for what, the goddess out of the machine being Inga, the maid-of-all-work. But suddenly, at a twinkle she caught in his eye, her own big eyes narrowed and her big mouth widened into a smile, which broke presently into her deep-throated laugh; whereupon he laughed too, and they shook hands, and she asked him to sit down.

*The next instalment of* ***"The Real Adventure"*** *will appear in the July number.*

# IMMEMORIAL DAY

*by* SARAH N. CLEGHORN

This is the season, the day and the hour predestined
When a bumblebee floats on a sunbeam into the schoolroom,
And diffuses the warm ground-smell of the deep-grassed orchard,
And the sound of the far-off Falls tink-clinks like a wind-bell.
Long Walter leans back and ruffles his hair with his fingers;
Young Sylvia lays her cheek on her copy-book, mooning;
And a breath of wind lap-laps Miranda's blue apron.
Some in their throats, and some in their feet, feel music,
And every one's glance goes wandering off to the windows.
(Even the schoolmaster's dark eyes waver and follow.)
An old holiday this is, indeed, and a Saint's day.
Arise, all hands, and keep the feast of Saint Springtime!

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*Anita Stewart*
SHORT PICTURES ARE BEING MADE BY THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY ESPECIALLY TO STAR THIS EMOTIONAL ACTRESS. SHE IS TWENTY, BEAUTIFUL, AND HIGHLY PROSPEROUS.

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# Putting a New Move in the Movies

by JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON

THERE is a motion-picture now that it costs two dollars to see if you sit in the best seats in the house—regular theatre prices. Unless you get your seats ahead of time you are likely to have to buy them from a speculator and pay as much more as he can make you pay. Or you can stand up, as a lot of people do at every performance.

Many theatrical managers, and now and then a dramatic critic who is more interested in being critical than he is in the drama, call movies a pernicious thing, because they lure folks without much money to spend away from what are called first-class theatres. They lay the chief hold of the movie on the public to its cheapness, five seats in the orchestra of a moving-picture house being equal to one gallery seat in a theatre where a play is being acted. This new motion-picture proves them wrong on that point, at least. When people stand in line to buy a ticket to a movie that costs as much as a ticket to see Forbes-Robertson or the Ziegfeld Follies, preference has quite as much to do with it as pocketbook.

This two-dollar movie is called "The Birth of a Nation." It was made by the man who has been the leader in developing the making of motion-pictures into an art—D. W. Griffith. Even those who dislike movies to the degree of "moviephobia" go to see it; while they are seeing it they thrill and wonder and are moved to tears as a play



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rarely moves them, and when they come away they say, "Well, if they were all like *that!*" And then they take sides for or against it, and spread the news that it is one of the greatest things they ever saw or that it is a wicked libel that ought to be suppressed; thus proving that whatever else it is, it is the most stirring drama that has come along in years.

When a motion-picture affects people like that—several thousand people daily—there is not much sense in being superior, and sniffing that movies are all very well for a certain class who wouldn't appreciate anything better anyway. That kind of superiority is simply shutting the eyes to the one new art of to-day. It isn't every decade, or every century, that has a chance to watch the birth and growth of a new art form. The art of moving-pictures is here, leaping forward as nothing artistic ever leaped before. Ignoring it does not stand particularly in its way—it merely makes whoever is so blind slip behind his contemporaries and lose a lot of real enjoyment.

### THE LATEST WORD IN MOVIE PRODUCTION

"The Birth of a Nation" definitely marks the latest leap in the forward movement of movies. Some of the foreign films, like "Quo Vadis?" and "Les Misérables," took the run; "Cabiria" made the jump; "The Birth of a Nation" lands squarely on the line that sets the new record.

It belongs in the class of big spectacles—it cost half a million dollars to make, it employed thousands of men and horses for its action and hundreds of acres for its setting. One can get some idea of the work done on it from the fact that Mr. Griffith used 200,000 feet of film in taking the pictures, which, in order to go into an evening's entertainment of respectable length, had to be cut down to less than 12,000 feet. The film of the first picture-plays, made barely fifteen years ago, was only forty feet long!

A village had to be built to set the play in, a battle had to be fought over miles of ground, and to make it accurate it was done by the California state militia, after plans made by military experts. The historical incidents had to be studied from all the authorities available and planned with the most careful exactitude. For one incident alone—the shooting of Lincoln—a reproduction of the interior of Ford's Theatre had to be constructed, following exactly the measurements of the original building. The stage of the theatre is shown, the auditorium, the President's box with the boxes adjoining, and the little hallway behind, through which the assassin made his entrance before he did the shooting and took the twelve-foot leap to the stage. New inventions had to be made to attain new effects that were needed. Some of these, in the battle scenes, were obtained by night photography, in the light of giant illuminators and bursting bombs.

### "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" TOUCHES THE COLOR-LINE

The subject-matter of the play happens to be full of controversial possibilities. Perhaps it is as well to have done with those first, and clear the ground for the way in which the subject-matter is handled. It is founded on "The Clansman," a novel by Thomas Dixon that had a somewhat sensational vogue a few years ago. It was a lurid story, and was later put on the stage in a lurid dramatic form, presenting the Dixon interpretation of the Southern side in the early Reconstruction period, with all the violence that Mr. Dixon's emotions could evoke. "The Birth of a Nation" took its main characters and part of its plot from this novel, adding enough to include the Civil War and to round out the conception that our nation was not really born until it had proved its unity by a hideous time of bloodshed and rebuilding.

It is frankly an attempt to show what the South suffered during the war and after Lincoln's death, when the carpet-baggers descended like another army and worked such harm through their manipulation of the newly enfranchised negroes. Such an attempt is entirely comparable with what Mrs. Stowe did in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and just as worth lending an ear to. Only it courts the danger of running away with itself—of emphasizing for dramatic effect so that the particular comes to seem the general. All the whites who tried to put the negro into responsible citizenship are represented as criminally mistaken or, more often, deliberately villainous, and all the Ku-Klux Klansmen would seem to have been spotless heroes.

That is what the controversial people object to in this picture—that instances of negro depravity and white virtue are

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*D. W. Griffith*

WHO GETS $100,000 FOR BEING THE GREATEST MOTION-PICTURE PRODUCER. HE IS SHOWN SUPERINTENDING ONE OF THE BATTLE SCENES IN "THE BIRTH OF A NATION." SITTING IN FRONT OF HIM IS LILLIAN GISH, THE HEROINE OF THIS REMARKABLE PICTURE.



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*Mary Pickford*
MORE PEOPLE LOOK AT THIS FACE EVERY NIGHT THAN AT ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD.

*Photographs by courtesy of the Famous Players Film Co.*

magnified into racial characteristics, and therefore, as a whole, give a false impression not only of historical facts but of people.

The play is not false, any more than any recital of one side of a story is false. It is merely incomplete, taking it as a picture of a national phase. It is complete enough—as complete as it could be, in fact—as a story, and there is very little sense in finding fault with a story because it confines itself to its own characters and does not epitomize all the events and people of the period in which it is laid.

The picture is singularly free from the bitterness and one-sidedness of the novel on which it was founded, and individuals who see a malicious attack on the negro in it are reading into it reconceptions and prejudgments of their own.

Now to the picture itself. It is hardly a thing that is going to upset the mind of the whole country on the race problem, but it is a wonderful picture. As a drama it is built so skilfully that in all the three hours through which it runs it never gets uninteresting. The interest grows continually, till toward the last it is actually intense. As a piece of photography it represents the best that the motion-picture camera has yet done—the motion-picture camera managed by an artist in photography.

And it is as well acted as any play you are likely to see anywhere, on the screen or on the stage.

The plot takes two families, one Southern and one Northern, through the war, interlinks their interests, and finally unites them by two marriages. The love-story part belongs to that old Romeo-and-Juliet kind—a Northern man and a Southern girl and a Southern man and a Northern girl loving each other in spite of family enmities. After the war is over these two love-stories get further tangled up by the political troubles brought on by giving the vote to the freed slaves and the rising of the Ku-Klux Klan to set them right. The hero suffers many injustices from a mulatto who is elected lieutenant-governor of the state. The hero organizes the Klan, which performs two dramatic rescues, and all the lovers are happily united.

The events of the play, so far as the personal interest goes, are sheer melodrama, but melodrama that is made remarkably stirring by the way it is managed and by the acting; and it is broken up by episodes that are so touchingly human that the theatrical situations take on an unusual appeal of real life.

Of course the spectacular parts stand out most clearly—the tremendous battle-scene with its vast stretch of smoke-covered landscape, its long lines of trenches, its thrilling charges, its piles of dead, and its throat-gripping bits of individual heroism; Sherman's march through Georgia to the sea and the burning of Atlanta; the scene in Ford's Theatre with Lincoln smiling down from his box upon the applauding audience, and then Wilkes Booth stealing in to shoot him; the gathering of the Ku-Klux Klan and its spectral dash through the night.



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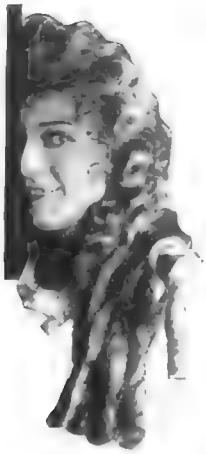

YET, SEEING HER ONLY ON THE SCREEN, FEW KNOW THAT HER EYES ARE BROWN AND HER HAIR LIGHT. SHE MAKES $2,000 A WEEK.

But the greatest strength of the play is in the quieter scenes, which make the people real. There is one in the hospital, where the hero first sees the girl whose picture he fell in love with long before, and a later one where the hero's mother goes to Lincoln for a pardon for her son—two glimpses of the human things that happened in the war.

There is another, where the hero returns home after he has left the hospital and peace has been declared. Thin and ragged, he opens the gate and walks slowly up to the war-battered old house, and his sister—a child when he left her, a grown-up girl now—comes out to meet him, pathetically decked out in trimmings of raw cotton smudged with soot to imitate ermine, in celebration of his home-coming. The two stand and look at each other, and that moment of silence, full of a realization of all the suffering that has come since he went away, is one of the most eloquent in the whole play.

All the actors who take part in this picture are motion-picture actors—they did not come from famous careers on the stage: most of them got their training under Mr. Griffith. Mae Marsh, who is the lovable little sister, is barely twenty years old, but there are few actresses in the country who can get at an audience's heart-strings as she can.

She was visiting Mr. Griffith's studio one day with her sister, who was acting then in the Griffith Company, and he noticed her because she made faces. They were the kind of faces that, directed by emotion, make a fortune on the screen, and Mr. Griffith got hold of her immediately. She has been appearing in his pictures ever since, in bigger and bigger parts, and her death-scene in "The Birth of a Nation" belongs with the great death-scenes of the stage.

Henry B. Walthall—the *Little Colonel* who is the hero of the play—has been in many Griffith pictures, so successfully that when "The Birth of a Nation" was finished he was tempted away to featuredom in another company. Now there are injunctions and other legal proceedings going on about his services, quite as if he were a famous opera-singer.

Whoever gets him will get one of the best actors on the screen.

Lillian Gish—the Northern heroine—has grown up under Mr. Griffith's direction from tiny parts like the little starving mother in "Judith of Bethulia," through the part of the daughter in "The Battle of the Sexes," to a position where her name is placed conspicuously on the outside of motion-picture theatres. She is still very young, but she has the featured part in the new picture that has been made from Richard Harding Davis's story, "The Lost House."

To go down through the whole cast of "The Birth of a Nation" would be simply to make a list of good actors. But behind the acting, and the building of the play, and the setting of it and the photographing of it, is D. W. Griffith himself. It is all his work, and it shows him the greatest maker



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of motion-pictures who has yet appeared.

He did all sorts of things before he got interested in movies. He intended to be a writer, and to prepare himself for it he decided to spend ten years going everywhere he could, doing everything he could, seeing and getting to know as many people and places as he could. Among other things he was once an actor. Instead of turning out to be a writer of fiction he became a writer of picture-plays, then a producer of them. He must have been the first man to see what a difference there is between a good motion-picture and a good play—that they are really two distinct forms of drama. At any rate, he is the man who first made motion-pictures different, discovering devices that are now followed by all good directors.

### THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN PLAY AND PICTURE

People who call movies a cheap and inferior substitute for the spoken play base their opinion on pictures—if they have seen any at all—that are made in imitation of the spoken play, built according to stage technique. The men who made these pictures had the same mistaken idea. Griffith set them right; the farther they follow in his direction the better pictures they will produce, and the faster picture-making will develop as a form of dramatic art.

He saw that the story must be told wholly by action, that the introduction of long, explanatory sub-titles was just as awkward a method of construction as it would be in a spoken play if each character were to advance to the footlights and explain to the audience who he was and how he came to be there. He saw that past action had to be presented visually, and that often it had to be recalled to the audience to give point to the present action; so he invented the "flash-back," which is a view of a past or distant scene, inserted almost as an illustration is inserted in a story. To give emphasis to a particular character, a face, or an important bit of stage property, he invented the "close-up," which, by bringing some particular object close to the camera, lifts a salient part of the picture out of its surroundings for an instant and fixes it in the audience's mind.

He introduced, too, the device of simultaneous action, the method by which the last part of "The Birth of a Nation" is made so exciting. Three currents of action are kept going at once: a girl is imprisoned in one place, struggling for freedom, and in dire peril if help does not come; a band of refugees is in another place, fighting for their lives against great odds; and a crowd of horsemen gathering in still a third place, to ride to their rescue. That sort of thing is impossible on the stage; on the screen it has endless possibilities in creating dramatic tension.

All of Griffith's pictures have excelled in some particular respect, and they have all been different. No better one-reel picture has yet been made than "The Genesis of Man," a cave-man story showing how some of the tools of civilization might have been invented. "Judith of Bethulia" showed ancient warfare as vividly as "Cabiria," and with much clearer detail. "The Battle of the Sexes" put the drama of moral against immoral living on the screen as effectively as any modern problem play, and proved the producer as skilful in working with six characters as he is with an army. "The Escape" was a poignant dramatic sermon on the human wastefulness of slums. And he promises something different still in his next play!

But Griffith is not the only man who is doing good things in motion-pictures. Directors who make artistic productions are multiplying rapidly. Some of them have been at it for years, and others—stage-directors like John Emerson, Hugh Ford, who put on plays for the Liebler Company for years, and George Foster Platt, who was the director of some of the best of the New Theatre plays—are just beginning to turn to the screen for the exercise of their talents. There are innumerable pictures being released every month which show a skill and intelligence that was not dreamed of five years ago; and there is hardly a big producing company that is not planning to give part of its time to making feature plays of the kind for which "Cabiria" and "The Birth of a Nation" have opened the way.

### AND NOW WE COME TO MARY PICKFORD

The Famous Players Film Company has specialized from the beginning in what gave it its name—well-known actors from the stage. Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Fiske have acted for them, at the head of a long list that includes most of the best-known

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*Blanche Sweet*
AN EMOTIONAL ACTRESS OF A RATHER QUIET TYPE, WITH THE LASKY-BELASCO COMPANY. SHE HAS GREAT CHARM AND REMARKABLE BLONDE BEAUTY.

stage people who have played before the motion-picture camera. This policy of theirs is a very popular one, but it runs the danger of going in a rut. Their actors and plays are apt to stick too close to what they were behind the footlights. If they do that they might as well have stayed behind the footlights.

But the best known of all the Famous Players got all her fame in motion-pictures. Since she became famous she has acted on the stage for only one short season, with David Belasco in "The Good Little Devil." Everybody knows that her salary is two thousand dollars a week, and her face can probably boast more people who know it than any other face in the world. Tokio, South Africa, Alaska, Australia, Russia—it has gone everywhere, to charm and entertain. Only the other day it added another prize to the long string it has won in popularity contests. Does any one need



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*Ralph Ince*
WHO IS ONE OF THE VITAGRAPH'S BEST DIRECTORS.

*Thomas H. Ince*
DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE NEW YORK MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION. THERE IS A TOWN IN CALIFORNIA CALLED INCEVILLE, BUILT ESPECIALLY FOR THE MAKING OF MOTION PICTURES.

*Thomas Moore*
WHO ACTS AND ALSO PRODUCES PICTURE PLAYS.

*Mae Marsh*
GRIFFITH SAYS SHE HAS THE GREATEST FUTURE AHEAD OF HER OF ANY ACTRESS IN THE COUNTRY.

*W. S. Hart*
WHO MAKES A FINE ART OF ACTING WILD WESTERNERS.

to be told that her name is Mary Pickford?

The biggest of the new Famous Players films is "The Eternal City," Hall Caine's story that was once on the stage with Viola Allen playing in it. Pauline Frederick is the *Roma* of the picture—as beautiful a *Roma* as a producer could find. The pictures were made in Rome and in London, and many of them are unusually lovely examples of photography. The Roman Coliseum and the Vatican Gardens were used for some of the settings.

William H. Crane has also become a Famous Player, in "David Harum." He embodies the genial and crafty old up-state banker as lovably on the screen as he did on the stage. It is not often that an actor's acting stands the change so successfully.

Stories, novels, poems, and the stage are being ransacked for plots for picture-plays. Novelists from Tolstoy to Harold McGrath, playwrights from Ibsen to George Bronson Howard, poets from Tennyson to Robert W. Service—nobody escapes. Tolstoy appears twice in the new pictures: once fairly directly in "Anna Karénina," again by way of an Americanized version that came from the Yiddish Theatre on the Bowery in "The Kreutzer Sonata." "Anna Karénina" is much the better of the two, in spite of its Russian scenes being sometimes so obviously made in America. It contains more of Tolstoy, and it is much better acted.

Betty Nansen, the Scandinavian actress, is in it, and she makes any picture she is in worth seeing. She hardly seems like the sort of woman who would fall in love with a man like Vronski and end by throwing herself in front of a railroad train—she looks too sensible. But she is the sort of actress one must look at every minute she is in sight, and that means power of a superlative kind in motion pictures.

It is the power that Nance O'Neil lacks in "The Kreutzer Sonata." The faults that keep Miss O'Neil from being a consistently fine actress on the stage show up bigger than ever on the screen. She acts with her face and limbs, not through her face with her mind and soul.



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*Owen Moore*
LEADING MAN FOR MARY PICKFORD, FRITZI SCHEFF, AND ELSIE JANIS. SOME LEADING MAN!

*Charles Chaplin*
THE MOST FAMOUS OF SCREEN COMEDIANS, WHO DRAWS A SALARY OF $1,100 A WEEK.

*Matt Moore*
BEING A HANDSOME LEADING MAN RUNS IN THE MOORE FAMILY.

*Pauline Bush*
IN "WHERE THE DESERT ENDS." ONE OF THE BEST EMOTIONAL SCREEN ACTRESSES.

Going through motions is far from being the whole of motion-picture acting.

It is an interesting thing to watch people who have made reputations on the stage when they appear in picture-films. Sometimes it is surprising. The men usually show up better than the women, especially if they are character actors. I have already spoken of William H. Crane. Wilton Lackaye is another. He has just appeared in a picturization of "The Children of the Ghetto," and his acting does not lose a bit of its dignity and force because we can not hear his voice. The ending of the picture is particularly beautiful, in a quiet way that one rarely sees. The old rabbi, sitting down to keep the feast of the Passover alone, touches true pathos; and when his daughter and her two children steal silently in to fill the empty places at the table, there is a rising of emotional effect that is unescapable.

Edith Wynne Matthison's greatest charm on the stage has always been her voice; yet few actresses have accomplished the change to the silent drama more successfully than she has done in "The Governor's Lady." The play seemed over-sentimental when David Belasco's company acted it a year or two ago, but that must have been because of its dialogue. Without dialogue the characters take on a lifelikeness they did not have before, and Miss Matthison's acting is a surprise that nobody could have foretold.

After—how many years is it—fifteen or twenty?—Mrs. Leslie Carter has swung out as a muffler on the bell in a real belfry. "The Heart of Maryland" opened the Hippodrome in New York when it turned into a motion-picture house—a big picture made by Herbert Brenon, who nearly got killed making "Neptune's Daughter" with Annette Kellermann. The belfry gymnastics that have been dramatic ever since the days of "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," save still another lover, and afterward the church burns up in a thrilling fire. It is one of the best Civil War pictures that have been made.

Another is "The Warrens of Virginia," which is excellently photographed and par-



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ticularly worth seeing because Blanche Sweet is in it. Blanche Sweet is one of the little group of extremely young women who stand at the very head of motion-picture actresses. She used to be with Griffith and played big parts in "Judith of Bethulia" and "The Escape." She may have learned a great deal of what she knows from her former director, but she carried it all away with her when she left to star in another company. She can suggest more when she is standing still doing nothing than three-quarters of our stage heroines can when they are tearing the air with their wails and sobs. Her newest picture, a play laid in the Balkans, called "The Captive," is unusually well directed by Cecil D. De Mille, and in it she shows herself one of the finest emotional actresses on the screen.

Another young actress who got all her training in motion-pictures is Anita Stewart. She always appears in Vitagraph pictures under the direction of her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, who is making fame for himself by turning out remarkable pictures.

One of the most sensational is "The Juggernaut," which contains the wrecking of a locomotive and three passenger-cars while crossing a high trestle. This one scene cost over $25,000, and nearly killed a number of the actors who took part in it. The play is something more than a sensational melodrama, however. It is an impressive tragedy based on greed, with a railroad president who gets killed in one of his own trains as a result of his criminal business methods. Anita Stewart plays the railroad president's daughter, who is a victim of stock-broking manipulation of public utilities.

It is one of the few new picture-plays that have not been adapted from a novel or an old play. Another is fresh from London —a rattling good spy story of the present war, concerned with a plot to blow up a trainload of British soldiers on their way to the front. It is called "The Message from the Sky." Jane Gail, who made a reputation as the heroine of "Traffic in Souls," is a stenographer who saves the train. It is an exceptional melodrama, with all its "punches" logically developed, and the acting of it is full of vivid characterization.

I must not forget two pictures produced by Thomas H. Ince, who has become one of the leading directors in the country. One of them is "The Cup of Life," in which an actress named Bessie Barriscale, who has acted on the stage without making much of a stir, finally does something that will compel people to watch her.

The other is called "On the Night Stage," a rough Western play that is really human Robert Edeson is the star of it, but most of the acting honors are gathered in by W. S. Hart, who can always make a picture he is in seem like a piece of life. He is as good an actor of rough-neck parts as there is.

Two of the first of what are called Mutual Master Pictures are splendid examples of what the shorter feature films are developing into. They are as carefully done by such men as Thomas Ince, Cabanné, and O'Brien as the best of the big films, and they go into regular motion-picture houses at no advance in prices.

One of them is taken from a story by Thomas Nelson Page called "The Outcast," and is remarkable for the acting of Mae Marsh and Robert Harron and a very skilfully managed court-scene. There isn't any more eloquent bit in recent pictures than the little scene where the boy and girl, caught in the borderland between the world of respectability and a life of habitual viciousness, sit on a park bench and size up themselves and their chances of keeping decent.

The other, directed by William Christy Cabanné, is a beautiful and sympathetic picturing of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." It is poetry visualized, with Lillian Gish in one of the best parts she has ever had.

No one can see any of these pictures without seeing something already accomplished in movies, and something still bigger and finer ahead, that he can show to the superior person as an art standing squarely on its feet.

Thomas Edison, looking to the usefulness of everything, prophesies that motion-pictures will take the place of text-books in the schools. Mr. Griffith, with an eye turned more to the artistic side, foresees them on a plane with grand opera, and people paying five dollars a seat for them. They are both specialists, and they should come as near knowing what is in the future as anybody.

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# Too Much Pepper

by Charles E VanLoan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

A THEORY is considerable like a non-leakable fountain pen—all right until you go bragging to your friends about how well it works. Then look out. I carried one of 'em—a pen, not a theory—upside down in my pocket for six months and it didn't leak a drop. One day I shook it to prove to Jerry Delaney that it *couldn't* leak, and I had to buy Jerry a new white vest.

I knew Willyum Steever when he didn't have a theory to his name and was so busy second-basing for the old Blues that he didn't have time to develop any. I was first-string catcher for the same team. But Willyum is a manager now, and that makes a difference. The worst of it is, he has had so much success as a manager that he is able to blame part of it on to his confounded theories instead of crediting the whole business to a team batting average of .280 or thereabouts. I never saw a loser yet that was very cocky about his theories; it takes a winner to hammer away at one crazy notion until he makes everybody sick.

One trouble with Willyum is that the newspapers have made him think he's clever. He reads his press notices and agrees with every kind word that is printed about him—even when he knows the man who writes the stuff. I may have some fine-haired theories about baseball myself, but nobody will ever catch me patting 'em on the head in public. I know better.

Take the case of Duffy—Robert Emmet Duffy. Willyum built a theory around that fellow as high as the great wall of China—built it on suspicion the first time he ever saw him.

"That's the man I'm after!" says Willyum to me. "That's the fellow to fill the gap at second base! He's a fighter, and the Lord knows we need some aggressiveness on this ball-club. Merciful powers, Pete, what a wallop! Run over, will you, and see if that Swede is hurt?"

We were in a spring training-camp, which is always more or less of a mad-house before the regulars come South and tame the bushers a little by showing them the



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difference. You've got, say, forty men trying out for one job, or maybe two jobs, and you can't turn around without falling over some tall-grass Ty Cobb or mail-order Mathewson who knows that all he's got to do is show his stuff and set some veteran's cue back into the rack for keeps.

Well, this year we were after a second baseman. Dick French had slowed down to such an extent that the team defense was weakened. The whole infield felt it; the plays didn't go with a snap the way they used to. As a big leaguer, Dick was through. Willyum knew it and was worried; the regulars knew it and were sorry; the bush infielders knew it and had their eyes on that vacant bag. Everybody and the bat-boy knew it—everybody but Dick.

Duffy was only one of a dozen men after the job—a sawed-off, bow-legged, black-headed, blue-eyed Irishman from out on the Coast. He was raised "south of the slot" in San Francisco—a small patch of ground that has turned out more fighters than County Kerry. Down there a boy has got to learn to fight or take a change of venue to the other side of Market Street. Robert Emmet Duffy stayed right on Minna Street until he was grown. Maybe the neighbors moved; I don't know.

The first couple of days the bushers were limbering up and working the soreness out of their muscles. When a man's muscles are sore he's sore all over; a little more trouble is no trouble at all. Maybe that was what ailed Erickson and Duffy. I don't know how the thing started; all we heard was the tail-end of the argument. Willyum and I were sort of circulating round the park, encouraging the bushers to get up a sweat. This was the part we caught:

Says Duffy to Erickson:

"That'll do now. I don't want to hear any more gabble out of you, see?"

"Well?" says Erickson, and there wasn't any rising inflexion on it, either.

"That's three wells!" says Duffy. "Can't you say anything else, you white-haired, pink-eyed, square-headed Swede?"

"Well——" says Erickson.

And so far as I know, that was the end of the conversation.

Duffy whaled away at him with his right—Erickson was so tall it was all he could do to reach his jaw, but he did it—and the Swede staggered. Quick as a flash Duffy straightened him up with a left hook and came back again with the right. Just four blows struck in about a second; Duffy hit Erickson three times and Erickson hit the ground.

"But what did you soak him for?" says Willyum to Duffy.

"Oh," says Duffy, "I got tired of hearing him talk all the time. You betcher life, no squarehead is going to tell me *anything!*"

That tickled Willyum. In the first place, he never did care much for a Swede. His wife is one. In the second place, Willyum used to be quite a fighter himself. Is yet, for the matter of that. When he was with the old Blues he had the name of being the scrappiest ball-player in the country, and not for nothing either. He's got a war record as long as a reporter's dream.

"Aggressiveness!" says Willyum to me, on the way back to the hotel. "Pepper! Life! That's what this club needs, Pete. This fellow Duffy has got it. He'll fight to win games. With him at second base——"

"—we'll stand a swell chance of being witnesses at a murder trial," says I. "What do you suppose this tad would do to some frail little umpire if he got a good poke at him? The Swede is as big as a house, but he's got a knot on his jaw the size of a turkey egg."

"And serves him right!" says Willyum. "What did he go and start it for?"

## II

Now when Willyum gets a theory stuck crossways in his system he will twist the truth a mile out of plumb to make it back up that theory, and what is more, he gets sensitive and wants to fight if you even hint that somebody is lying.

I saw immediately that Duffy had an ace in the hole over the other infield recruits, and I was prepared to have Willyum tell me that the fellow was a great ball-player when he wasn't even a good one. I was hoping he would do it because I had a lot of things saved up to say to Willyum—cutting things. For instance, I was going to mention that they were figuring batting averages on a baseball and not on a Swede's jaw. I didn't get the chance.

Willyum did tell me that Duffy was a great ball-player and the best I could do was to sit there and mumble. It was no lie; it was the cold-boiled truth. I could see big-league form sticking out all over

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Duffy whether I wanted to or not. Much as it hurt me, I had to agree with Willyum.

You've heard of college ball-players. According to my way of thinking, the best college for a ball-player is a vacant lot with the top of a coal-oil can for the home-plate. If baseball is born in a kid, it'll come out on a sand-lot somewhere and you can't stop it. That's where Duffy got his start. He didn't have to look in the book to find out what to do with the ball. He knew by instinct.

"I had his number the minute I laid eyes on him," says Willyum, three-cheering his judgment, as usual. "He'll be a wonderful help to the club."

"He will," says I, "if he ever finds out that the war is over."

"How do you mean, the war is over?" asks Willyum.

"What I say. This Duffy was born with a loose chip on his shoulder. You don't have to knock it off. It falls off of itself."

"That's one reason I'm for him," says Willyum. "Give me a few ball-players with Duffy's ginger and I'll win another pennant."

"And all the rough-and-tumble championships from welterweight up," says I. "Well, of course, Willyum, if you *like* him, that settles it, but unless he crawls down off this war footing——"

"There you go with that war stuff again!" says Willyum. "Has he done anything but show that big squarehead where he gets off?"

"Nothing much," says I. "Last night down at the depot he jarred a Pullman porter loose from his memory, that's all."

"What did the coon do to him?" asks Willyum, bristling up immediately.

"Not a thing in the world, before or after. To begin with, he didn't. To end with, he couldn't. He wasn't able."

"Good for Duffy!" says Willyum. "But how did it start?"

"That's what the porter would like to find out. He was standing on the platform

THAT WAS THE END OF THE CONVERSATION.



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half asleep, when—*wham!* and out went his headlight. Duffy told me the coon looked enough like Jack Johnson to be his brother. He certainly didn't block like Johnson. They had to carry him on the train."

"Fair enough!" says Willyum. "I like a fellow with an aggressive spirit."

"Cheer up!" says I. "It looks as if you've found one," and that ended the conversation.

The next day the regulars began to drift into camp and the bushers took the back seats, same as a musical comedy chorus fades away from the footlights when the stars come out on the stage. That's perfectly proper and the way it ought to be. A veteran big leaguer is entitled to the spotlight if he wants it; he's been "up there," as we say, and made good. With our club, a busher stays a busher just as long as he wears reversible cuffs, but if a kid can play our kind of ball he's finally elected into close communion and after that he picks his friends and his enemies. He's not supposed to do any of this choosing beforehand, however.

The first run-in that Duffy had with the regulars was Willyum's fool fault. He should have bedded Duffy down in the hotel annex along with the other bushers; but no, he had to put him on the third floor of the main building, right in with the members of the team. And worse than that, he roomed him with me.

"What did I ever do to you," says I to Willyum, "that you should give me a wildcat for a companion? I am too old to fight and I carry too much weight to run. What shall I do?"

"You shall teach this fellow," says Willyum. "I want him to get in right with the boys and you can steer him—a hint here and there. Give him pointers."

Well, I did make a couple of friendly suggestions to Duffy, and he came back by asking me how long since I'd had my name in a box-score.

"Now here, Fat," says he, "I like you fine, so far, but you're hired to coach the young pitchers, eh? . . . I'm a second baseman. Do you get me?"

This was no more than asking me to mind my own business, so when the regulars arrived I didn't say anything to Duffy about waiting for them to make the friendly advances. And the very first night he got a lesson in big-league etiquette. I was down-stairs, playing three-cushion billiards with Willyum, so I wasn't an eye-witness, but Duffy told me his version and the other boys told me theirs. There is another double room next to ours, with a connecting bath. Duffy heard somebody in there, yelling for Jimmy Hicks, the bone doctor, so he invited himself in. As near as I can patch it together, this is what happened.

Now "Jimmy Hicks" means a crap-game the world over. Mike McGrath and Gus Petersen had the room next to ours—both of 'em pitchers. They were celebrating their arrival at the training-camp with a little game, and their guests were Tommy Price, the first baseman; Bill Bentley, the centerfielder; Jack Morton, the third baseman, and Phil Harlow, another pitcher. All at once the bathroom door opened and in walked Duffy, bold as brass.

"Four-bits you don't six!" says he to Morton, who was rolling the bones. "Four-bits says you can't make a six with a pencil!"

They were all down on the floor and they looked up at Duffy, kind of astonished, taking him in from the bulldog shoes to the bartenders' bang on his forehead. Then Mike McGrath looked at his room-mate.

"Your friend thinks it's an open game," says he.

"*My* friend!" says Petersen. "Where do you get that stuff? He's no friend of mine. I never saw him before. I told you not to leave that transom open, Mike. These goats will go anywhere, you know."

"And that'll be about all for you!" says Duffy, breaking in. "I didn't come in through any transom, see? I'm a ball-player and I room next door. I thought I heard a noise in here like human beings, but I guess I was mistaken. I came in on my two feet, see, and I'll go out the same way, but not," says he, sitting down on Petersen's bed, "until I get good and ready. Now, what do you know about that?"

"Humph!" says Morton. "He's a tough mug, ain't he? Says he's a ball-player, too. Do you reckon he knows how to play checkers?"

That was a nice way of saying that it was Duffy's move, but there was nothing doing. He didn't intend to let anybody bluff him.

"I didn't come in here to start anything," says Duffy, making it more binding all the while, "but you flatheads can have what

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IT'S NO EASY MATTER TO PUT A STRONG MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A DOOR IF HE'D RATHER NOT GO.

you're looking for. Yes, all of you. I ain't hunting trouble, see, but I never let it hunt me. *Put* me out, if you think you can!"

The boys looked at each other and grinned.

"He's asked for it as politely as he knows how," says McGrath. "I move you that we give the gentle little stranger a transfer, eh?"

"Yes, and punch it, too," says Bentley, and the six of 'em started to get up from the floor.

Up to this point the testimony agreed fairly well. From here on it was pretty well mixed. I guess everything was mixed.

Duffy had one great advantage: he didn't have to pull any punches to keep from hurting a friend. Everything that landed was so much velvet. They finally got him out, of course, but every one of 'em had some sort of a receipt for the transfer and the room looked as if it had been struck by forked lightning. It's no easy matter to put a strong man on the other side of a door if he'd rather not go. Duffy took some of the furniture with him when he finally landed out in the hall. Bentley and Petersen had three black eyes between 'em, McGrath had a split lip, Price's nose was mashed, and Morton and Harlow were bruised on the shins where Duffy had kicked 'em. Robert Emmet had a few marks himself, but he grinned like a Cheshire cat when I came upstairs to bed.

"For pity's sake!" says I. "What's happened?"

"The boys next door gave me a party," says he, "and I handed some of it back."

"What started it?" says I.

"Oh, one thing led to another. Before I came here I was told that I'd have to fight my way into the big league, and darned if I don't believe it. We held the preliminaries to-night. I tangled up with six of 'em —I guess you'd call it a draw."

I took his version and then went next door for the other one. Petersen had his bottles of liniment out and the place smelled like the emergency ward of a hospital. It looked like one, too.

"Oh, hello, Pete!" says McGrath, sopping away at his lip. "Since when have you been chumming with prize-fighters?"

"That's no prize-fighter," says I. "That's Duffy from out on the Coast and he's going to be the new second baseman."

"Quit your kidding!" says Bentley.

"If he's a ball-player," says Morton, "he's wasting his time."

"You don't really mean that, do you?" asks McGrath.

"I do, honest. He'll be one of us in spite of hell or high water. Willyum is stuck



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on him because of his aggressiveness."

"Oh, his aggressiveness, eh?" says Petersen, and they looked at each other.

"The boss is for him," says I, "and you'd better be."

"We're for him!" growls Harlow, feeling of his shin. "We're for him—the way Clarke Griffith is for Cincinnati or Ban Johnson is for the Federal League, eh what, boys?"

"Take a little tip from father," says I, "and let this fellow Duffy alone. He fights because he loves it. Lay off of him."

McGrath laughed. "You talk as if we went next door and poked him out of his hole," says he. "We didn't. He came breezing in here without an invitation and started a battle. The way I size him up, this Duffy is like a pole-cat at a picnic—bound to be unpopular, but he won't let you ignore him."

Then they told me their side of the story and before I turned in I called on Willyum with a report. He was in his pajamas, working away at a wall exerciser.

"Well," says I, "the first gun of the campaign has been fired. Duffy has been in a free-for-all with six of the regulars."

"Was he hurt much?"

"Not near as much as he should have been," and I recited the painful details, bearing down on the point that Duffy horned in where he wasn't welcome and then started something.

*WHAM!* AND OUT WENT HIS HEADLIGHT.

"Hm-m-m," says Willyum, when I was through. "The boys oughtn't to be so clannish. A high-spirited fellow like Duffy——"

"A hoodlum like Duffy, you mean!" says I. "Why, that guy has got an idea he can break into this league with his fists!"

"It has been done," says Willyum.

## III

McGrath called the turn. The boys didn't love Duffy a little bit, but they couldn't ignore him. He wouldn't be ignored. He was among those present and no argument about it. He made his own rules governing the conduct of a busher at a training-camp, and it was as much as your front teeth were worth to call him down or try to put him in his place. There were days when he was as pleasant as a June morning—usually just after he'd licked somebody to a fare-ye-well—but as a general thing he was so sensitive and touchy that everybody left him alone in self-defense. Well, not quite everybody. Willyum was for him as strong as horseradish, and so was Erickson.

That was the queerest part of the whole thing to me. I never could understand why Erickson picked Duffy for his pal. To begin with, two men couldn't have been any more different, physically and mentally. Duffy was short, dark, quick as a flash, and quarrelsome. Erickson was tall, blond, slow moving, slow talking, and gentle as a sheep. And don't forget that Duffy had introduced himself to the Swede by knocking him cold as a wedge. But in spite of all this, they came together like twins.

The Swede was a recruit pitcher, and as I had the handling of him, I got to know him fairly well. At first he was easy to get along with—listened with his mouth open when I had anything to tell him and addressed me as "sir." After he had been running with Duffy for a week he was a changed man, and not in the line of improvement either. The war microbe got into his system. He called me "Tubby," wanted to argue about things, and began to carry a chip on his shoulder. And mean? He was meaner than mustard.

One night I was sitting on the hotel steps with Willyum when along came Erickson,

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mussed up some and bleeding into his handkerchief.

"Hello!" says Willyum. "Who has licked you now?"

"Nobody," says Erickson.

"Well, what have you been celebrating?"

"Oh," says the Swede, "a couple of yaps down the street tried to tell me that Louisville used to be in the National League."

"They told you right," says I.

Erickson looked at me sort of blank for a while and then he grunted. "They won't tell it to *me* again!" says he, and went on.

"Has he been drinking, or anything?" asks Willyum. "I didn't think that fellow would say boo to a goose."

"No, he hasn't been drinking," says I, "but he's been doing worse. He's been running with Duffy and he's got the war fever."

"Good news!" says Willyum. "Didn't I tell you that aggressiveness is catching?" And he went on to argue that what the club needed was vim, snap, ginger, pepper.

"Even so," says I, "you can't make pepper out of vitriol. This rough-neck Duffy will bust up your happy family, that's what he'll do. The boys will get sore at him and then go pick a fight with some one they know they can lick. Look at that Swede! Two weeks ago he would eat out of my hand; now he'd just as soon knock my head off as look at me."

"Well," says Willyum, "get it pointed in the right direction and aggressiveness is a great thing."

"It is if it doesn't back-fire on you," says I.

"You don't like Duffy," says Willyum, "but you'll admit that he's a good second baseman."

"Yes," says I, "and U. S. Grant was a good tanner, but that wasn't what ripped the South wide open. It was the side line he carried. Duffy may be another John Evers for all I know or care, but his side line is trouble. When it comes to picking fights you'll find him there with an average of 1000. One like Duffy would be plenty to handle, but by the looks of things you're going to have a pair to draw to."

"The Swede can pitch, then?"

"He surely can. He's a whaling good pitcher now, and if he'll listen to me he'll be a better one, but he's getting so awfully mean and crabby——"

"Huh!" grunts Willyum. "I'd sign the

ALONG CAME ERICKSON, MUSSED UP SOME AND BLEEDING INTO HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

old he-devil himself, hoofs, horns, *and* tail, if he could pitch winning ball for me."

"Oh, all right," says I, "if that's the way you feel about it. Go ahead. Thank the Lord, it ain't *my* ball club!"

Well, Duffy and his Swedish understudy landed regular jobs with the team and started North with us to open the season. A full list of their battles and skirmishes on that trip would look like a condensed history of the Civil War. They fought all the way from Texas to Tarrytown—fought with everybody — railroad men, hotel clerks, waiters, hack-drivers, Turkish-bath proprietors, barbers, policemen, constables, taxicab chauffeurs, ball-players, umpires, spectators—and if one of 'em started something he couldn't finish, the other one hopped in and helped him out.

That journey was just one long scrap from daylight till dark, and it got so bad that some of the boys were seriously considering pushing Duffy and Erickson off the observation platform some night—into a river, if possible. McGrath, Petersen, and Harlow formed themselves into a committee and made a holler to Willyum, but he only drooled about aggressiveness.

It was at Richmond that things came to a head. Willyum wasn't feeling well the first afternoon we played there, so he stayed in the hotel and I took charge of the team. Duffy behaved himself until the fourth inning, when a bush umpire called him out at second when it looked as if he beat the throw by five feet. Duffy dragged that umpire all over the lot by the hair of his



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head, and Erickson, who wasn't in the game at all, ran out from the bench in time to slug a couple of Virginia leaguers who hadn't done a thing in the world to him, but were only trying to pry Duffy off the umps. That led to complications, and after quite a mix-up Duffy and Erickson were ordered out of the park.

Some town boys laid for 'em at the gate, and in the jam that followed Erickson beaned a policeman with his own club and was arrested. Duffy beat me to Willyum with a cock-and-bull story about how the crowd had tried to pick on two lone, unprotected ball-players, and Willyum got out of bed and went to get Erickson out of jail.

While he was doing that, we held a council of war, the only absentees being Willyum and the rough-house twins. It seemed to be the sense of the meeting that Duffy and Erickson be instructed to cease hostilities or take the consequences.

"But the boss is the man to stop it," says I. "You know how he is when he gets a theory in his head."

"Yeh," says little Martin Flynn, the shortstop. "He's all for a scrappy ball-team this season."

"We ain't aggressive enough to suit him," says Joe Bowles, the catcher. "We don't fight enough, so we've got to have a pair of professional mixers wished on to us!"

"Yes, and can you see what will happen if they go pulling this rough stuff after the season opens?" says Price. "Every umpire in the league will have it in for us; all the other clubs will be fighting us. A regular Donnybrook Fair, that's what it'll be, and we'll all have to suffer on account of two roughnecks from the bushes. Me for some steel shinguards!"

"Well," says I, "Willyum is the boss. He wants aggressiveness. . . . I guess I'll have to tell you how old man Blossom cured the Injun chief."

"Old man Blossom!" says McGrath. "What league did he play in?"

"The Western," says I. "That is to say, he went out to Nevada to grow up with the country. He settled near an Injun reservation—not the hook-nosed fighting Injuns, but the flat-nosed, peaceable ones, who won't work or fight or do anything else as long as they can beg. The Injun Chief weighed about three hundred pounds and they called him Butter-ball. Well, Butter-ball called on old man Blossom one day, and Blossom, wanting to stand well with his neighbors, staked him to a plate of baked beans——"

"I don't see what this has got to do with the question before the house," says McGrath.

"Bat in your regular order," says I. "I'm up now. Well, Butter-ball liked the beans so well that he came back the next day for more. Whenever he didn't have anything else to do he would hike over to Blossom's shack and rub his stomach and grunt and give the distress sign. He came so often that he got to be a pest, and always he wanted beans. Old man Blossom stood it for a month and then his patience gave out. He cooked up a whaling big mess of beans, flavored 'em with a quart of harness-oil and a couple of boxes of axle-grease that had laid in the sun too long, and waited.

"Butter-ball showed up on his usual schedule and handed Blossom the hungry man's high-sign. Blossom ran out to meet him, patted him on the back, escorted him indoors, and filled up a two-quart stew-pan with the lubricated beans. Butter-ball sort of batted his eyes when he got the flavor, but he finished the pan. Then he stood up to go, perfectly satisfied.

" 'Woof!' says he. 'Heap good!'

" 'Have some more, then!' says old man Blossom. 'P M K, old hoss!'

"No, Butter-ball couldn't think of it. He made signs that he was just as much obliged, but he was full to the neck. Old man Blossom wouldn't take no for an answer and finally Butter-ball, to show that he was a true sport and a gentleman at heart, sat down and tackled another helping. It was hard work, though, and it took a lot of coaxing and persuasion to reach the bottom of the pan. He made it at last, and when he started for the door he could just waddle and that was all. The door was locked, and when Butter-ball turned around to protest the stew-pan was full of beans again and old man Blossom was looking at him along the barrels of a shotgun.

" 'You've been eating me out of house and home for a month,' says he, 'and this is the only time I've ever had beans enough to fill you up. Waltz back to the seat of honor, you fat son of a decaying race, or I'll stimulate your appetite with a handful of duckshot! *Injun eat beans!*'

"The old man stood guard with the shotgun until the last bean disappeared. Butter-ball was able to get out into the open

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air, but that was all. He collapsed under a mesquite bush and didn't as much as turn over for two days and nights. He started for the reservation on his hands and knees, and after that an Injun wouldn't come within a mile of old man Blossom's shack. . . . When a man wants something awful bad, one way to cure him is to give him an overdose. Now Butter-ball——"

"Hooray!" yells McGrath. "I get you, Pete! When do you think this ball-club ought to begin to be aggressive?"

"That," says I, "is a matter for discussion. Are there any suggestions?"

IV

It was our turn to open at home that year, and while we were dressing in the club-house Willyum made us a little speech. He always does that before the first game of the season, and in the speech he sounds the key-note of the annual campaign.

"Boys," says he, "I want to see some pepper to-day. I want to see some life. Go at these fellows right from the jump, and show 'em that we're going to be a fighting team this year! Pepper, that's the stuff!"

Pepper? I guess he thought we surely had it, for the boys swarmed out of the club-house with a yell and all through the batting practise they were howling like Comanches.

The fellows on the other team didn't know what to make of it. They were thunderstruck.

"What is this?" says Jim Hudson, their manager. "A ball-game or a contest to see who can yell the loudest? No fair! I've got bronchitis!"

I noticed that at least one of the assault and battery twins didn't make any noise. Robert Emmet Duffy was too busy looking and listening. I kept my eye on him all through batting practise. He seemed a little nervous at the plate—willing to offer at anything he could reach, instead of waiting for a groover—and when he wasn't hitting he was rubbering into the grand-stand or looking over at the bleachers. I knew exactly how he felt.

I see the same thing year after year, but it never gets to be an old story with me. An opening day crowd can always give me a thrill down my spine. It is a wonderful sight—grand-stand and bleachers packed solid to the back rows—a living, moving, cheering wall rising beyond the fresh green of the playing field. Yes, it's a great sight, an inspiring sight, but put yourself in the place of the busher who sees it for the first time. Everywhere he looks, faces, faces, faces, and not one that he ever saw before. Thirty thousand home fans, and he imagines they're all looking at him.

He feels it in the knees and the nape of

DUFFY DRAGGED THAT UMPIRE ALL OVER THE LOT BY THE HAIR OF HIS HEAD.

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his neck. He knows they are picking him to pieces, criticizing the shape of his legs and the way he stands up to the plate, wondering whether he'll do—and it sort of takes the busher's breath away. Thirty thousand total strangers, yet this is his home town now and these are going to be his friends or his enemies; these are the people who can make a tin god of him or hoot him out of the club, just as they take a notion.

An opening day crowd isn't like any other crowd of the season because the home fan always starts the new baseball year with a clean slate. No matter what he thought of you last October, he's with you now and hoping for the best. He is so tickled at the prospect of seeing a real ball-game again that he lets bygones be bygones and gives the boys another chance to make good, according to his standards. He may not know any more about baseball than a doodle-bug, but he knows what he likes and what he doesn't like. When the pitcher starts to wind up for the first ball of the season you can hear him yelling all over the place:

"Right over, ole bo-o-o-y!"

"He can't hit you, George! He never could hit you!"

"Work hard, George! Something on every ball to-day!"

The past is forgotten, you see; the slate is clean. It stays clean, say, till the sixth inning, when the visitors lean up against poor George and gather three or four hits in a row, and then:

"You never could pitch in your life!"

"You was rotten last year!"

"Aw, take him out! *Take him out!*"

Well, that's your home fan for you. He's your loving little friend and well-wisher—if you win. If you lose, he'll tear open old sores, rake up personalities, and play the solo sledge in the anvil chorus. His heart is all right, but it's subject to change without notice.

McGrath went in to pitch, with Bowles behind the bat. Duffy was at second and the rest of the line-up was the same as the season before: Price at first, Flynn at short, Morton at third, and Bentley, Davis, and Shaw in the outfield. The boys carried their pepper with 'em when they went out to start the game. The only man who wasn't yelling to McGrath was Duffy.

"Something on every ball, Mike!"

"Get this cripple!"

"Right in the groove!"

Mike tried to open the season with a strike, but he missed the outside corner at least six inches. Old Beaver, umpire-in-chief, hoisted his left hand.

"What?" yells Bowles. "Call 'em when they're over, you blind burglar, you! Call 'em!"

And the echo came back from the infield—Price, Flynn, and Morton, all yelling at once. "Yes, call 'em when they're over!"

"Wake up! Wake up!"

"Watch the corners, if you can see that far!"

Old Beaver grinned. For an umpire, he's a pretty good scout, and conversation never annoys him unless it gets a little blue in spots.

I was on the bench beside Willyum. "That's pepper!" says he. "That's life!"

In that first inning Duffy didn't open his mouth once. The other fellows were chirping all around him, but he was too busy watching for a ball to come his way. He got his chance in the second inning when Jimmy Cullen hit a terrific liner straight at him but about five feet over his head. Duffy went up like a rocket and speared it with his gloved hand—not a difficult play, but a mighty spectacular one, and the crowd cheered and clapped and stamped for a full minute. That was all Duffy needed to bolster up his confidence, and he began to yell with the best of 'em and paw up the dirt around second base. Then, just to make it more binding, in our half of the same inning Duffy stepped up and swatted Parkes for a two-bagger—and Parkes is Jim Hudson's star left-hander, a tough man to hit. Robert Emmet got another tremendous hand from the crowd, and after that a span of mules couldn't have held him. He was the original fair-haired boy, and he knew it. He was back in his training-camp form, not caring a hoot for anybody or anything, a chip on his shoulder again and fight in his eye.

"It's coming," says Petersen to me, on the bench. "Oh, it's coming, sure as a gun. He'll give the cue for the mob scene any minute now. We won't have much longer to wait."

We didn't. In the fourth inning Bullet Jones, the fastest man on the other team, spilled a bunt and beat it out. Landers, the next batter, gave Jones the hit-and-run sign, but Bowles smelled the play and broke it up by ordering McGrath to waste one.

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ERICKSON BEANED A POLICEMAN WITH HIS OWN CLUB.

Jones started down on the pitch-out and Bowles made a perfect peg to nail him at second, Duffy covering the bag. From where I sat it seemed to me that Robert tagged the Bullet as he slid in, but little Finky Jackson, the field umpire, called Jones safe. It had all the ear-marks of a rotten decision and nobody could have blamed Duffy for kicking. He made a jump for Finky—and that was the cue.

"Safe?" roars Duffy. "What for? Why, he slid right into it!"

Duffy didn't have time to get his hands on the umpire and Finky didn't have time to order him back to his position, because the minute Duffy made his jump the rest of the infield started for Jackson, Price from first, Flynn from short, and Morton from third. They pounced on Finky like so many football players, dragging him this way and that way, whirling him around and around and yelling in his ears. Jackson is a little bit of a man, and he had about as much chance with those Indians as a lone rag doll in an orphan asylum. Price had him by the collar, Flynn by one arm, and Morton by the belt, and it looked as if they were trying to teach Finky the hesitation, the fox-trot, and the lame duck, all at the same time. They nearly jounced the soul out of him, and he told me afterward that he was afraid to open his mouth for fear his false teeth would drop out.

I caught one glimpse of Duffy, standing flatfooted beside the bag, paralyzed with astonishment at the size of the shindy he had started. Then my attention was distracted. Something at my elbow began to choke and gurgle—and it was friend Willyum, Willyum who wanted his men to fight for ball-games—dodging apoplexy by the width of a hair. As soon as he recovered the use of his legs he ran out to quell the riot. It's all right to yell at an umpire if you know he'll stand for it, like Beaver, but to lay hands on one is a mighty serious proposition. It gets you suspensions and things like that. By the time Willyum arrived at the seat of war McGrath was mixing in, too, showing Jackson a few steps of the grizzly bear, I guess, and Bowles, over on third, where he'd gone to keep Jones from taking advantage of the general excitement, was yelling at the top of his voice.

"Crown him queen of the May, Mike! Crown him queen of the May!"

The only one of our men who wasn't misbehaving himself was Robert Emmet Duffy,



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and he was in a trance. Away over on the far end of the bench was Erickson, doubled up like a jack-knife, his eyes as big as saucers. He didn't know what to make of it.

Well, it was grand while it lasted, which wasn't very long. The crowd was going dippy by sections, and I guess that nothing but the steel and concrete kept the stand from coming down. It carried me back twenty years when every game was a free-for-all and an umpire had to be shifty and hard-boiled to hold his job for a week.

Old Beaver jerked off his mask, motioned for the police, and mixed in himself; and when the smoke cleared away Willyum didn't have any more infield than a rabbit, and the battery was busted wide open, too. The cops marched Price, Flynn, Morton, and McGrath off the field, and Willyum tore his hair and jumped up and down.

"Be reasonable, Finky!" says he. "I don't know what's got into 'em. How am I going to finish this game without any infielders?"

"Finish it on the bench where you belong!" howls Finky. "Git, now!" And he pulled out his watch.

Willyum stopped to argue, which was bad judgment, because when an umpire is mad clear through you can't reason with him, and of course Willyum got the run with the rest of the boys. When he came to the bench for his coat, he was purple clear down to the collar, and making noises like a seltzer bottle that's just about to go dry.

"If that's your pepper," says I, "I don't think much of it."

Willyum swallowed a couple of times, made signs at me, and started for the clubhouse with his lower lip bulging. It was up to me to get the club out of it the best way I could, so I sent in the substitutes, and what Jim Hudson's Grays did to that makeshift infield was a shame! They bunted us dizzy, ran the bases hog-wild, and turned the game into a hippodrome before the inning was over.

The pepper kept right on working, though. We nearly ran out of ball-players during the afternoon, but the pepper lasted fine. One by one the boys kicked themselves out of the game, and if the umpires forgot to order them to the clubhouse, I didn't forget it. I judged that it would cheer Willyum some to know that we were still aggressive and fighting, even with our general off the field of battle. From a spectator's standpoint it must have been a terrible thing. At the finish—don't ask me the score—Duffy and Davis were the only regulars left in the line-up and the official box-score looked like a Chinese laundry ticket.

When it was all over the crowd pelted us across the field with seat cushions and pop-bottles and told us what they thought of us. I couldn't find it in my heart to blame them much, and neither could Erickson, who ran beside me part of the way, grunting and swearing about the way the team had acted.

"Cheer up!" says I. "The big show is over; now for the concert!"

## V

Very likely it would have happened anyway; Duffy only hurried matters a little. He walked right into the powder magazine with a Roman candle in his hand. As he opened the club-house door he fired the first shot. "You're a nice lot of stiffs, you are!" says he.

Willyum was about half-dressed, black as a thundercloud and spoiling for a fresh victim. He was in such a state of mind that he would have quarreled with his grandmother. "Shut your trap!" says Willyum. "Didn't you start it?"

"Who? Me?" says Duffy. "I should say not! Why, all I did——"

"I saw what you did!" snaps Willyum. "I was looking right at you! You've been fighting umpires all spring, and it's got to stop. If ever you lay your hands on another umpire in this league——"

"Anybody that says I touched that fellow to-day is a liar by the clock!" says Duffy.

Willyum will always fight if you call him a liar, even when he knows he is one. He made a dive for Duffy, and I will say for Robert Emmet that he tried to meet him half-way, but big Erickson jumped in between.

"Take somebody your size!" says he to Willyum. "There's just one man been playing real baseball to-day and you ain't going to pick on him unless you lick me first!"

"Keep out of this!" says Duffy. "Lemme at him!"

"After me!" says Erickson, and he jolted Willyum on the nose with a straight left.

Well, that was some battle. Duffy had taught the Swede a lot about boxing, and he needed every bit of it, for Willyum is no

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slouch at the bare-knuckle business. Up and down the dressing-room they went, both of 'em whaling away for a knockout. Willyum caught Erickson on the butt of the ear and knocked him over a bench, but the Swede only shook his head and got up again. He came in close and let go with a piledriver smash to the pit of the stomach that made Willyum grunt; but the old boy rallied and jarred the Swede with a right uppercut. For about two minutes it was a pretty even thing, and then Erickson slammed in another awful jolt to the stomach and that was where the tide turned. A man forty-one years of age can't stand a body blow as well as a youngster.

Willyum began to back up and Erickson charged him, head down, flailing away with short piston strokes and shooting at nothing but the little ball of fat just below the breast-bone. Once he hit it, twice he hit it, and Willyum's hands dropped at his sides. He was out on his feet and the next punch would have finished him.

"The jaw, Ole, the jaw!" yells Duffy. "Soak him!"

Erickson stood back and looked at Willyum. "No-o," says he, "if he says he's had enough——"

"S-sufficient!" gasps Willyum. He staggered over to a bench and sat down.

He was on the rubbing table when Erickson came out of the shower-room and Willyum had his wind back again—enough to talk with, anyway.

"Erickson," says he, "you're all right. You've the makings of a great fighter."

Erickson growled.

"Yes, a great fighter," says Willyum, "but so long as I'm running this ball-club I won't have a man on it that I can't lick."

"You can't lick me!" says Duffy.

"Another county heard from!" says Willyum. "Consider that I'm talking to both of you, then. I don't want to be in the same league with a man that can lick me, so you're going back to the minors, both of you!"

"We are, like hell!" says Duffy. "We'll jump to the Federal League!"

"Go ahead and jump!" says Willyum. "That's one way to break it up!"

We are trying a busher from Texas at second base now, and he seems to be making good. He hasn't had a fight yet. We don't hear as much about the theory of aggressiveness as we did a couple of months ago, and Willyum is laying even money that at least one Federal League club won't last out the season. He thinks he has an ace in the hole on that proposition.

DUFFY, STANDING FLAT-FOOTED BESIDE THE BAG, PARALYZED WITH ASTONISHMENT.

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"OH, AND YOU ONLY PLAY WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE PLAYING, MISS CALLAGHAN, IS THAT IT?"

# "BROOKS of SHEFFIELD"

by *Kathleen Norris*

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER" "SATURDAY'S CHILD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRMA DERÉMÈAUX

"HOW about Brooks of Sheffield?" asked Mr. Eddie, who was the junior partner, with a glance at George Carter, who was a department manager of Pollack, Whittell & Company. "Could—er—couldn't Brooks do it?"

Mr. Carter gave a swift yet guarded look at Miss Callaghan, but she was discreetly folding samples, and apparently had not been listening to the conversation of the two men. She did not belong to Mr. Eddie's office, but had been called in to straighten out some tumbled lingerie waists, and was devoting herself to the work with characteristic ardor. Now she held a particularly delicate specimen—the last—between her eyes and the sunny office window, before laying it in a green cardboard box as carefully as if composing its occupant for a last sleep. No eighteen-year-old Irish girl could have looked more innocent and more



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unconscious than did Miss Callaghan at this moment.

"Brooks—" Mr. Carter was emboldened to answer thoughtfully. "Yes. Yes, of course. I hadn't thought of—er—Brooks. But I believe there is a certain capacity there in—er—in this direction. We'll think it over." He cleared his throat. "That was all, thank you, Miss Callaghan," he added. "I'm much obliged.

"Notter tall," said Miss Callaghan smoothly, and, departing from the office, she fled through the Corset Department, the White-Goods Department, and the misses' and children's hats, and bursting through a door marked "Employees Only," joined Miss Marg'ret Regan in a large, bare wash-room odorous of wet soap and packed lunches.

"Listen! I bet I get it!" chanted Miss Callaghan.

"What's the number of your ticket?" Miss Regan asked interestedly. "My aunt won a plush coat once on twenty-eight, so I took——"

"I don't mean the piano at the fair!" said Miss Callaghan, scornfully. "That won't be raffled off until to-morrow night, anyway. I mean I think Carter's going to let me try for Miss Pedersen's place."

Miss Regan shook a dubious head. "They ain't apt to raise you from seven to twelve a week, Ret," she said, thoughtfully powdering her nose at a small mirror with a sodden gray puff. "What did he say to you?"

"He didn't say anything to *me*, exactly—" Miss Callaghan began, a little shaken; "it was to Mr. Eddie."

"Well, then, you heard him talking about you?"

"No, not exactly. That is, he didn't say my *name*."

"He didn't?" Miss Regan smiled with wide and kindly humor at her own reflection in the mirror. "Then I don't see that you had anything to blow up about, Ret," she said.

But Miss Callaghan—whose baptismal name was Loretta Ligouri, and who had added Cecilia at the time of her confirmation—knew her Dickens well enough to understand the "Brooks of Sheffield" device for talking about people in their presence. She went back to her place in the White-Goods Department a few moments later with a singing heart. On her way she had to pass the Sheet Music Department, and she glanced with a pang of pity and exultation at the already deposed Miss Pedersen, who was twirling idly on the stool before the upright piano. Often had Loretta envied the blonde and stolid Swedish girl whose happy lot it was to sit here and play, and play, and still do no more than play, upon the piano through six days and one evening each week. Often in her dreams had she herself been seated here in Miss Pedersen's place, but never had the dream seemed so near as now.

Loretta looked very much like the hundred or more other girls who worked in the big department-store. She was slim and young, with shining hair blacker than the black waists she wore, and blue eyes blackly fringed and darkly set in her clear white skin. Loretta was always very pale in the cool morning light, but in the warm, busy afternoons her cheeks burned hotly, and then, under the bright lights, she seemed extremely pretty to such ladies, and especially to such gentlemen, as came within the range of her artless glances. She was like her associates, too, in her readiness to reply pleasantly, pertly, or tartly to any chance remark that might be addressed to her, and in the amount of manicuring that seemed necessary at odd moments to keep her pretty hands in order.

But inwardly Loretta was different. She had a clear mind, a seeing eye, a well-developed sense of humor. It follows that she was ambitious. Loretta knew that Miss Larkin, the gray-haired, stately woman who went to Paris as buyer twice a year, whose salary was fifty dollars a week, and whose office was next to Mr. Eddie's own, had once been a saleswoman at seven dollars a week, even as Loretta was. She knew that Mrs. Edward Allison Whittell herself had been Mr. Eddie's stenographer before she was his wife.

Not that Loretta's own hopes followed very closely the success of either of these ladies. But the thought of them was a spur to those hours of discouragement which every musical genius knows. Loretta was "musical."

She had played by ear, as her mother would have told you, when she wasn't but eight years old, on the piano over at Saint Rose's Convent Academy, with the Sisters, as Mrs. Callaghan put it, all gapping at her. The Sisters, indeed, encouraged by this precocious exhibition, had given Loretta her musical education for mere pleasure and

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pride in her gift. From her ninth to her fourteenth year, Loretta had a lesson every week from good Sister Mary Berchmans, and when, at fifteen, the girl took her first position in a "Five-and-Ten" store, she still had her lesson at night, and spent one of her precious three dollars every month for the rental of a jangling black upright piano that became the pride of the Callaghans' parlor.

Now Loretta played what she called "sheet music," and the supplements of the Sunday papers, beside the convent favorites, "Galops" and "Tarantellas," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground—with Variations," and Scharwenka's "Polish Dance." Also she played "Sweet Afton" and "The Minstrel Boy" for her father, when Joe Callaghan was comfortably stretched in his cheap, shabby near-Morris arm-chair of an evening. And when Mrs. Callaghan, dish-towel in hand, came to the kitchen door, which conveniently adjoined the parlor, Loretta obligingly dashed into "O Promise Me" and "Asthore," which were the maternal favorites. She played "The Great Divide" and "Oh, that Träumerei Rag!" for the younger Callaghans, and squeezed in her scales and exercises whenever she could. In fact, Loretta's piano was the delight of her family and friends, and Joe Callaghan never regretted the ten dollars he had paid for thirty-five successive months, to become the owner of it.

Of course, the Callaghan family was a social and civic problem, and stood in daily danger of having tenement laws, working-hour laws, wage-laws, and food-laws launched at its head. Its existence at all was contrary to all reason. A policeman on a salary of twelve hundred a year, Joe Callaghan was hardly in a position to raise one child, much less six children. But, rather fortunately for the young Callaghans, this never seemed to have occurred to him nor to his good wife.

It is possible, when Leo was four and Aggie three years old, when Eugene was the baby and Loretta coming along to push Eugene out of the title, when Joe Callaghan had had seven months of inflammatory rheumatism, and the family had to give up the house they were buying at East One-hundred-and-Sixty-fourth Street, that Mrs. Callaghan had had slight misgivings as to the size of her family. But she was too busy explaining to the real-estate agent the financial emergency in which she found herself, too busy making milk toast for Joe and mixing bottles of milk for Eugene, and computing the terrible cost of coal and bread, to give voice to them.

Loretta arrived, and was made welcome; and Clement and Frank came after Loretta; and Joe got well, and went feebly back to work. And, after a while, the doctor was paid; and the family began to go down to Coney Island for Sunday as of yore, agreeing that Loretta was the cutest child that ever ran noisily about in blue kid shoes, and that little Frank was a pretty good baby —now—to be nursed uncomplainingly in a rocking elevated train, and take his nap on the hot sands with only his mother's fat arm for a pillow.

It was a blessing they had lost the One-hundred-and-Sixty-fourth Street house, Mrs. Callaghan presently decided, for when Leo and Aggie went to work, they could easily walk back and forth from the East Twelfth Street flat, and so save energy and carfares. Everything went well with them. Aggie married most satisfactorily at eighteen. The boys joined a free library. The biggest doctors in the city took care of Clem when a truck ran him down and broke his leg. Joe became Acting Secretary of the Shamrock Chapter of the Social Sons of Erin.

Mrs. Callaghan found it all almost too pleasant to be true. She could hardly believe that it was she herself, Lizzie Flint, born in a Tirconnell peat cottage forty years before, and never having a shilling of her own until she came to America and earned it, who was really free to trot off to church on a Saturday afternoon, with the week's washing and ironing all caught up, Joe's favorite dinner simmering on the back of the stove, and Sunday just ahead, with all the children home.

It was with no feeling of self-pity or regret that Loretta presently went to work. She had rather liked the rush and excitement of the "Five-and-Ten," and she really loved the big store of Pollack, Whittell & Company. It was cool on the hottest summer morning, and warm throughout the bitterest winter day. Loretta liked the other girls, and the gossip of the noon hour; she liked the early start from home with her brothers in the morning, through the dewy greenness, or the heaped-up snow, of Union Square; and she liked walking home through twilight or

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under bright arc-lights to the hot dinner and the enlivening atmosphere of the Callaghan flat.

But, if her first position had been quite endurable, and her second was entirely satisfactory, Loretta found the contemplation of a third step upward almost dazzling in its charm. She felt that if she could be the young woman whose lot it was to sit at the little piano in the Sheet Music Department and play the various songs and dances selected by customers, and receive for this enchanting occupation the enormous sum of twelve dollars a week, life for her would be complete, and her aching artistic ambitions satisfied at last.

A certain Miss Maisie Doyle had held this position when Loretta first entered the firm's employ, a good-natured, clever, pretty girl, whose displacement by the bashful and untrained Loretta seemed extremely improbable for many years to come. But presently Miss Doyle was married, in the tiny church of St. Gregory the Great, to Mr. Hugh Kennedy of the Shipping Department. Then Loretta, now eleven months in the firm's employ, went boldly to Mr. Eddie and asked for the position.

Too late. Miss Grace Goring, a pale, complacent girl, from the corset department, was already installed. Miss Goring was extremely unpopular among all the girls. Her boast was that she did not have to work, for her mother was a rather well-to-do widow; and Grace took mandolin lessons, went to the matinée every Saturday, and frequently went to a restaurant for her lunch. These circumstances seemed

MISS REGAN SHOOK A DUBIOUS HEAD. "THEY AIN'T APT TO RAISE YOU FROM SEVEN TO TWELVE A WEEK, RET," SHE SAID.

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extremely unnatural to the other employees of Poliack, Whittell & Company. Grace's hair was not natural in color, either; and she was always the last girl to arrive in the morning and the first to go at night, frequently passing the time-clock with no more than a light laugh. The girls told each other mysteriously that she had a "pull."

When Miss Goring was first given Miss Doyle's place, Loretta Callaghan felt almost sick with disappointment. She knew herself to be a far better pianist than Grace Goring, and all the world seemed bitter and unfair for a while. Loretta could not bear even to glance toward the Sheet Music Department in those days; she gave up finger exercises entirely, and went off to the movies night after night with Leo and Clem.

But at the end of two months Grace Goring was suddenly displaced and put back in the Corset Department, and Loretta tried not to feel glad. A Miss Smith, whom nobody had even seen before, came to the Sheet Music Department. When Miss Smith presently disappeared, Miss Goring came back to fill in until Miss Scott came. Miss Goring also filled in between Miss Scott and Mr. Julien, and Mr. Julien and Miss Pedersen. And every time there was a change or talk of a change, Loretta went with a thumping heart to Mr. Eddie, and every time Mr. Eddie smiled and promised to think it over.

So things went on for almost a year. Now Miss Pedersen was going, and Loretta had once more duly applied for Miss Pedersen's place. But until chance brought her into Mr. Carter's office to fold samples, and to overhear the conversation of the two men, the girl had not cherished very definite hopes.

But she could hope at last! Loretta felt that it was worth five cents at lunch-time to telephone her mother of her brilliant prospects, and she ate her sandwiches and chocolate cake in hasty bites between long and sanguine dissertations on the subject of the new job.

"I'll bet you go home and practise all night, Ret," said Miss Regan, with pleasant admiration and envy.

"I'll bet I do!" Loretta took some plunging chords on the bare lunch-table. "'Oh, oh, Delphine!'" she sang forcibly.

"It ain't all a question of selections from 'Delphine,' by no means," said Miss Grace Goring, in her patronizing voice, as she poured hot coffee from a small metal bottle, after laying her lunch neatly out upon a fringed napkin. A universal look of withering contempt from the dozen girls in the group having no effect upon her, she presently went on: "They'll ask you to play fierce things like 'Loosia de Lammermoor' and 'Ah, I have sighed to rest me,' from 'Trovatore.' You wait!"

"Yes, I know they will," Loretta said uncomfortably, with hot cheeks.

"Of course it's a snap for you—and Paderewski," Miss Goring admitted.

"Leave Loretta be; she'll do it all right!" Miss Regan said hotly.

"I don't know what *you* know about it, Miss Regan," Miss Goring said, placidly continuing to eat her lunch. "If you can play the piano, why, it's only very recently!"

Miss Regan did not answer, but a sulfurous silence reigned in the lunch-room for some moments, and the hand with which Loretta wiped a lump of butter from the red cheek of an apple was slightly tremulous. She began to hope that she would not get the position after all.

However, things looked more cheerful when the following Monday morning came, for Loretta had hardly taken her place behind her own counter when she was summoned to the office and was solemnly asked by Mr. Eddie and Mr. Carter in consultation if she thought she could fill Miss Pedersen's place.

Fortified by the fact that she had put on her best black waist and was wearing her "good" shoes, in nervous anticipation of this request, Loretta gulped out a horribly confused "Yessir."

"Well, suppose you try it for this week?" asked Mr. Carter.

"Orrite," Loretta answered politely. "S-s-sure."

"Good!" said Mr. Eddie cheerfully. "I believe you will do very well, Miss—ah. You probably have a very fair idea of what is expected of you. Miss Goring would probably tell you anything that you wished to know."

"Thank you," murmured Loretta, as Mr. Carter led her away to the actual piano and the actual seat upon which her gaze had so often and so enviously rested. Her dazed eyes did not see her staring associates nor the White-Goods Department through

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"SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE TAKING THAT TWELVE A WEEK PRETTY MUCH FOR GRANTED," MISS GORING SAID LIGHTLY.

which she passed, nor the escalator from which a stream of staggering women were stepping, nor the high white walls and the high windows shaded against the sun. She merely saw Mr. Carter preceding her steadily and stooping to twirl the piano-stool to the height required by her length of limb, before she seated herself at the instrument.

With a sick smile, Loretta laid her wet, cold fingers upon a keyboard that felt strangely wide and hard. She felt as if she were ten feet away from the piano, but a gingerly hitch at her chair only made her feel instead that she was jammed hopelessly against the board. A few casual shoppers gathered about in anticipation of some music. "Hail, Mary—" said Loretta, in her heart of hearts.

"Suppose we try this?" suggested Mr. Carter, selecting a sheet of music from a near-by stack, and placing it before her. Loretta glanced at it with a fairly creditable assumption of bright interest. Then the blood came back to her heart with a delicious rush. She was saved! By some unbelievable luck he had selected a familiar favorite of the Callaghan family, none other than "Dat Sufferin', Mutterin', Bread-and-Butterin' Rag," the strains of which Clem and Eugene had demanded of her a hundred times. Loretta dashed into it with confidence and spirit, and finished it with a gratuitous flight of chords. Mr. Carter was charmed, and brought her color back with a few words of praise, before he walked away.

"That's the way to do it, Miss Callaghan! You're not going to have any trouble at all. They tell me—I don't know anything about music—but they tell me that it takes a certain knack to play these popular things, ragtime and so on. My little girl tells me about it. 'Papa,' she says, 'y' need a kind of pep to it!' Well," went on the kindly Mr. Carter, lowering his voice, and with a



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cautious look about, "that's just what our little friend Miss Goring hasn't got, d'ye see? Plenty of technique; but if you haven't got it on tap, where are ye?"

With which profound sentiment he was gone, and Loretta was left to digest the charms of her new position in life. She dusted her instrument very carefully, piled the music neatly on top of it, and then sat twirling idly in the pleasant morning brightness. A lady presently wanted to hear the chorus of "I Hear You Calling Me," twice she was asked to play "This Is the Life," and a mild-voiced music-teacher asked her to run over "Classic Bits for Little Hands" and "The Waterfall" (Easy). But this was all smooth sailing for Loretta, and by twelve o'clock she was thoroughly enjoying herself.

After the lunch-hour Miss Goring sauntered over to the Sheet Music Department, and stood chatting for a few easy minutes.

"How do you like it, Ret?" she inquired.

"Oh, fine," Loretta answered succinctly.

"Any one stuck you yet?"

"Nope."

"D' you get fussed?"

"Not much."

Miss Goring looked about her a little vaguely, yet with a friendly smile. Suddenly she selected a book from the pile of books that stood on a table near the piano. "Here," she said suddenly, opening it before Loretta, and setting it upon the piano. "Try this Bersoose—it's fierce!"

"It looks fierce," Loretta agreed politely, after eying it for a moment, her hands in her lap.

"It's terrible; so many accidentals," said the other girl, cheerfully.

"And in four sharps to begin with," Loretta added. There was a moment's pause.

"Why don't you try it?" asked Miss Goring, then.

"I don't feel like playing now," Loretta answered placidly.

"Oh, and you only play when you feel like playing, Miss Callaghan, is that it?" asked Miss Goring, getting a little red.

"That's all, if any one should ride up on a bicycle and ast you." Loretta struck a chord tentatively, then dropped it to a minor, a pleasant little smile on her face. Miss Goring's eyes narrowed, and a certain firmness suddenly lined her mouth. For a moment she stared hard at Loretta; then she began angrily, yet in a cautiously lowered voice:

"Oh, is that *so?* Well, I want to tell you something. You ain't getting paid to sit here and say what you'll play and what you won't play. You're paid to——"

"*You* don't pay me, you know, Miss Goring," Loretta said, heatedly in her turn. "And, what's more, you had a chance at this job and you didn't keep it. Now it's my turn——"

"Oh, is that *so!*" Miss Goring ejaculated rather than asked, furiously. "Well, I'll tell you something: Before this week is out you'll be pretty sick of it and, what's more, you'll be fired. You think you've got a pull with Carter, just because your mother used to know his wife——"

"*You* won't fire me!" Loretta said, sweetly, glancing over her shoulder as her right hand ran easily over a chromatic scale.

"That may be right, too," Miss Goring said heavily; "but you'll get fired all right, don't you worry!"

"Loretta, will you play this, girlie?" asked Miss Gabbs, the music saleswoman, coming up at this moment to set Mendelssohn's "Consolation" on the rack. "There's a woman over there that's nearly driving me crazy; she says it ain't this, and I say it is. Just play enough of it to show her how it goes, dear. I hummed it to her, but there's some people that won't believe an apple's an apple till they see both sides *and* the core!"

Miss Goring merely remained long enough to see that the selection held no terrors for Loretta, before leaving for her own department. But there was an ugly look in her eye and a fell determination in her heart that boded no particular good to the contented performer at the piano.

And that very evening, while Loretta and a group of friends were sitting enthralled before the film of John Bunny in "Helping Wifie Keep House," with pleasing anticipations of a "Peg o' My Heart" sundae to follow, Miss Goring made a long trip from her down-town boarding-house to a small apartment in the Bronx, and entered into weighty conversation with the mistress thereof—Ethel, wife of George Palmer.

Mrs. Palmer's dining-room, measuring at least nine by eleven feet, was artistically papered in burning red, and finished with a wainscot of black wood. It had a built-in china closet with windows of new art glass,

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and a long, dark window that opened upon an air-well, and was curtained in green and black and cream-colored madrasette. Over the mission-style table, by a heavy brass chain, hung a near-Tiffany lamp-shade; a drop-head sewing-machine heaped with dusty magazines, was in one corner; in another there was a phonograph, with the needle still resting upon a finished disk. There were three other rooms to Mrs. Palmer's apartment: a diminutive kitchenette, a crowded bedroom, and, connected with the bedroom by folding doors, a small room generally known as the parlor, but just now largely taken up by a lounge bed, and occupied as a bedroom by Mr. Palmer's brother and his young wife, visitors in New York from Steubenville, Ohio.

As this brother and his wife were at this moment dressing for the theatre, and as Mr. Palmer in his own room was also changing his collar, and as a young Swedish woman was noisily washing dishes in the kitchen, there was no particular sense of privacy in the dining-room. Nevertheless, it was the only place in which the two young women could sit for their talk. Miss Goring had pulled a chair to the table, opposite Mrs. Palmer, who was economically cleaning a pair of white gloves with benzine.

"Honest, Grace, I'd do it in a minute if I knew how," said Mrs. Palmer presently, thoughtfully rubbing the old handkerchief with which she was accomplishing her cleaning against her gloved thumb.

"You could wear your moy-ray coat and say you lived at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-second Street; Carter'd never know the diff!" Grace artfully suggested.

"Oh, sure, I could look the part," the other woman modestly admitted, in an abstracted tone. "George often says," she added, with a pensive smile, "that I look like a million dollars. Now, Perce's wife," she went on, glancing toward the closed door to the bedroom, "she's a cute little thing, and she's a dear little thing, but——"

"Well, that's what I say," Miss Goring urged, returning eagerly to the point, "you *could* do it."

"No, because I don't know none of the names of the new things," Mrs. Palmer protested. "I never even took lessons, you know. I'm crazy about dancing, and I love the phonograph, but George and I don't never go to the opera. We went to the 'Bohemian Girl'——"

"Oh, that isn't the sort of music I mean at all!" Miss Goring exclaimed.

"Well, I didn't suppose it was," Mrs. Palmer agreed, with a little heat.

"I want it to be terribly hard," Miss Goring mused.

"Well, you mark my words, you won't find any one who can do it, Grace," her friend assured her kindly.

"No, I don't suppose I will, if you won't, Eth," Miss Goring agreed diplomatically. "You was the first person I thought of, and you was the only one. You'd have old Carter falling over his feet to be nice to you, and you could carry it off so grand."

"Mama always thought I ought to go on the stage," Mrs. Palmer confessed, instantly won to a spontaneous outburst. "And there was a friend of papa's says once I wouldn't have had nothing at all to learn hardly. He says it was the way I walked. I never noticed it myself," she ended, with a little laugh.

"George works in a music store—he could get you a list," Grace said, making no comment upon her friend's abandoned career, but intent upon her plan.

"But I'd be a week learning the names of them, dear!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. You'd have 'em all by Saturday morning—her trial week is up on Saturday. Besides, Carter goes on his vacation next week, and by the time he comes back she'll be just that much more fixed. He likes her anyway."

"He's good-looking, isn't he?" Mrs. Palmer asked interestedly.

"He's married," Miss Goring returned listlessly. "She knows his wife, or her mother does, or something. Anyway, she's got a pull with him."

"It's a dirty crime," Mrs. Palmer commented simply. "Let's see, this is Monday. Well, I'll tell you what—I'll do it."

"Don't let on that you know me when you come into the store," Miss Goring said. "Just ask for Carter, and tell him some one or other sent you—say Mrs. Pierrepont Polk; she's about as good a customer as we've got—and then ask for this and that. Edie Gabbs will look them all up for you. Or you could bring a written list if you couldn't remember them; and then you suddenly say that you wish the young lady at the piano would just run them over for you——"

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"Suppose she knows them?" suggested Mrs. Palmer uneasily.

"Oh, knows them!" Miss Goring exclaimed scornfully. "Why, nobody knows those things—awfully hard things, I mean, that nobody ever hears. Only remember to keep telling him that they are quite simple and easy——"

"Suppose I had to buy them all?" Mrs. Palmer further objected.

"Why, you can't, Eth! Don't be such a quitter! If she isn't able to play them, all you have to do is to say that apparently the young lady doesn't know her business; you say it's too bad, because you buy a good deal at the store, and you can't understand why they leave the young lady in that position!"

"Well, that's true enough," Mrs. Palmer agreed, after thought.

"Of course it is. She has no business to be there, unless she can play what she's asked to play. Carter may not like it much, because, as I say, she's a sort of pet of his. But what do you care? You rub it in."

A little virtuous color rose in the matron's handsome face.

"I don't care whether he likes it or not," she said firmly. "Leave him lump it, if he wants to. I'll wear my basque taffeta and my aigrette, and carry my moy-ray. Leave it to me, dearie. I'll do it, and I'll do it good and thorough. I'll get George to go to one of the salesmen and get a list that would choke a cow." She rose from the table, waving the now well-cleaned gloves. "You take the subway, don't you, Grace?" she asked. "Come on down-stairs with me. I want to wave these in the air a while so they won't smell so fierce."

Four days sped over the head of the unconscious and joyous Loretta, who found her new work only stimulating and exhilarating, and who gloried in the uncertainty of its exactions and her invariable triumph in meeting them. Far from growing tired of melody, she attacked her own piano after supper with renewed enthusiasm every evening, and brought home nightly, for private practise, borrowed sheets of music which had momentarily puzzled her, or tempted her, during the day.

"A lady asked me to-day did I give lessons," related Loretta proudly to her mother, one evening when the two were finishing their dishwashing in the stifling and disorderly kitchen.

"Holy Mother!" Mrs. Callaghan ejaculated, in true piety. For to have a daughter who could give lessons to any one in anything seemed indeed a miracle to Lizzie Flint.

"I'll bet I could, too!" pursued Loretta, vaingloriously. "Do you want this, ma?" she asked, holding up half of a grated onion.

"You might stick it up there be the clock," Mrs. Callaghan said musingly. "I may use it up in something termorra. I thought I'd put a tasteen of onion into the potatoes the way you all wouldn't get tired of them, fried and baked, and fried and baked, forever and ever," she explained absently. "Well, your Aunt Ellen, who's dead these twenty-six years come April tenth—'twas a Good Friday, God rest her!—she had the music in her, too," Mrs. Callaghan went on, reverting to Loretta's talent. "She'd lilt you anything whatever—coming back from mass Ellen would be singing all the way, and the birds standing still in the hedges to listen to her! She had the light heart and the laughing eye in her, and you get it from her."

"I look like her, too," said Loretta cheerfully.

"Of course, you remember her, that never came out of Ireland, and died twenty-six years ago!" Frank, who was eating a late supper from the end of the cluttered kitchen table, spoke in fine scorn.

"Well, that's true, too—she has Ellen's look," Mrs. Callaghan said, mopping the cleared table with a mud-colored rag within an inch of her son's plate. "Very like Ellen, Retty is, as I've always said."

"So you see, Mr. Smarty, you're not as smart as you think you are!" Loretta reminded her brother gaily. And she began to sing:

"Lissun, lissun, lissun to that wonderful strain.
Lissun, lissun, lissun while I hum it again!"

"You've got a right to a great, big, fat call-down the way you throw cut flowers at yourself," Frank said darkly, even while a smile at his favorite sister's airs twitched at the corners of his mouth. "You wait—you'll get it!"

"And if I do, you'll be sorrier than I am, and madder than I am," Loretta hazarded daringly; and this time Frank gave the smile

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headway and grinned a little sheepishly at her as he answered:

"Well, maybe that's right, too."

"To-morrow's Saturday," said Loretta. "And that ends my first week. There hasn't been any trouble, and there hasn't been a complaint, like there always was when the other girls were doing it. It used to drive Carter crazy. He don't know much about music; but ladies as far over as the Sweater Department would listen to it and say, 'Oh, my, that's something fierce the way that girl is murdering that!' And it used to make Carter awful mad. Mr. Julien could play about four things, and he'd rattle 'em off whenever there was nothing else to do, but he couldn't read rag, and if it was a song he never could work in the voice part. And Miss Pedersen's bass! It really *was* fierce! She'd hit any note that came along. It didn't sound so bad when you were right up close; but a little way off it was awful. But the second day I was there, I was playing a fox-trot, and two girls began to dance and afterwards one says to the other, 'That was grand time!' "

"Well, you always practised," said Mrs. Callaghan.

Loretta suddenly gave her a wild hug. "I know I sound awfully big-head, ma," she said. "But I'm stuck on my job, and it makes me a little stuck on my playing. I'll get used to it, and then I won't be so conceited."

"A moderate self-respect it's all well and right to have," Mrs. Callaghan said seriously. "But don't forget what Father Cudahy said, that presumption is as bad as despair."

"I know, ma," murmured Loretta, quite subdued by the combination of priestly and maternal rebuke. "Sure, that's right."

Saturday morning was the pleasantest

"SO YOU SEE, MR. SMARTY, YOU'RE NOT AS SMART AS YOU THINK YOU ARE!" LORETTA REMINDED HER BROTHER GAILY.

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time of the week in the big store. The impending half holiday, with the whole holiday to follow, seasoned even the cool early morning, when the girls met in the lunch-room to hang up their hats and coats, and straighten belts and cuffs for the long morning, with a spice of high good-humor. Most of them wore their best hats to-day; every one had something to buy for Sunday; perhaps no more than a rubber cap or a pair of ten-cent stockings to take to Coney Island; perhaps deviled ham, at the rate of three cans for twenty-five cents, from the grocery department, or perhaps a hat or petticoat, long desired, and now at last marked down to a reasonable sum.

This morning Loretta, dazzled by the immediate prospect of her augmented pay-envelop, was proudly displaying two purchases—a flimsy black lawn waist, size forty-six, for her mother, and a limp linen gown, embroidered in Bulgarian wools, for herself.

"The waist was eighty-nine, marked down from one-and-a-quarter," said Loretta. "And the dress is one of the regular two-sixty-nines. But Miss Wooley let me have it for one-eighty, because it's so handled, and Ma'll wash it and make it look like new!"

"Seems to me you're taking that twelve a week pretty much for granted," Miss Goring said lightly.

"Well, I may drop dead, of course," Loretta answered demurely, "just as I step up to the cashier's window."

"I'll bet you don't collect it many more weeks," smiled Miss Goring.

"You ought to know about that part of it," Loretta said, with delicate emphasis. Some of the other girls laughed outright, and Loretta went to her seat before the piano in very good spirits.

The morning droned along, like a hundred other mornings. It was presently to be perceived that Mr. Carter was not in his usual serene mood. Some discussion with Mr. Eddy as to vacations resulted in hot words, and little Lloydy Carter, who came down to remind Daddy that Mom wanted him to buy a drinking-cup to take with them to Squahonket, was briefly dismissed and sent home empty-handed.

Every saleswoman in the place, Loretta, Miss Wooley, the floor-walker, and the wrappers on the little elevated decks, began to attend strictly to business; nobody's glances wandered even for a moment in Mr. Carter's direction, lest haply his belligerent look find a definite resting-place.

It was a relief to everybody when the whistles outside began to shrill for twelve o'clock. One hour more. A hundred eyes noted with approval that, according to the whistles, the big clock between the elevators was two minutes fast. Fifty-eight minutes more.

The crowds of shopping women were somewhat thinned already. Odors of cooking began to float down from the restaurant on the floor above. Loretta was reflecting that she herself would go home and have a late luncheon in her mother's company, when her musings were interrupted by the crisp voice of Mr. Carter. She turned to find him standing beside her, in the company of a handsome young woman who wore a basque dress of black taffeta, a velvet hat with an aigrette, white gloves still faintly redolent of benzine, and who carried a moiré silk coat on her arm.

"Miss Callaghan," said Mr. Carter, still red from the recent unpleasantness, and wiping his forehead as he spoke, "this is Mrs. —er—Palmer, who was sent here by Mrs. Polk. Miss Gabbs has picked her out this music that she wanted; she had to go up-stairs to the Piano Department to get some of it and now, if you'll be so good as to run it over——"

Loretta took the sheets of music offered her, and, still facing the room, glanced them over. A feeling of sickness and horror smote her heart cold. She was worsted, and she knew it. Her castle of dreams seemed to fall with an absolute clatter about her ears. Debussy — Dvorák — Wagner — Brahms —Loretta felt that she could tear their treacherous names through and through. Strauss—not the kindly Strauss of the waltzes, but some fiend named Richard, whose horrible discords were full of sharps in the treble and flats in the bass; whose time, not content with changing every few bars, must forsooth be different for each hand.

"Here's the 'Liebestod' of Wagner," said Mr. Carter, giving an American pronunciation to the German words. "Beautiful thing——"

"It's grand. Do you know it?" asked the lady in the basque suit.

"No, I don't—very well," Mr. Carter admitted. "But I think I've heard it.

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Beautiful thing—yes. Miss Callaghan, will you begin with this, or here—what's this? 'Hungarian Rhapsodie,' by Liszt. There!"

He straightened it on the rack before Loretta, who wheeled slowly about to give it a sick look. It was impossible! Nobody, except perhaps Paderewski, could read that! She saw the friendly name of Chopin on the cover of the one behind it, and reached for it with a slight quickening of hope.

But the Twenty-fourth Étude did not look encouraging. It seemed to Loretta that she sat there motionless for fifteen minutes, frozen and despairing.

"I thought the young lady could—" the visitor began sweetly. "These things are not hard, as you can see for yourself. But perhaps this ain't your regular young lady. Perhaps I'd better wait——"

"I guess Miss Callaghan can give you some idea of 'em," Mr. Carter said crisply.

"That's what she's here for," Mr. Eddy added, unexpectedly. He had come out to have a final, perhaps a pacifying, word with Mr. Carter, and had joined the group. "Glad to know you, Mrs. Palmer," he said cordially, as Mr. Carter introduced the prospective purchaser. "Go ahead, Miss Callaghan."

Loretta, who had been praying, smiled brightly, and put her hands on the keys. . . . .

"——— so she had to buy three of them, and it came to a dollar and twenty!" said Loretta, finishing a thrilling narrative in the Callaghan parlor that evening. "I'll bet she was mad, because she didn't think I could do it! I think she was just one of those freshies who try to make trouble, anyway. Well, Frank," she turned to smile upon her youngest brother, "I've had my scare; you bet I'll not get the big-head again after this!"

"I don't see how you done it at all, even yet," Mrs. Callaghan remarked, marveling.

Loretta went to the piano. "Well, here's the way the Chopin Ee-tood goes," said she, breaking into a brilliant performance. "And here," she broke off short to begin another selection, "here's the Liszt——"

"Why, but, my Lord, Ret, that's the galop you've played for years," protested one of her brothers; "and that other thing you played two years ago in the alumni exhibition; that's your Polish dance——"

"And here's the way the Dvorák thing goes," pursued Loretta, her color rising, and a dimple coming into her firm young cheek.

"That's the last of your mazurka; I always did like that," said her mother confusedly. She fixed suddenly enlightened eyes on the girl. "Ret," said she, almost pleadingly, "you don't mean to tell me that you had the gall——"

"The nerve——" added Frank, beaming.

"The front—" said Clem, grinning from ear to ear.

"Of course I did, and they never knew the diff!" cried Loretta, all roses. "I turned the pages here and there, just like I was reading, and Carter congratulated me afterwards, just like I told you; and Mr. Eddy says, 'Well, at last it looks like we've got the right young lady for the right place!' "

She sprang up and flung her arms about her mother, compelling that portly woman into a sort of clumsy dance.

"You must remember that very few ladies has had the musical education that you have, ma, dear!" said Loretta.

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SPECIAL—
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DOWN SOUTH THEY ARE TRYING TO USE UP THEIR COTTON BY PUTTING CAR-CONDUCTORS INTO COTTON UNIFORMS.

# Going After Things

## WHAT WE HAVE DONE—AND HAVEN'T—TO CREATE NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRIES SINCE WAR BEGAN

by EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

DOWN in Georgia and Alabama this summer policemen and street-car crews are wearing cotton uniforms. Business men, too, are ordering this material for their summer suits. Savannah, Augusta, and Birmingham started the vogue through their business clubs, and cotton fashions are growing.

"We mean to wear cotton as well as grow it," was the way one city official put it.

Here, then, is a situation that is typical, in a way, of the new régime the European war has created in the United States. We are living to-day in an era of business revolution and elimination. We are digging out new markets, inventing new products, and getting a different angle on our activities.

Also, we are not doing many things that we have talked of doing. Some huge and complicated problems confront us.

Just what have we accomplished since the war began? This is a hard question to answer in generalities, and generalities are rather meaningless, anyway. For that reason the research embodied in this article was undertaken. Consider it, if you please, a sort of motion-picture of business in the United States to-day. The range of the camera is restricted, but I hope to show several reels of business life, caught here and there in the different industries.

It is not the temporary, war-time business, however, that will be shown, but the things that bear promise of permanence.

Cotton, naturally, attracts attention first. It is the most spectacular, just now, of American products. If any private brand of goods had the free publicity cotton has had, it would reap a fortune. Cotton isn't reaping any fortune. There has been no organized sales effort to capitalize the tremendous publicity. The cry is not for larger manufacture, but for less cotton.

Yet we have a practical monopoly of the world's raw cotton. We are at peace, and are carrying no vast military machine on our backs. We have capital and labor. During the past winter we have had altogether too much labor. What is it we lack in the cotton industry?

Perhaps we lack the *selling* instinct. Suppose for a moment that cotton had the



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AMERICAN DOLLS ARE FAST DRIVING EUROPEAN DOLLS OUT OF THE MARKET.

leadership of some such mighty salesman as a Vail in telephones, Cottingham in paints, Patterson in cash-registers, or Wrigley in chewing-gum. What markets might not be uncovered! Cotton undoubtedly needs to be *sold*, not by the sporadic efforts of a few Southern business clubs, but by great organized campaigns on the part of the manufacturers.

But what are the conditions that militate against such selling campaigns? Not altogether the tariff! It is something else! It is the power that a foreign nation has over us in dyes. I am coming to that in a minute.

But, even as it is, one hears of things being done. At Lagrange, Georgia, a half-million-dollar mill enterprise is under way to manufacture export goods of a character heretofore produced by German and English cotton-mills.

"The average American manufacturer is at present woefully incompetent in this field," said the head of this company, "and the bulk of our exports are made up of commodities practically in a raw state. . . . In our own case we feel confident of capturing and holding some desirable foreign trade."

Yet, on the other hand, certain New York exporters report that they are having difficulty in getting American mills to undertake the manufacture of a line of cotton goods for which the market formerly looked to Germany.

One house in New York is now going after South American trade aggressively in ducks and overalls and is organizing its own distributive machinery down there. Several others are investigating. But the majority of cotton manufacturers are not enthusiastic over foreign trade; nor, indeed, over the expansion of trade at home. The feeling of manufacturers in general has been a disinclination to experiment outside of home markets, where conditions were known. On the other hand Germany's home markets have been insufficient to consume its products.

For this situation we hear various reasons, aside from the selling apathy that has been charged against the cotton industry. We hear complaints about the tariff and about a threatened famine in dyes. We hear charges and counter-charges of trade abuses and evils of management.

The fact remains, however, that the United States has this great product, raw cotton. Also, the United States has a hundred million people. That the possibilities in cotton consumption have been fully worked, nobody will be rash enough to say. One manufacturer will tell you that it is possible to make a cotton fabric to substitute for high-grade linen table napery. Another one will tell you about possibilities in cotton blankets. Another will point out the immensity of the market for cotton goods in men's wear, or for a thousand articles of daily utility. But it is of possibilities, chiefly, that we hear. In our search for



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achievement since the war began, the cotton industry, as a whole, is not conspicuous.

But take general textiles, in which some kinds of cotton goods are included. Here a very important step has been taken.

In brief, the Textile Color Card Association of the United States has been organized, made up of the great American interests in woolens, silks, millinery, women's apparel, shoe-tops, and such goods. The organization also includes jobbers and retail interests. Hereafter there will be American color cards instead of foreign, and the members of this great new association will standardize them. Manufacturers in general will use the standard shades, and American color names will be invented.

You will be asking, for example, for five yards of such colors as Michigan Peach or Florida Sand or Kentucky Blue. They will be American goods. If you want millinery to match, or a parasol, or shoes, the order will be filled by an American factory.

It is, in a sense, a declaration of independence.

Then take the lace manufacturers in some lines, and various allied industries. These people are early risers these days. They are making transformation scenes everywhere.

For instance, at Middletown, Connecticut, an idle factory building has been fitted out with lace-making machines transferred from a lace plant at Nottingham, England. At a plant on North Avenue, Chicago, there have been installed some automatic lace machines said to be the first of their particular kind to be used in America. At North Bergen, New Jersey, a lace plant is doubling its capacity, and another is building additions at Elyria, Ohio. These are random instances out of a large number.

One manufacturer, in a branch of the textile business, used to put foreign labels on his goods, made here at home. Now he comes out blithely with the assurance:

"All our goods made in the United States of America."

From fabrics it is a natural step to dyes; but we have few American dye labels. When the war began, many people were going to have us jump right into anilin dyes—but we haven't jumped.

In the United States we have four or five of these plants, making a small percentage of the coal-tar dyes consumed here. They confine themselves to a hundred products and buy most of their intermediate products in Germany. They are chiefly assembling plants. Since the war began they have shown no special ambition to branch out.

On the other hand, Germany makes 1200 dye products and sells us the larger part of our coal-tar dyes or dye materials. At the present time Germany is saying to us, in effect:

"We will sell you dyes to the extent of seventy-five per cent. of the cost of the dyes you bought in 1913, but you must take them in equal monthly instalments, and they must go forward in American ships."

Thus our "free" America is humbly taking what it can get, with the possibility of being cut off altogether at the option of Germany or the caprice of war. Yet in the United States we have sufficient raw material to make all the dyes we need. We are wasting huge quantities of it.

### GERMANY HAS "GOT" US IN THE MATTER OF DYES

One reason why we haven't made anilin dyes is simply this: It has been easier to buy them. German manufacturers have been willing to pay the price of creating a rainbow out of mere tar. But there is another reason. The German government has been benevolent toward its dye manufacturers, and what is practically a trust has grown up, of such appalling proportions that we now fear to face it in competition. We can have no trusts in this country. What would happen if, without government help, we were really to jump into coal-tar dyes on a big scale?

"Just this: Germany would dump her dyes here at such a low price that we would have to take to the woods." Thus spoke a man close to the dye industry.

To-day the German dye-plants are valued at $460,000,000. Russia and England are both subsidizing new dye industries on a big scale, and if we ever establish our freedom in that line we, too, will have to have legislation and tariff adjustments. The duty at present is thirty per cent. ad valorem, although on some intermediate chemicals the duty is only ten per cent. American dye-makers want, in addition, a specific duty or some adequate tariff; and they declare they must have an "anti-dumping" law. Just what shape such a law would take is not at present clear, but it would aim

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RECENT AMERICAN INVENTIONS WILL INCREASE THE AMOUNTS OF GASOLINE AND BENZOL OBTAINABLE FROM PETROLEUM, AND DECREASE THE WASTE.

to prevent foreign monopolies coming over here and selling their products under cost just to freeze out our own manufacturers.

At Philadelphia for three years a company has been making anilin, but has lost money heavily every year in the attempt to compete with Germany. Nevertheless, this company, which has the backing of three great American corporations engaged in chemical lines, is now building a larger plant at Marcushook, Pennsylvania. In doing this it is really gambling on some protective action on the part of the Government. In the Clayton bill there is some possibility of action to prevent unfair competition on the part of Germany, but this has not been brought to a test.

This factory at Marcushook will have the ultimate capacity to manufacture about half the anilin needed in the United States. But anilin is merely one raw material, and the others will still have to come from abroad. The Marcushook plant will not make dyes, you see. A high executive of the company told me that even with adequate legislation it would be years before the United States manufacturers could build up the plants and organizations necessary to produce an independent industry. Yet this Marcushook plant is the most promising, so far as dyes are concerned, of anything that has come out of the war.

So in dyes, like cotton, there has been little achievement since the war opened. It is perhaps no wonder that American makers of dyed cotton goods are not shouting in happiness over their opportunities. Even if they had a hundred master salesmen for cotton, they would have to sell the stuff in the white (that is, undyed) because Germany has got us, as the saying is, both coming and going.

Indeed, American manufacturers confront many problems that tend against expansion. In Massachusetts a large enterprise was planned and incorporated, involving several hundred thousand dollars, but its promoters abandoned it before starting and put their capital into bonds. They decided that the taxes imposed by the Federal government, state, and municipality would be too heavy, and that impending legislation, regulation, and reformation were not conducive to profits. I



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merely state the reasons announced for the abandonment of the project.

Capital is abundant in the United States, but it is very much inclined to get into high-class investment bonds. That is why these securities are not easy to buy just now. It doesn't seem to be the Underwood tariff that worries business so much as other things. You hear complaints about the lowered protection, yet the biggest woolen manufacturing company in the United States practically earned its preferred dividend of seven per cent. in its fiscal year ending in March, 1915. Its report was very satisfying. This, too, in spite of the fact that its mills operated on the average at less than forty per cent. of capacity. This company has the reputation of being highly efficient and of studying markets first and manufacturing second. Of course it is difficult to say what this company's showing would have been during the first year of lowered tariff if the war hadn't intervened.

In Massachusetts recently the shoe manufacturers of Brockton, Haverhill, and Lynn succeeded in squelching a proposed law forbidding the railroads to let the freight handlers work after noon on Saturday during five months of the year. This would have congested shipments badly. It is just an example of the petty interference, without reason, that makes so many manufacturers hesitate between business enterprises and bonds.

### OF MAKING MANY INVESTIGATIONS THERE IS NO END

In several Eastern states recently a commission with some authority has been harassing manufacturers with long and involved lists of questions to be answered. Said one manufacturer:

"To answer these questions would take weeks of my time, so I ignored them. Thereupon I got a notice saying that I would be compelled to furnish the answers. Now I should like to know how anybody can force me to write a book about the details of my business and how I handle them. If I were accused of criminal practises I could not be forced to testify against myself; but I am not accused of being a criminal. These facts about my business are merely wanted for statistical purposes, and I am treated, by might of law, worse than I could be were I on trial for a heinous offense!"

Another manufacturer, in chemicals, said that so many different people with more or less authority had "investigated" him that some weeks he had found no time at all to give to the production of his goods.

But in general chemicals we are not chained so tightly to Europe as we are in dyes. One interesting thing in chemicals just now is the scramble of manufacturers to get into the production of benzol, toluol, and other hydrocarbons from the by-products of coke-ovens and gas. These products are the base for carbolic acid and suchlike unsociable things, and enter into dyes and explosives.

Edison, who likes carbolic acid, is building a plant at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Big benzol plants are going up at Buffalo, Youngstown, Brooklyn, and half a dozen other places. Chemists say that we could have made carbolic acid in this country long ago, but that every time we attempted to turn out a certain class of chemicals Germany simply "dumped" goods on us below the price they sold for in Germany, and we saw no chance to fight. Dr. Walter F. Rittman, chemical engineer of the National Bureau of Mines, has recently discovered two chemical processes, one for increasing the production of gasoline from petroleum, and the other for getting toluol and benzol from petroleum. As yet, the processes are scarcely commercial.

Our dependence on Europe is further exemplified in the ferromanganese situation.

Manganese is a metal with a close affinity for iron, and is used extensively as an alloy in steel. We are said to have large deposits of the ore in the United States, "undeveloped," as we have been accustomed to say with *sang-froid*. We are doing something at it now, out West. But in the past only one of the American steel companies has done much to produce its own ferromanganese. This company has brought the ore in its own ships from Brazil, while the others haven't bothered with it. There was more money in doing other things.

"This is a conspicuous fault of Americans," said one steel man, "and it is one reason why so many manufacturers in different lines are in a bad hole to-day because of the war. They are in such a hurry to get the quick profits that they don't build up facilities and an organization to guard against disasters of the future, like this one."

At any rate, a good many experiments

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APPLE - GROWERS IN WESTERN COLORADO HAVE GOT ON A TRAIN AND FOUND A SURPRISING MARKET RIGHT AT HOME.

are going on at the present time looking to home production.

The war, too, has been causing chemical manufacturers in this country to reflect on the things that would happen if Spain were to get into the war.

"From Spain," said the head of a big plant, "we get a large part of our pyrites, the basic material from which we produce sulfuric acid. This acid is really the foundation of many chemical and other industries. It is used extensively in the refining of petroleum, in wire making, and so on."

At a recent meeting of the yellow pine manufacturers at Laurel, Mississippi, plans were made for research work to discover new uses for the by-products of the forest. This serves to remind us of the vast chemical wastes of the lumbering industry. If we had done with wood what Germany did with tar, there would have been created in America a great group of allied industries for the production of alcohol, acetic acid, and many other products. Here and there in the lumbering field individual concerns have done something of this sort, as at Cadillac, Michigan, and in Louisiana; but mostly we have skimmed the cream of the forests and haven't even fed the skimmed milk to the pigs.

It is not so much the actual shortage of chemicals that is arousing us now as it is the jolt of realizing our dangerous position. Suppose the German blockade proves effective, or her dye industry is destroyed! At the present writing many cotton manufacturers are talking of shutting down for lack of dyes.

At Porter, Indiana, there is being built a plant, equipped to compete with foreign goods, to make a full line of chemical colors for pottery and glass. And at Delawanna, New Jersey, is another new factory, on similar lines, to make a complete list of aromatic chemicals and synthetic products. These show the trend. As one man put it:

"We make our own smells in America. Roses? We need no roses!"

Take your choice of jasmine, heliotrope, or violet. With nauseating drugs our chemists can make them.

Glance at creosote. There are ninety-four wood-preserving plants in this country, and they have been pulling their figurative hair since the war began. Yes, we have plenty of coal-tar in America. Sure, creosote comes from coal-tar. It also comes from Germany in times of peace, where Germany gets it out of tar.

"We have several promising substitutes,"



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said a manufacturer, "and two or three concerns are now prepared to turn out large quantities."

I think he mentioned zinc chlorid and sodium fluorid, but I am no chemist.

Then take potash. Here again the war showed us up as a mere infant, toddling along beside Germany. Germany had us by one finger, lest we fall down and hurt ourselves. When the war broke, we did fall down. Afterward, however, Germany found she could let us have a limited supply of potash for our fertilizers and chemicals. We used twelve million dollars' worth a year in the good old days.

Now it is funny to reflect that we have potash deposits in America. Moreover, the sugar-beet waste could be made to yield enough potash for all our needs. Then in the scouring of raw wool in the United States a great big lot of potash gets away—potash from wool! A pretty theory, as I suggested to a bald-headed chemist who told me about it.

"Yes," said he; "quite a dream just now when we need potash. But it is no more of a dream than the one Germany dreamed some forty years ago—that hundreds of wonderful tints were hidden in tar!"

We are trying now to develop some potash deposits at Searles Lake, California.

### OUR NEW UP-AND-DOING INDUSTRIES

In the ante-bellum days there were some people down in Brazil who shipped to Germany monazite sand, out of which Germany made thorium nitrate and cerium nitrate. Germany shipped these to us, and out of them we made, in some twenty-five factories, gas-mantles. Within ninety days after the dogs broke out over there, one American mantle company had a large plant completed to do this process itself. Furthermore, it lowered the price of mantles. An achievement here!

In those old days, too, we used to import a large volume of mineral waters. Of course the importation of mineral waters from Germany has ceased since the war began; but over here in America a number of new companies have sprung up and they are pushing the sale of United States mineral waters.

Look at glass. One day during the past winter a large commercial house in Buenos Aires sent to New York an inquiry about window-glass. The New York representative called on several executives of a large American company, but nobody took any interest in him until he got up to the president's office. The latter was interested, and sent his vice-president to South America, and now the company is establishing agencies there. Its export business has doubled. The company expects to ship more than a million dollars' worth of glass abroad next year.

In Pittsburgh there is said to be an enterprise afoot, financed by rich men, whereby glass manufacturers can cash their long-term credits in South America immediately.

Then a large house in France, corresponding to our big mail-order concerns, has come over here after American glass products. From many other countries have come demands for glass. Yet we haven't conquered any worlds. We are simply doing some new stunts in glass—reaching out, almost in spite of ourselves.

A few months ago an American glass company got an order for 50,000 lenses for pocket flashlights. Nobody in the United States had ever attempted to make this particular kind of lens before, but the order has been filled. Before the war, no American plant had made the amber glass used in automobile goggles, but a Pennsylvania plant began experimenting, and has done a business in this line amounting to $25,000, with new orders coming in. This business will be worth nearly $150,000 a year.

Another glass product new to America is the silver-fluted glass used for reflecting purposes. Four months ago one of our large concerns began experiments, and on March 20 it sent out notices that it was ready to supply the product. Two days later inquiries came in from four of the ten houses so notified. Then there is lead glass, used to protect X-ray operators. This, too, is a new American product.

On all these products the foreign prices will be met after the war ends.

Here in America most of us have spoiled our eyes in one way or another, and we have to use glasses. Spectacles took a big jump in price because Europe had the business. But now optical-glass manufacture is reported in Pittsburgh, Rochester, Toledo, and other places. Also big headlight lenses.

A Pennsylvania manufacturer of fancy bottles says he could run his plant two years on foreign orders alone.

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In some parts of the world "Made In America" products are not made in America. This may not be true of glass, but it is, for instance, of rubber goods. In Japan a rubber heel is being made, bearing an English word as a trade-mark, and the impression: "Made in New York, U. S. A."

"We seem to be popular in Japan—what?" This was the sententious comment of a man who now has one of those heels.

And, by the way, a certain manufacturer of rubber hose has doubled his business since the war began. The old tariff on rubber hose coming into the United States was thirty-five per cent. The new tariff is ten per cent.

"I think we can hold our own, all right," said the head of this plant. "Just now we are selling large quantities of our goods abroad."

In this article you are asked to jump around pretty much at random, so look for a minute at cutlery. It is of passing interest to know that one New England concern is working on 600,000 swords with which the armies abroad are to chop each other up; but of more substantial interest is the report of a cutlery manufacturer at Geneva, New York, that his business has increased thirty-five per cent. during the war, and that he has built a large addition to his plant.

"Most of my increase has come from business here in the United States," he says.

Another cutlery house, in New York, reports an increase of twenty per cent. since last August.

For American dress fasteners — those hook-and-eye substitutes that appeal so strongly to married men as well as to women —there is an enormous demand.

Jump over to machinery. Last autumn the vice-president and chief engineer of a machinery concern near Philadelphia decided to take a chance and go to Russia after a large possible sale—the equipment of a factory. They spent a thousand dollars, but lost the contract. Then, being in pretty deep anyway, they decided to stay and go after other business; and they landed the contract for equipping a very large factory that is to make a permanent peace product. Since then, other Russian business has come.

However, at half a dozen machinery houses I got pessimistic reports that business was very dull except in lines connected with war machinery. One American machinery manufacturer made light of the markets in Russia, because Russia, he said, meant to go into manufacturing heavily herself and would take only such patented goods as she could not produce.

At any rate, we have not done much

WE ARE FINDING BARBED WIRE AS WELL AS OPEN GATES ON OUR WAY TO NEW MARKETS.

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conquering with our machinery since the opening of the war.

From an authentic South American authority, who would permit only unidentified references to be made, I got glimpses of a dozen American manufacturers at work in South America. They are not proclaiming their activities to the stay-at-homes. Men have gone down there, however, with axes, locks, general hardware, typewriters, office fittings, bottling machinery, saws, cooking utensils, and so on. It is the Eastern manufacturers who do most of this war-time scouting. The Westerners seem more disinclined to take a chance.

From Argentine there came quite recently two inquiries that ordinarily would have gone to Europe. One was for white lead and the other for red lead. The orders, said to have been close to $100,000, were filled from New York, and American agencies are now being established down there.

Two cement companies have gone to South America, several roofing concerns, and dealers in wall-paper.

From China came an unexpected order for garbage incinerators, to substitute for German goods. Another American house got an order for gear-cutting machines such as Germany had always supplied. I could fill this whole article with such instances.

### THE WALL AROUND NEW MARKETS

And yet, in the aggregate, business is not good. The readjustment is trying and often expensive. The happy march to world markets, planned for us with such ostentation last August, has been found to be a march over a high wall, or under it by tunneling. We are not conquerors, but we are doing constructive things—some of us.

American canners, through their great association, have tried to break into South America; but they find, among other things, that the tariffs are very high. This has been placed before the Department of Commerce, which, in turn, has put it before American commercial attachés in South America with instructions to stay on the job until tariff adjustments are made. Here you get a concrete example of constructive work. Then the canners have discovered the necessity of a vigorous educational campaign down there. It isn't a walkaway in South America.

Nor at home, either! Last August it was predicted that the crockery dealers in the United States would run the rest of the world out of the dish-making business.

Now when a *woman* gets an idea in her head, it takes more than a crockery man to get it out. Most women think foreign crockery the best. During the war they have had a most exasperating knack of not buying dishes.

"They are waiting for the war to end," said one dealer sadly. "Then they are going to stock up on European goods. Why, half the cupboards in the country must be mighty short of equipment, but all our 'Buy It Now' noise hasn't feazed the womenfolks."

What the war really has done for American crockery has been to bring home the existence of a huge domestic market, along with the fact that the mining of domestic white-burning clay is in its infancy over here, but ought to be in its teens. American potters often object to American clays on the ground that they are not uniform; but the answer made is to point out the possibility of a system of grading and mixing.

Meanwhile we see numerous individual instances of advanced work. At Cambridge, Ohio, is a plant that is said to have undertaken the making of some articles of porcelain equal to the finest of the Royal Berlin Factory. It is making at the present time porcelain crucibles and dishes for chemical laboratories, a class of goods that has heretofore been imported.

In many lines the war has shown us markets right at our doors. The apple-growers of western Colorado had been in the habit of looking to the larger cities for their outlet and to foreign countries. The war took these growers and dropped them down a steep chute into despair, for a time. But some of the growers, in desperation, took carloads of apples to the small towns surrounding and offered them direct to the people of the rural communities. More than a thousand carloads were sold by this method, even without the slightest organization. The existence of this market had been undreamed of.

In toys, the home markets have opened amazingly since last Christmas. That our 1915 Christmas will be an American one now seems evident. True, the importers are not altogether missing, but the United States has struck its toy stride at last.

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On Broadway, New York, as an illustration, there is a firm that has handled, in the past, only dolls. Now it has branched out immensely as manufacturers' agent for toys of all kinds that are made in America.

"Toy buyers of 1915 are independent of Europe," is the text of its announcements to the trade.

American dolls have the right of way, and it is said that two-thirds of the European product will be displaced this year. I am not sure that this estimate will prove correct, but there are big things doing in this line. The United States is claiming the home market. In America the European doll is fast becoming passée. A New York doll manufacturer told me that last year he sold half a million dolls, but this year he would sell a million and a half. A manufacturer of mechanical toys has doubled his capacity in that direction, and gone into dolls on a large scale.

A manufacturer of paper novelties and Christmas-tree ornaments emerged from a huge stock of red, green, and yellow paper bells, and smiled a St. Nicholas smile.

"See!" he said. "This is the only line of these goods made in America; that is, of these wonderful shapes. And look!"

He waved his hand at a vista of tinsel, garlands, confetti, poinsettias, and holly wreaths in paper—all for next Christmas.

Thus it goes. In almost every industry where you investigate, you find the stamp of the European War. Things are not what they were a year ago. They will never be the same again. These are times that try men's souls abroad, and test men's ingenuity over here.

Yet outwardly, there doesn't seem to be any marked difference. You are somewhat surprised to find Limoges porcelain coming through; to learn that the glove factories in France are working, and some of the toy factories in Sonneberg, Germany. It is something of a shock to discover that machinery salesmen from England are in Petrograd pushing their business, and that English manufacturers, in discussing the trade opportunities opened up for them by the war, coolly name the United States as a field abandoned by Germany.

We had an idea, some eight or nine months ago, that all the opportunities were ours, that all the trade achievements would be our own, that the wonderful markets of the whole world would step into line to be conquered.

Really, we haven't conquered much of anything in the aggregate, though many things in units. We are just beginning to fight. The stiffest part of it is just opening up for us.

THIS IS THE WAY WE MAY LOOK WHEN GERMAN DYES ARE EXHAUSTED.



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"THROW HIM OVER ON THE COUCH! SIT ON HIM! THAT'S IT?"

# "MAKING MONEY"

by

## OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TOM BEAUCHAMP CROCKER, otherwise known as "Bojo," just out of Yale, comes to New York to tackle life. He has spent the summer near Doris Drake, daughter of a money magnate, and his heart is set on entering Wall Street; but he expects objections from his father, a wealthy manufacturer, who would like to put his son in his mills. He goes to an apartment which he is to occupy with the rest of "The Big Yale Four"—Marsh, De Lancy, and Granning.

The next day Bojo calls at the Drakes' and, while waiting for Doris, informally meets "Patsie," her young sister, and Patsie's terrier. Patsie is spontaneous and natural, Doris a carefully trained woman of the world. Bojo is not sure he loves Doris, whom he was mad about in schoolboy days, but as they are lunching together he discovers that she cares more for him than he had ever supposed. From Doris he goes to an interview with his father—goes with the expectation of being thrown out if he refuses to enter the mills. His father does try hard to persuade him; but at last he writes the boy a check for fifty thousand dollars to use in trying out Wall Street, with the prophecy that he will lose it all within two years.

Bojo enters the offices of a brokerage firm



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and makes rapid advances. Through Doris, who has constituted herself his General Manager, he gets a tip on Indiana Smelters, and not only clears thirty-three thousand dollars himself, but passes the tip to his firm and his friends, who make big winnings.

Drake allows Bojo to subscribe fifty thousand dollars to a pool to manipulate New Orleans and Pittsburgh. Because Drake gives his firm large selling orders, Bojo assumes that the object of the pool is to push the stock down. Bojo, the members of his firm, and his friends follow this tip and sell short.

Meantime, he and DeLancy are asked to the Drakes' in the Berkshires for winter sports. Here DeLancy gets himself engaged to the right girl; Bojo goes coasting with Patsie, and under the spell of the snow and the night silence they both almost forget Doris's claims on Bojo. The next day, on a sleighing party, he asks Doris to set their wedding date; but when they get back he has an imperative summons home; apparently New Orleans and Pittsburgh has been cornered.

Arrived at the apartment, he finds Marsh and DeLancy deeply involved and wild with anxiety. When the Exchange opens, the stock goes up on the jump, and Bojo loses all but fifteen thousand dollars. Then he realizes that, if the pool is wiped out, he is disgraced as well as ruined, for he can not meet his subscription to Drake's pool. Late at night he goes to Drake to learn the amount of his debt. Drake overwhelms him with the news that he was manipulating a pool to buy, that after securing control of the road, he had sold it at a profit of ten million dollars, and that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of this is Bojo's.

"YOUR fifty thousand stands you in just a quarter of a million."

The words came to him faintly as though shouted from an incredible distance. The shock was too acute for his nerves. He sought to mumble over the fantastic news and sank into a chair, sick with giddiness. The next thing he knew clearly was Drake's powerful arm about him and a glass forced to his lips.

"Here, get this down. Then steady up. Good luck doesn't kill."

"I thought they'd caught us—thought I was cleaned out," he said incoherently.

"You did, eh?" said Drake, laughing. "You haven't much faith in the old man."

Bojo steadied himself, standing alone. The room seemed to race about him, and in his ears were strange, unfixed sounds. One thought rapped upon his brain—he was not disgraced, not dishonored; no one would ever know—Drake would never need to know; that is, if he were careful, if he could somehow dissimulate before that penetrating glance.

"I thought we were to sell New Orleans and Pittsburgh," he said vacantly, leaning against the mantelpiece.

"So did a good many others," said Drake shrewdly. "Sit down, till I tell you about it. Head clearin' up?"

"It's rather a shock," said Bojo, trying to smile. "I'm sorry to be such a baby."

"I warned you not to jump to conclusions or try any flyers," said Drake, watching him. "Of course you did?"

Bojo nodded, his glance on the floor.

"Well, write it off against your profits and charge it up to experience," said Drake, smiling. "Store this away for the future and use if you ever need it, if you're ever running a pool of your own—which I hope you won't. It's been my golden rule and I paid a lot to learn it. It's this: If you want a secret kept, keep it yourself!" He burst into a round, hearty laugh, gazing contentedly into the fire. "Wish I could see Borneman's face. Helped me a lot, Borneman did. You see, Tom," he said, with the human need of boasting a little, which allies such men rather to the child on an adventure than to the criminal, between whom they occupy an indefinable middle position, "you've come in on the drop of the curtain. You've seen the finale of something that'll set Wall Street stewing for years to come. Yes, by George, it's the biggest bit of manipulation by a single operator yet! And look at the crowd I tricked—the inner gang, the *crême de la crême*, Tom—exactly that!"

"I don't understand it," said Bojo, as Drake began to smile, reflecting over remembered details. He himself understood only confusedly the events which had been whirling about him.

"Tom, the crowd had figured me out for a trimming," said Drake gleefully, caressing his chin. "They thought the time had come to trim old Drake. You see, they calculated I was loaded up with stocks, crowded to busting and ready to squeal at the slightest squeeze. Now getting rich on paper is one thing and getting rich in the bank's another. Any one can corner anything, but it's all-fired different to get Mr. Fly to come down to your parlor and take some stock after you've got it where you

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want it. That's what they figured. Dan Drake was loaded to the sky with stocks that looked almighty good on the quotation column, but durned hard to swap for cold, hard cash. That's what they figured, and the strange part about it is they were right.

"But—there's always a but—they hadn't reckoned on the fact that Mr. Me was expecting just what they'd figure out. That's what I told you was the secret of the game—any game: think the way the other man thinks, and then think two jumps ahead of him. Now if I was reasonably sure a certain powerful gang was going to put stocks down, and put them down hard, I might look around to see how that could benefit me at one end while it was annoying me, almightily annoying me, at the other. Now when them coyotes get to juggling stocks, they always like to juggle stock they know about—something with a nice little pink ribbon to it, with a president and board of directors on the other end that'll wriggle in the right direction when the coyotes pull the string.

"Now I'd been particularly hankering after New Orleans and Pittsburgh for quite a while. It was good in their old Southern system, but it looked mighty better outside of it. In independent hands it could stir up a lot of trouble; sort of like a plain daughter in a rich man's house—no one notices her until she runs off with the chauffeur. That was my idea. Only Pittsburgh was high. But—again the but—if some particular breed of coyote would be obliging enough to run it down along with a lot of other properties on the market, I might pitch in and help them force it down to where I could pick up what I wanted from the bargain counter. See?"

"But you sold openly," said Bojo, amazed.

"Exactly. Sold it where they could see it, and bought it back twice over, ten times over, where they couldn't. Very simple process. All great processes are simple, and it never dawned on those monumental intelligences that they were fetchin' and carryin' for yours truly until they woke up at six o'clock to-day to find, while they were scrambling in the dark, the chauffeur had run off with Miss Pittsburgh!"

He turned and walked to the table desk, motioning to Bojo. "Come over here; look at it." He held out a check for ten million dollars. "You don't see one of those fellows very often. Great man, Gunther. When he's got to act he doesn't waste time. Right to the point. 'We are satisfied you have control. What's your terms?' 'Ten millions and what the stock cost me.' 'We accept your terms.' Great man, Gunther. Suppose I might have added another million, but it wouldn't have sounded as well, would it? Something rather nice—about costs and ten million!"

As he spoke, he had drawn out his own check-book and filled out a check to Bojo. "Well, Tom, this isn't ten millions, but it's some pin-money, and I guess to you it looks bigger than the other. Here you are—take it."

Bojo took it quite stupidly, saying, "Thank you, thank you, sir!"

Drake watched the young man's emotion with tolerant amusement. "Don't wonder you're a bit shaken up, Tom. Supposing you call up a certain young lady on long distance. Rather please her, I reckon."

"Why, yes, I wanted to do it. I—I will, of course."

"So you thought I was going to sell short New Orleans and Pittsburgh," said Drake with a roguish humor.

Bojo nodded, at loss for words, biding the moment to escape into the outer air.

"But, of course, Tom," said Drake slowly, with smiling eyes, "*you* didn't tell any one, did you?"

Bojo mumbled something incoherent and went out, clutching the check, which lay in his hand with the heaviness of lead.

In the open air he tried to readjust the events of the night. He had a confused idea of rushing through the great hall, past the mechanical footman, of hearing Thompson cry "Get you a taxi, sir?" and of being far down resounding pavements in the lonely night with something still clutched in his hand.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand," he said to himself. He repeated it again and again as a sort of dull drum-beat accompaniment, resounding in his ears, even as his cane tapped out its sharp metallic punctuation.

"Two hundred and fifty!" he said for the hundredth time, utterly unable to comprehend what had in one hour changed the face of his world. He stopped, drew his hand from his pocket, took the crumpled check and placed it in his wallet, buttoned his coat carefully, and then unbuttoned it to make

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sure it had not slipped from his pocket.

Drake had not asked him the vital question. He had not had to answer him, to tell him what he had lost, to own that he had gambled beyond his right. The issue he had gone to meet, resolved on a clean confession, had been evaded, and in his pocket was the check—a fortune! Certain facts did not at once focus in his mind, perhaps because he did not want to contemplate them, perhaps because he was too bewildered with his own sensations to perceive clearly what a rôle he had been made to play.

But as he swung down the Avenue past the Plaza with its argus-eyed windows still awake, past a few great mansions with cars and grouped footmen in wait for revelers; at the thought of the quiet Court, of Roscoe and Granny; at the sudden startled recollection of DeLancy, the cold fact forced itself upon him: they had lost and he had won. He had won because they had lost, and how many others!

"How could I help it?" he said to himself uneasily, and answered it immediately with another question: "But will they believe me?"

Suddenly Drake's last question flashed across him with a new significance. "Of course you didn't tell any one, did you?"

Why had he not asked him then and there what he had meant? Because he had been afraid, because he did not wish to know the answer, just as he had evaded the knowledge that Doris in the first speculation had made use of Boskirk. Even now he did not wish to force the ugly fact—seeking to put it from him with plausible reasonings. After all, what had Drake done? Told him a lie? No. He had specially cautioned him not to jump to conclusions, warned him against doing anything on his own initiative.

"Yes, that's true," he said with a sigh of relief, as though a great ethical question had been disposed of. "He played square, absolutely square. There's nothing wrong in it."

Yet somehow the conviction brought no joy with it; there was something stolen about the sensation of sudden wealth which possessed him. He seemed to be scurrying through the shadowy city almost like a thief afraid of confrontation.

Yet there was the home-coming, the friends to be faced. What answer could he make them, how announce the stroke of fortune which had come to him! On one thing at least he was resolved, and the resolution seemed to lighten the weight of many problems which would not slip from his shoulders. He was responsible for Roscy and Fred—at least they should suffer no loss for having taken his advice. The others—Forshay, the firm, one or two acquaintances he had tipped off in the last days, the outsiders—they were different; and besides, he did not want to think of them. His friends should not suffer loss—not even a dollar. They were a part of the pool, in a way. Of course they had had their friends, though he had sworn them to secrecy. At this point he stopped in his mental turnings, faced by a sudden barrier.

Had Drake knowingly used him to convey a false impression of his intentions, made him the instrument of ruining others in order to carry through his stupendous *coup de force?*

"If I thought that," he said hotly, "I wouldn't touch a cent of it!" But after a moment, uneasily and in doubt, he added, "I wonder!"

He came to the Court and hurried in. Lights were blazing in the bay-window,

ROSCOE MARSH WAS GRAVELY EXAMINING A POCKET REVOLVER.

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black silhouettes across the panes.

"Good God, suppose something has happened to Fred!" he thought, suddenly remembering Granning's note. He burst upstairs and into the room. Roscoe Marsh was by the fireplace, gravely examining a pocket revolver which lay in his hand. Granny was on the edge of the couch staring at Fred DeLancy, who was sunk in a great chair, disheveled and dirt-stained, a sodden, cold-drunk mass.

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***Bojo begins to spend his quarter-million***

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AT THE sight of Fred DeLancy, Bojo checked himself. A glance from Granning apprised him of the seriousness of the situation. He walked over to the huddled figure and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Hello there, Fred. It's Bojo."

DeLancy raised his head, looked out through glazed eyes, and slowly withdrew his stare to the vacant fireplace, where a smoldering flicker drew his mind.

"Found him an hour ago in a hell over in Eighth Avenue," said Marsh. "Bad."

Granning beckoned him, and together they went into the bedroom, closing the door. "All right now. Guess he'll stay quiet. Pretty violent when we came back," said Granning. "Wanted to throw himself out the window."

"And the pistol," said Bojo, sick at the thought of what might have been.

"Yes, we found that on him," said Granning gravely. "Lucky he got drunk so quick, or that might have been serious." He hesitated and added: "He swears he'll kill himself first chance. Guess I'd better keep my eye on him to-night."

At this moment there was the sound of a scuffle from the den and a shout from Marsh. They rushed in to find him grappling with Fred, who was striving frantically to reach the window. For a moment the air was full of shouts and sudden scurrying.

"Look out, he's got that paper-cutter!"

"In his right hand!"

"All right, I've got him!"

"Throw him over on the couch! Sit on him! That's it!"

Under their combined weights DeLancy was flung, hoarse and screaming maledictions, to the couch, where, despite objurga-

tions and ravings, Granning secured his arms behind his back with a strap and hobbled his legs. For half an hour Fred twisted and strove, raving and swearing or, suddenly weakly remorseful, bursting into tears, cursing himself and his folly. The three sat silently, faces sternly masked, looking unwillingly on the ugly spectacle of human frenzy in the raw. At the end of this time DeLancy became suddenly quiet and dropped off into sodden sleep.

"At last," said Granning, rising. "Best thing for him. Oh, he won't hear us—talk all you like."

"How hard is he hit?" said Bojo anxiously.

Marsh shrugged his shoulders and swore.

"How hard, Granning?"

"Twenty thousand or more," said Granning gravely, "and there're some bad sides

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"MR. HAUK, WILL YOU GIVE ME THE TOTAL OF MR. FORSHAY'S INDEBTEDNESS TO YOUR FIRM?"

to it." He shook his head, glanced at DeLancy, and added: "Then there's the girl."

"Louise Varney?"

"The same—mother has been camping on the telephone all day. Not a very calm person, mother—ugh—nasty business!"

"Rotten business," said Bojo remorsefully. He went to the bay-window and stood there gazing out into the sickly night, paling before the first grays of the morning. He was subdued by this spectacle of the other side of speculation, wondering how many similar scenes were taking place in sleepless rooms somewhere in the dusky flight of roof-tops. Marsh, misunderstanding his mood, said:

"How did it hit you? You pulled through all right, didn't you?"

Bojo came back thoughtfully, evading the question with another. "And you?"

"Oh, better than I expected," said Marsh with a wry face. "I say, you're not—not cleaned out?"

Granning rose and with his heavy hand turned Bojo around solicitously. "How about it, son?"

For hours Bojo had been debating his answer to this inevitable question without finding a solution. He drew his pocketbook and slowly extracted the check. "Gaze on that," he said solemnly.

Granning took it, stared at it, and passed it to Marsh, who looked up with an exclamation: "For God's sake, what does that mean?"

"It means," said Bojo slowly, "that I can tell you the truth now. We haven't lost a cent; on the contrary"—he paused and emphasized the next word—"*we* have made a killing. 'We' means you, Fred, and myself."



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"I don't get it," said Marsh, frowning.

"The real object of the pool was not to bear New Orleans and Pittsburgh, but to buy it. If I let you sell short, it was only to get others to sell short. To-morrow I'll settle up with you and Fred, every cent you've lost, *plus*——"

"Bojo, you're lying," said Marsh abruptly.

"I'm not, I——"

"And you're lying badly!"

"What about that check?"

"That's all right. Drake may have done what you said, but you never knew——"

"Roscy, I swear."

"Hold up and answer this. Do you want me to believe, Tom Crocker, that you deliberately told me and Fred DeLancy, your closest friends, a lie, in order to get us to spread false information to *our* friends, to ruin our friends in order to make a killing for you? Well, a straight answer."

Bojo was silent.

"No, no, Bojo, don't come to me with any cock-and-bull story like that——"

"Roscy, it *is* a lie. I was completely in the dark myself; but I won't touch a cent of it until your losses are squared, every dollar of them!"

"So that's the game, eh?" said Marsh, laughing. "Well, you go plumb to the devil!"

"Roscy!" said Bojo, jumping up and seizing his arm. "At least let me square up what you lost. Hold up. Wait a second, don't go off half-cocked! Fred's got to be hauled out of this; it's not only bankruptcy, it's a darned sight worse—it's his word, his honor—a woman's money, too. You know him—he's weak, he won't stand up under it. You don't want me to have his life on my conscience?"

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to make Fred believe what I told you—it's the only way. If you play into the game he'll believe it. Good Lord, Roscy, this thing's bad enough as it is. You don't think I could profit one cent while you fellows were cleaned out by my own fault?"

"Look here," said Marsh, sitting down, "it isn't your fault. I gambled, that's all, and lost. I gambled before on your advice, and won. Fifty-fifty, that's all. Now, Fred's different. I'll admit it. You can do what you please with him; that's between you two. If you've got to make him believe I'm doing the same, to make him take the money—all right; but if you come around again to me with any such insulting proposition, Tom Crocker, there'll be trouble."

Bojo clasped and unclasped his hands in utter helplessness. Then he glanced at Granning.

"You've done what you could," said Granning, shaking his head.

"A rotten mess. I feel rotten," said Bojo slowly.

Marsh, relenting, clapped him on the shoulder affectionately. "Mighty white of you, Bojo—and don't think for a moment any one's blaming you!"

"I'm not sure how I feel myself," said Bojo slowly.

"Drake used you, Tom," said Granning quietly. "He'd figured out you'd be watched—the old decoy game."

"No, no," said Bojo warmly. "He did not; I'm sure of that. He particularly warned me not to do anything on my own hook without consulting him. It was my fault—I jumped at conclusions!"

Granning and Marsh laughed.

"By George, if I thought that!" said Bojo, rising.

"Don't think anything," said Marsh quietly. "It's all in the game, anyhow!" Suddenly he stopped and, the journalistic instinct awakening, said: "You say Drake bought New Orleans and Pittsburgh. What do you mean?"

"Bought control, of course, and sold it back at midnight to Gunther & Co. for a profit of ten millions."

"Repeat that," said Marsh, aghast. "Good Lord! What? When? Where was the sale? Bojo, don't you know you've got the biggest story of the year? Three-twenty now. It's good night to our composing-room at half-past. Talk it fast and I can make it."

Hastily, under his prompting, Bojo recalled details and scraps of information. Three minutes later Marsh was at the telephone and they heard the shouted frantic orders.

"*Morning Post?* Who's on the long wait? Hill? Give him to me—on the jump. Damn it, this is Marsh! . . . Hello—Ed? Hold your pressmen for an extra. We've got a smashing beat. Front page and the biggest head you can put on! Play it up for all you're worth. Ready: Dan Drake bought control . . ." The outlines in

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staccato, dramatic sentences followed; then directions to get Gunther, Drake, Fontaine, and others on the wire. Then silence, and Marsh burst through the room and down the stairs in a racket that threatened to wake the house.

Granning and Bojo sat on, watching the restless, heavy figure on the couch, too feverishly awake for sleep, talking in broken phrases, while the white mists came into the room and the city began to wake.

At four o'clock Doris called up from long distance. Bojo had completely forgotten her in the tension of the night and rather guiltily hastened to reassure her. Gladys was at her side, anxious to hear from Fred, to learn if she might come to his assistance, wondering why he had not sent her word—alarmed.

He invented a lie to clear the situation—a friend who was in desperate straits—with whom Fred was watching out the night.

At six o'clock DeLancy tried to rise, suddenly, disheveled and haggard, staring at them, bewildered at the pressure of the straps. "What the devil's happened?"

Granning rose and released him. "You were rather obstreperous last night, young man," he said quietly. "We were afraid you might dent the fire-escape or carry off the mantel. How are you?"

"Oh, good God!" said DeLancy, sinking his head in his hands with a groan, suddenly recalling the pool.

"If you hadn't gone off like a bad Indian," said Bojo sternly, "you'd be celebrating in a different way." Then, as Fred without interest continued oblivious, he went over and struck him a resounding blow between the shoulders. "Wake up there! I've been trying to beat it into you all night. We haven't lost a cent. The pool went through like a charm. Drake fooled the whole bunch!"

"What—what do you mean?" said DeLancy, staring up.

"The running down was only the first step; the real game was to buy up the control. All our selling short was just bluff, charged up to expense-account and nothing else."

"All bluff," repeated Fred in a daze. "I don't seem to understand. I can't get it."

"Well, get this then—feast your eyes on it," said Bojo, sitting beside him, his arm about his shoulder and the check held before his eyes. "That's profit—my part out of ten millions Drake cleaned up by selling out to the Gunther crowd. Listen." He repeated in detail the story of the night, adding: "Now do you see it? Every cent we lost bearing the stock goes to expenses—that's understood."

"You mean—" DeLancy rose, steadied himself, and lurched against a chair. "You mean what I lost—what I——"

"What you've lost and Louise's losses too," said Bojo quickly—"every cent is paid by the pool. There wasn't the slightest question about that!"

"Is that the truth?"

"Yes."

Fred's sunken eyes rested on Bojo's an interminable moment, and the agony written on that fevered face steeled Crocker in

"WHAT'S THAT? WHAT'S HAPPENED?" CRIED BOJO.

his resolve. Presently DeLancy, as though convinced, turned away.

"By George, I thought I was done for!" he said in a whisper. His lips trembled, he caught at his throat, and the next moment his racked body was shaken with convulsive sobs.

"Let yourself go, Fred; it's all right—everything's all right," said Bojo hastily. He left the den, nodding to Granning, and went to his bedroom. His bag was still on the bed, where he had thrown it unopened. He took out his clothes mechanically, feeling the weariness of the wasted night, and suddenly on the top of a folded jacket he

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found a card, in Patsie's writing; a few words only, timidly offered.

"I hope, oh, I do hope everything will come all right;" and below these two lines that started reveries in his eyes, the signature was not "Patsie," but "Drina."

When he came back into the den after a hasty toilet, DeLancy had got hold of himself again.

"Better, old boy," said Bojo, pulling his ear.

"If you know—if you knew what I'd been through," said Fred with a quick breath.

"I know," said Bojo, shuddering instinctively. "Now let's get to business. You'll feel a lot better when you tidy up your bank account. What did you lose?"

"I say, Bojo," said DeLancy, avoiding his glance, "on your honor—straight—this is all right, isn't it?"

"Sure!"

"I ought to take it—there's no reason why—you're not telling me a fake story?"

"I certainly am not," said Bojo cheerily, taking up his check-book at the desk. "Come on now."

But DeLancy, unconvinced, still wavered.

"How about Roscy?" he said slowly, his eyes fixed, his mouth parted as though hanging on the answer.

"The same thing goes with Roscy, naturally," said Bojo carelessly.

DeLancy drew a long breath and approached.

"How much? Confess up!"

"Twenty-seven thousand eight hundred."

Bojo restrained a start of amazement.

"Say twenty-eight flat," he said carefully. "Does that include Louise Varney's account?"

"Yes, everything," said DeLancy slowly. He stood at the desk, staring, while Bojo wrote a check, watching the traveling pen as though still incredulous.

"There you are, old rooster, and good luck," said Bojo.

"Here, I say, you've made it out for thirty - eight thousand," said DeLancy, taking the check.

"Ten thousand is profits, sure."

"No, no, that's not right. I couldn't take that—no, never, Bojo!"

"Shut up and be off with you!" said Bojo. "You don't think for a moment I'd use my friends and not see they got a share in the winnings, do you?"

"It doesn't seem right," said DeLancy again. He gazed at the check, a prey to conflicting desires.

"Rats!"

"I don't feel as though I ought to."

Bojo watched his struggle with his conscience a moment, perceiving the inherent weakness at the bottom of his nature, suddenly feeling a sense of distance intervening in the old friendship, sadly disillusioned. When he spoke, it was abruptly, as a superior:

"Shut up, Fred—you're going to take it, and that's all!"

"How can I thank you?"

"Don't."

He turned on his heel and went back to his room to hide the flash of scorn that came to his eyes. "Great heavens," he thought, "is that the way men behave under great tests?"

But all at once he added "And myself?"

For at the bottom there was an uneasy stirring feeling, awakened by the sudden incredulous laugh of his friends that had greeted his assertion of Drake's innocence, which was bringing him to a realization that he was to face a decision more profoundly significant to his own self-esteem than any he had yet confronted.

"Thank heaven for one thing—nothing happened to Fred! That's settled. I have nothing on my conscience," he said with a sigh. The ten thousand he had added represented in a confused way a tribute to that conscience, to those others, unknown and unvisualized, whom unwittingly he might have caused to suffer.

"Bojo!"

"Hello! What is it?"

He came out hurriedly at the sound of Granning's voice.

"Roscy on the 'phone. . . . What! . . . Good God!"

"What's that? What's happened?" cried Bojo.

"Forshay — committed suicide — this morning—at his club—cut his throat!"

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*Paying the Piper—Plus*

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TO GO down to the office with the pall of disaster and tragedy over it, to face the accusatory looks of Hauk & Flaspoller with the dread consciousness of his own personal responsibility, was the

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"BOJO, YOU MUST MARRY DORIS," SHE SAID BROKENLY.



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hardest thing Bojo had ever had to do. Several times in the subway, filled with the Wall Street crowd excitedly discussing the sudden turn of yesterday, alarmed for the future, he had a wild impulse toward flight. Before him were the startling scareheads of the *Morning Post*, the sole paper to have the story:

DRAKE BUYS AND SELLS NEW ORLEANS & PITTSBURGH
Secured Control at 6, Monday. Sold at Midnight. Profit in Millions.
Brokers Hard Hit.
Three Firms Suspend.
Climax of Dramatic Day.

He saw only dimly what every one else was poring over frantically. He was reading over for the twentieth time the ugly story of Forshay's suicide.

WELL-KNOWN BROKER
ENDS LIFE AT CLUB
W. O. Forshay thought
to have been caught in Drake's clean-up.

The bare facts followed, with a history of Forshay's career, his social connections, an account of his marriage, city house, and country house.

"But, after all, am I responsible?" he said to himself miserably, and though he returned always to the premise that he had been an innocent participant, he began to be obsessed with the spreading sense of ruin which such victories could occasion.

Forshay would not have blamed him, perhaps, for Forshay had played the game to the limit of the law and asked no favors. It was not that which profoundly troubled him and awoke the long dormant ethical sense. Had Drake figured out just what his conclusions would be and the effect on the public from allowing him to proceed blindly on a wrong start? In a word, had Drake deliberately used him to mislead others, knowing that after the success of Indiana Smelters his prospective son-in-law would be credited with inside information?

He did not as yet answer these questions in the affirmative; to do so meant a decision subversive of all his newly acquired sense of success. But though he still denied the accusations, they would not be thus answered, constantly returning.

At the offices it was as though the dead man were lying in wait. A sense of fright possessed him with the opening of the door. The girl at the telephone greeted him with swollen eyes, swollen with hysterical weeping; the stenographers moved noiselessly, hushed by the indefinable sense of the supernatural. The brass plate on the door—W. O. Forshay—seemed to him something inexpressibly grim and horrible. He had the feeling which the others showed in their roving glances, as though that plate hid something, as though there were something behind *his* door, waiting.

He went into the inner offices at a sudden summons. Hauk was at the table, gazing out of the window; Flaspoller worrying and fussing in the center of the rug, switching aimlessly back and forth.

Bojo nodded silently on entering.

"You saw?" said Hauk with a jerk of his head.

"Yes. Horrible!"

Flaspoller broke out: "Not a cent in the world. God knows how much the firm will have to make good. Thirty-five, forty, forty-five thousand, maybe more. Oh, we're stuck, all right."

"Do you mean to say," said Bojo slowly, "that he left nothing—no property?"

"Oh, a house perhaps—mortgaged, of course; and then do we know what else he owes? No. A hell of a hole we've got in with your New Orleans and Pittsburgh."

"That's not quite fair," said Bojo quietly. "I did give you a tip on Indiana Smelters and you made money on that. I never said anything about New Orleans and Pittsburgh. I distinctly refused to. You drew your own conclusions."

"That's a good joke," said Flaspoller with a contemptuous laugh.

"What do you mean?" said Bojo, flushing angrily.

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean," said Flaspoller, discretion to the winds. "When you come into a firm that has treated you generously as we have, put up your salary without waiting to be asked, and you bring in orders, confidential orders, to sell five hundred shares to-day, a thousand to-morrow, like you sell yourself, and your friends sell too—if you let your firm go on selling and don't know what's up, why, you're either one big jackass or a——"

"Or a what?" said Bojo, advancing.

Something in the menacing eye caused the

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little broker to halt abruptly with a non-committal shrug of his shoulders.

"I wouldn't go too far, Flaspoller," said Bojo coldly. "If this was a mistake, I paid for it too, as you know. You know what I dropped."

"I know nothing," said Flaspoller, recovering his courage with his anger, and planting himself defiantly in the young fellow's path. "I know only what you lost—here, and I know too what *we* lose."

"Good heavens, do you mean to insinuate that I did anything *crooked?*" said Bojo loudly, yet at the bottom ill at ease.

"Shut up now," said Hauk, as Flaspoller started on another angry tirade. "Look here, Mr. Crocker, there's no use wasting words. The milk's spilled. Well, what then?"

"I'm sorry, of course," said Bojo, frowning.

"Of course you understand after what's happened," said Hauk quietly, "it would be impossible for us to make use of your services any more."

Much as he himself had contemplated breaking off relations, it gave him quite a shock to hear that he was being dismissed. He caught his breath, looked from one to the other, and said:

"Quite right. There I agree with you. I shall be very glad to leave your office to-day."

He went to his desk in a towering rage, went through his papers blindly, and rose shortly to go out where he could get hold of himself and decide on a course of action. The fact was that for the first time he had a feeling of guilt. He again assured himself that he was perfectly innocent, that there was nothing in his whole course which could be objected to. Yet how many would have believed him if they knew that this very morning he had deposited a check for a quarter of a million? What would Hauk and Flaspoller have said at the bare announcement?

He wandered into familiar groups, tarrying a moment and then passing on, parrying the questions that were showered on him by those who knew the intimacy of his relations with the successful manipulator. In all their conversations Drake appeared like a demigod. Men went back to the famous corners of Commodore Vanderbilt for a comparison with the skill and boldness of the late manipulator. It was freely said that there was no other man in Wall Street who would have dared so openly to defy the great powers of the day and force them to terms.

In this chorus of admiration there was no note of censure. He had played the game as they played it. No one held him responsible for the tragedy of Forshay and the unwritten losses of those who had been caught.

Yet Bojo was not convinced. He knew that he had not been able to meet the partners openly; that despite all the injustice of their attitude, he had withheld the knowledge of his ultimate winnings, and that he had withheld it because he would have been at a loss to explain it. More potent than the stoic indifference of Wall Street was the memory of the chance acquaintance, wrecked by the accident of this meeting: of Forshay, calmly matching quarters with him before the opening of the market, calculating the fatal point beyond which a rise meant to him the end.

And as he examined it from this intimate outlook he wondered more and more whether any fortune of ten millions made overnight could be free from responsibility and cruelty, from the echoes of agony — because of others who had been led recklessly to gamble beyond their means.

Forshay recalled DeLancy, and he shuddered at the thought of how close the line of disaster had passed to him. Again and again he remembered with distaste the look in DeLancy's face when at the end he had persuaded him to take the check. What sat most heavily upon his conscience was that now, with the ranging of events in clearer perspective, he began to compare his own attitude with Drake's, with DeLancy's weak submission to his explanation. If DeLancy had taken money that Marsh had indignantly rejected, what had he himself done?

At twelve, making a sudden resolve, he went up to the offices. The partners were still there, brooding over the rout, and favored him with dark looks at his interruption.

"Mr. Hauk, will you give me the total of Mr. Forshay's indebtedness to your firm?"

Flaspoller wheeled with an insolent dismissal on his lips, but Hauk forestalled him. "What business is that of yours?"

"You said that his losses might amount to forty or forty-five thousand. Is that correct?"

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DELANCY SANK DOWN WITH A GROAN.

"That's our affair!"

"You don't understand," said Bojo quietly, "but I think it will be to your interest to listen to me. Do I understand that you intend to exercise your claim on whatever property may still be left to Mr. Forshay's widow?"

"What nonsense is he talking?" said Flaspoller, turning to his partner in amazement.

"I thought so," said Bojo, taking his answer from their attitude. "I repeat, kindly give me the exact figures, in detail, of the total indebtedness of Mr. Forshay to your firm."

"I suppose you want to pay it, eh?" said Flaspoller contemptuously.

"Exactly."

"What!"

The reply came almost in a shout. Hauk, keener than his partner, perceiving from the exalted calm of the young man that the matter was serious, caught Flaspoller by the arm and shot him into a chair.

"You sit down and be quiet." He approached Bojo, studying him keenly. "You want to pay up for Forshay—am I right?"

"You are."

"When?"

"Now."

Hauk himself was not proof against the shock the announcement brought. He sat down, stupidly rubbing his hand across his forehead, glancing suspiciously at Bojo. Finally he recovered himself sufficiently to say:

"For what reason do you want to do this?"

"That is my business," said Bojo; "and besides, you would not understand in the least."

"Well, well," said Flaspoller, recovering his eagerness with his cupidity.

"You're not going to refuse, are you?"

"That's very noble, very generous," said Hauk slowly. "We were a little hasty, Mr. Crocker. We've lost a good deal of money. We sometimes say things a little more than we mean at such times. You mustn't think too much of that. We are very much upset — we thought the world of Mr. Forshay——"

"All this is quite unnecessary," said Bojo with quiet scorn. "We are dealing in figures. Have you the account ready—now?"

"Yes, yes—we can have it ready in a moment—look it over—take just a few moments," said Flaspoller eagerly. "Sit down, Mr. Crocker, while we look it up."

"Thanks, I prefer to wait outside. Remember, I want a complete and minute statement."

He wheeled and went out with disgust, taking his seat by his old place at the window, without removing his hat and coat. He waited thus, long minutes, staring out at the dirt-stained walls of the opposite sky-scraper that, five hundred feet in the air, shut them out from a glimpse of the sky; oblivious to whispered conversations, curious glances, or the nervous bustling to and fro of the partners. Presently the telephone buzzed at his side.

"Mr. Hauk would like you to step into his office, sir."

"Tell him to come to me."

It was bravado, but a revenge that was precious to him. Almost immediately Hauk came sliding to his desk, laying a paper before him.

"This is it, Mr. Crocker."

"Every claim you have against the estate —every one?" said Bojo, examining carefully the items.

"Perfectly."

But at this moment Flaspoller arrived hastily, alarmed.

"We forgot the share in the expense of the office," he said hurriedly.

"Put it down," said Bojo with a wave of his hand. At the point of bitter scorn at which he had arrived, it seemed to him a sublime thing to accept all figures without condescending to enter into discussion. "Anything more, gentlemen?"

Flaspoller in vain tortured his memory

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at this last summons. Hauk, misunderstanding the frown and the stare with which Bojo continued to gaze at the paper, began to explain: "This item here is calculated on a third share in——"

"I don't want any explanations," said Bojo, cutting him short. "You will, of course, furnish complete details to the executor of the estate. Now if this is complete, kindly give me a written acknowledgment of a payment in full of every claim you hold against the estate of W. O. Forshay, and likewise an attestation that this is in every respect a just and true bill of Mr. Forshay's debts." He drew out his check-book. "Fifty-two thousand, seven hundred——"

"And forty-six dollars," said Flaspoller, who followed the strokes of the pen with incredulous eyes as though unable to believe in Providence.

Bojo rose, took the acquittals and the bill of items, and handed them the check, saying: "This closes the matter, I believe."

An immense struggle was going on in the minds of the two partners—curiosity, cupidity, and a new sense of the financial strength of the man who could thus toss off checks, plainly written in their startled expressions.

"Mr. Crocker, Tom, we should be very glad if you forgot what we said this morning," said Flaspoller hurriedly. "You've been very handsome, very handsome indeed. You can always have a desk in our offices. Mr. Crocker, I apologize for mistaking you. Shake hands!"

"Good-by, *gentlemen!*" said Bojo, lifting his hat with the utmost punctiliousness.

He took a hasty luncheon and went uptown to the Court, where Della, the pretty little Irish girl at the telephone desk, opened her eyes in surprise at this unusual appearance.

"Why, Mr. Crocker, what's wrong?"

"I'm changing my habits, Della," he said with an attempted laugh.

He went to his room and sat a long while before the fireplace, pulling at a pipe. At length he rose, went to the desk, and wrote:

DEAR DORIS:

A good many things have come up since I left you. I think it is better that no announcement be made until we have had a chance to talk matters over very seriously. I hope that can be soon.

Bojo.

P. S.—Please thank Patsie for packing my bag. I went off in such a rush I think I forgot.

P. P. S.—Tell Gladys that Fred came out all right—shouldn't be surprised if he'd made a little too.

### *Bojo faces the truth*

THE next days he spent aimlessly. He had a great decision to make, and he acted as though he had not a thought in the world but to drift indolently through life. He idled through breakfast, reading the morning papers laboriously, and was amazed to find that with all his delay it was only eleven o'clock, with an interminable interval to be filled in before lunch. He began a dozen novels, seeking to lose himself in the spell of other lands and other times; but as soon as he sallied out to his club he had the feeling that the world had been turned inside out.

After luncheon he tried vainly to inveigle some acquaintance into an afternoon's loafing, only to receive again that impression of strange loneliness in a foreign land, as one after the other disappeared before the call of work. He had nothing to do except the one thing which in the end he knew had to be done, and the more he sought to put it from him, idling in moving-picture halls or consuming long stretches of pavements in exploring tramps, the more he felt

"WELL, FEAST YOUR EYES ON IT," SAID BOJO.

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something always back of his shoulder, not to be denied.

He avoided the company of his chums, seeking other acquaintances with whom to dine and take in a show. Something had fallen into the midst of the old intimacy at Westover Court. There was a feeling of unease and impending disruption. The passion for gain had passed among them at last and the trail of disillusionment it had left could not be effaced. The boyish delight, the frolicking with life was over. They seemed to have aged and sobered in a night. The morning breakfasts were constrained, hurried affairs. There was not the old give-and-take spirit of horse-play. DeLancy was moody and evasive, Marsh silent, and Granning grim. Bojo could not meet DeLancy's eye; and with the others he felt that though they would never express it, he had disappointed them; that in some way they held him responsible for the changes which had come and the loss of that complete and free spirit of comradeship which would never return.

He had reached the point where he had decided on a full confession to Drake and a certain restitution. But here he met the rock of his indecision. What should he restore? After deducting the sums paid to DeLancy and to the estate of Forshay, he had still almost one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Why should he not deduct his own losses, amounting to over seventy thousand dollars, incurred in the service of a campaign which had netted millions?

His conscience, tortured by the tragic memory of Forshay and the feeling of the spreading circles of panic and losses which had started from his unwitting agency, had finally recoiled before the thought of making profit of the desolation of others. But if he renounced the gain, was there any reason why he should suffer loss, why Drake should not reimburse him as he had reimbursed others? To accept this view meant that he would still remain in possession of about a hundred thousand dollars, producing a tidy income, able to hold up his own in the society to which he had grown accustomed. To renounce the payment of his losses meant not simply a blow to his pride in the acknowledgment that in the first six months he had already lost two-thirds of what his father had given him, but that his whole scheme of living would have to be changed, while marriage with Doris became an impossibility.

Beyond the first letter he had written her in the first tragic reaction on his return from the office, he had sent Doris no further word. What he had to say was yet too undefined to express on paper. Too much depended on her attitude when they met at last face to face. Her letters, full of anxiety and demand for information, remained unanswered. One afternoon on returning after a day's tramp on the East Side he found a telegram, which had been waiting hours.

"Return this afternoon four-thirty most anxious meet me station. Doris."

It was then almost six. Without waiting to telephone explanations he jumped in a taxi and shot off up-town. At the Drakes' he sent up his name by Thompson, learning with a sudden tightening of the heart that Drake himself was at home. He went into the quiet reception-room, nervously excited by the approaching crisis, resolved, now that it was up, to push it to its ultimate conclusion. As he whipped back and forth, fingering impatiently the shining green leaves of the waxed rubber plant, all at once, to his amazement, Patsie stood before him.

"You here?" he said, stopping short.

She nodded, red in her cheeks, looking quickly at him and away.

"Doris is changing her dress; she'll be down right away. Didn't you get the telegram?"

"I'm sorry—I was out all day."

He stopped and she was silent, both awkwardly conscious of the other. Finally he stammered: "I asked Doris to thank you—for getting my bag ready and—and your message."

"Oh, Bojo," she said impulsively, and the spots of red on her cheek spread like flames, "I want to speak to you so much. I have been thinking over so many things that I ought to say."

"You can say anything," he said gently.

"Bojo, you must marry Doris!" she said brokenly, joining her hands.

"Why?" he said, too startled to notice the absurdity of the question.

"She needs you. She loves you. If you could have seen her all Sunday night when we—when she was afraid you had been ruined. You don't know how she cares. I didn't. I was terribly mistaken—unjust. You mustn't let her go off and marry some

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one she doesn't care about, like Boskirk, the way Daisy did."

"But I must do what is right for me too," he said desperately, moved by the radiance in her eyes that seemed to flow out and envelop him irresistibly. "I have a right to love too, to find a woman who knows what love means——"

"Don't—don't," she said, turning away miserably, too young to make the pretense of not understanding him.

"Listen, Drina," he said, catching her hand. "I am up against a decision, the greatest decision in my life, which means whether I am to have the right to my own self-respect and yours and others. One way means money, an easy way to everything people want in this world, and no blame attached except what I myself might feel. The other means standing on my own feet, no favors, taking a loss of thousands of dollars, and a fight of perhaps five, ten years to get where I am now. Which would you do? No, you don't even need to answer," he said joyfully, carried away by the look in her eyes as she swung fearlessly round. "I know you."

In his fervor he caught her hand and pressed it against his heart. "Drina dear, you ring true, true as a bell. You, I know, will understand whatever I do." He was rushing on when suddenly a thought stopped him. If he did what he had planned, what right would he have to hope of marrying her even after years of toil? He dropped her hands, his face going so blank that, forgetting the mingled joy and terror his words had brought her, she cried:

"Bojo—what's wrong—what are you thinking of?"

He turned away, shaking his head, drawing a deep breath.

But at this moment, before Patsie could escape, Doris came down the stairs and directly to him.

"Bojo—I've been so worried—why didn't you answer my letters? And *why* didn't you meet me?"

She threw her arms about his neck, gazing anxiously into his eyes. He had a blurred vision of Patsie, shrinking and white, turning from the sight of the embrace, as he stammered explanations. Luckily Drake himself broke the tension with an unexpected appearance and a bluff—

"Hello, Tom. Where have you been keeping yourself? Now that you're a millionaire I expected you to come sailing in on a steam-yacht! Well, Doris, what do you think of your financier?"

"Mr. Drake, I've got something important I must talk over with you. Can you see me for a few minutes now? It's very important. If you could——"

The tone in which he said these words, staring past them into the vista of the salons, impressed each with the feeling of a crisis. Drake halted, shot a quick glance from the young fellow to Doris, and said, as he went out:

"Why, yes—of course. Come in now. Soon as you're ready. The library—glad to see you."

At the same moment, with a last appealing glance, Patsie disappeared behind the curtains. Doris came to him, startled and alarmed.

"You're not—not in trouble?" she said, wonder in her look. "Dad told me you'd made a quarter of a million, and that everything was all right. That is true, isn't it?"

"Doris, everything is not all right," he said solemnly. "Whether I am to keep my share or not depends on what answer your father gives to one question I am going to ask him."

"What do you mean? You mean you would not accept——"

"Under certain circumstances I *can't* accept this money—exactly that."

"But, Bojo, don't do anything rash—hastily," she said hurriedly. "Talk it over with me first. Let me know."

"No," he said firmly. "This is my decision."

"At least let me come with you—let me hear!"

He shook his head. "No, Doris—not even that. This is between your father and me."

"But our marriage"—she said in desperation, following him to the door.

"Afterward—when I have seen your father, then we must talk of that."

The new decision in his voice and movement surprised and controlled her. She raised her hand as though to speak, and found no word to utter in her amazement. He walked quickly through the salons, knocked, and went into the library. Drake, with a premonition perhaps of what was coming, was waiting impatiently, spinning the chain of his watch.



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"Well, Tom, to the point, what is it?" he said imperiously.

"Mr. Drake," Bojo began carefully, "I have not been in to see you because—because I did not know just what to say to you. I've been terribly upset by this New Orleans and Pittsburgh deal!"

"What, upset by making a cool quarter of a million?"

"Yes, that's it," he said firmly, never losing an expression on the older man's face. "You know, of course, that Forshay, who committed suicide, was in my office."

"What, in your office?" said Drake, with a start. "No, I didn't know that!"

"That's rather shaken me up. He ruined himself on New Orleans and Pittsburgh. And then that night—when I got home one of my chums was pretty close to the same thing."

"I told you not to take any one into your confidence, Tom," said Drake quietly.

"That's true, you *told* me that. Mr. Drake, answer me this: didn't you expect me to tell—some one?"

Drake looked at him quickly, then down, drumming with his fingers. "What's the point?"

Bojo had no longer any doubts. The transaction had been as he had finally divined. Yet the words had not been spoken that meant to him the renunciation of all the luxury and opportunity that surrounded him in the tapestried wealth of the great room. He hesitated so long that Drake looked up at him and frowned, repeating the question:

"What's the point, Tom?"

"Mr. Drake, you knew I would tell others to sell New Orleans and Pittsburgh—you *intended* I should, didn't you? That was part of your plan—a necessary part, wasn't it?"

"Tom, I expressly told you not to jump to conclusions," said Drake, rising and raising his voice. "I expressly told you not to let the cat out of the bag."

"Won't you answer my question? Yes or no?" said the young fellow, very quiet and quite colorless.

"I have answered that."

"Yes, you *have* answered," said Bojo slowly. "Now, Mr. Drake, I won't press you any further. I know. I can't accept that money. It is not mine."

"Can't accept? What's this nonsense?" said Drake, stopping short.

"I can't make money off the losings of

my friends, whom I have ruined to make your deal succeed."

"That's a hard word!"

"And there's another reason," said Bojo, ignoring his flash of anger. "I was not honest with you. The night I came here I was ruined myself."

"I knew that."

"But you didn't know that I had used the fifty thousand dollars pledged to your pool, and that if you had been operating as I thought and wiped out, I should have owed

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"I PRETTY NEARLY WENT OVER THE LINE, MR. DRAKE, AND IT WASN'T MY FAULT I DIDN'T, EITHER."

you thirty-five thousand dollars—pledged to you—a debt which would mean dishonor to me."

"I didn't know that. No. How did that happen?" said Drake, sitting down and gazing anxiously at him.

"I lost my head—absolutely—completely. I did just what Forshay and DeLancy did—gambled with money that didn't belong to me. I lived in a nightmare. Mr. Drake, I lost my bearings. Now I'm going to get them back." He paused, drew breath, and continued earnestly: "Now you understand why I don't deserve a cent of that money even if you could swear to me you didn't use me purposely, which you can't! I pretty nearly went over the line, Mr. Drake, and it wasn't my fault I didn't, either. I guess I'm not built right for this sort of life—that's the short of it."

"You are young, very young, Tom," said Drake slowly. "Young people look at things through their emotions. That's what you're doing!"



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"Thank God," said Bojo, and it seemed to him for the first time a feeling of peace returned.

"What do you want to do?" said Drake, frowning and rising.

"I can not return you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," said Bojo slowly. "I paid one friend thirty-eight thousand to cover his losses, to save him from disgrace and dishonor in the eyes of a woman; another friend refused to accept a cent. I paid to the estate of Forshay every cent of indebtedness he owed the firm—fifty-two odd thousand dollars. Forshay gambled because he thought I knew. That makes over ninety thousand dollars. The rest—one hundred and fifty-nine thousand—I will return to you."

"Good heavens, Tom, you did that?" said Drake, taking out his handkerchief. He sat down in his chair, overcome. For a long interval neither spoke, and then from the chair a voice came out that sounded not like Drake, but something bodiless. "That's awful—awful. From my point of view I have played the game as others, as square as the squarest. I have lost hundreds of thousands sticking to a friend, thousands in keeping to my word. This is not business; this is war. Those who go in, who intend to gamble with life, to fight with thousands and millions, must go in to take the consequences. If they ever get me, it'll be because some one has turned traitor, not because I've sold out or done anything disreputable. If others were ruined in New Orleans and Pittsburgh, that's because they were willing to make money by smashing up some other person's property. It was their fault, not mine. If a man can't control himself, his fault. If a man goes bankrupt and won't face the world and work back instead of blowing his brains out—his fault.

"You think of the individual—men, friends, death. They move you, they're closer to you than the big perspective. They don't count, no one counts. If a man kills himself, he dies quicker than he would, and is not worth living, that's all. Sounds cold-blooded to you. Yes, but we're dealing in movements—armies, poverty, sorrow, disaster, death, they are life—you can't get away from them. A great bridge is more important than the lives of the men who build it; a great railroad is necessary, not the question whether a few thousand people lose their fortunes in the operation which makes a great amalgamation possible. That's my point of view. It's not yours. You're set on what you've made up your mind to do. Your emotions have got you. Ten years from now you'll regret it."

"I hope not," said Bojo simply.

"What are you going to do?—well—come in here as my private secretary," said Drake, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder, and adding, with that burst of human understanding which gave him a magnetic power over men: "Tom, you're a fool to do what you're doing, but, by Heaven, I love you for it!"

"Thank you," said Bojo, controlling his voice with difficulty.

"Will you come here?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Frankly, I want to do something by myself," said Bojo stubbornly. "I don't want some one to take me by the collar and jack me up into success."

"Think it over!"

"No, I'll stick to that. I want to get into a rational life. To live the way I've been living is torture."

Drake hesitated, as though loath to let him go, seeking some way out.

"Won't you let me make good your losses—at least that?"

"Not after the hole I got into—no."

"Tom, won't you let me do something to help out?"

"No, not a thing." He went up and shook hands. "You don't know what it means to be able to look you in the eyes again, sir. That's everything."

"And Doris?" said Drake slowly, beaten at every point.

"Doris I'm going to see now," he said.

He went to the door hastily to avoid sentimentalities, and on the other side of the curtain, where she had been listening, he found Doris, wide-eyed and thrilled, her finger on her lips.

*The next instalment of "**Making Money**" will appear in the August number.*

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"THE ALCHEMIST." *From the painting by Teniers*

# Exploring the Soul and Healing the Body

by MAX EASTMAN

**Danger Signal: Don't go to trying this on your own case off-hand. But it's something you ought to know about.**

**Mr. Eastman was a teacher of philosophy for several years in Columbia University in New York. And his article has been examined and approved by one of the most experienced practical "psycho-analysts" in America. The conclusions are startling—but they are highly useful.—THE EDITORS.**

IN DESCRIBING a method of treating disease which I believe may be of value to hundreds of thousands of people, it is difficult to avoid the language of the patent-medicine advertisement.

*Are you worried? Are you worried when there is nothing to worry about? Have you lost confidence in yourself? Are you afraid? Are you depressed, nervous, irritable, unable to be decent-tempered around the house? Do you have to get up from your desk and go out in the hall every once in a while to pull yourself together? Are you absent-minded and forgetful to the point of inefficiency, indolent to the point of ruin? Do you suffer from headaches, nausea, "neuralgia," paralysis, or any other mysterious bodily disorder for which your physician can discover no bodily cause?*

*It may be that your trouble is a mental cancer which can be dissected out by this new method, and leave you sound and free and energetic.*

A young girl who had been a stenographer came to Dr. Hinkle in New York, a while ago, complaining of nervous fears, nausea, headaches, and dizziness. She was unable to work. She was unable to play. She had an abnormal fear of meeting people she knew when she went out, of having to speak to them. She thought she was going to die. Then she decided she was becoming insane. And perhaps there was some truth in both these terrors; for she was a victim of what is called "anxiety neurosis"; and just where that may end if it is not



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DR. CARL G. JUNG, OF ZURICH, WHO WAS A PUPIL OF FREUD AND NOW HEADS A SECOND "SCHOOL" OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

cured, even an expert can not predict.

By means of a deep analysis of this girl's soul, after the method I shall describe, Dr. Hinkle discovered the source of her trouble. She had become desirous of the love of her employer, but refused to acknowledge this even to herself; refused to *face* it, deeming it a shameful and impossible thing. But that desire, which she would not let come outward into any form of expression, turned and delved inward into her soul, and it revived and inflamed all the old and more or less forgotten desires of childhood, which her education had repressed, and they all conspired together in secret against her sanity and health. This process was all unconscious. And so it required a specialist in mental anatomy, a surgeon of the mind, to uncover to her these secrets of her own nature. And when they were uncovered they were speedily cured, and she is now as well able to work and play as anybody else.

Now estimate the proportion of people who are suffering from "anxiety neurosis," or something like it, in your own acquaintance, and multiply that proportion by the population of the United States, and you will see why I feel like writing an advertisement of the method of treatment that cured her.

It is called "Psycho - analysis," which means analysis of the soul, or mind. And the theory of it is that countless numbers of diseases that we call nervous, or mental, and countless others that we do not name at all, *are caused by desires which dwell in our minds without our knowing they are there; and that if we can be made clearly aware of these desires, their morbid effects will disappear.*

Let me illustrate this with another story, that of a friend of mine who was cured of fainting spells in the psycho-analytic hospital at Zurich, Switzerland. He is a young man of muscular body and vigorous health, and he never had any chronic trouble except these sudden attacks of nausea and swooning, which no doctor of medicine could explain. At the hospital in Zurich he was



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asked to relate to the physician the whole story of his life, omitting nothing that he could remember, no matter how trivial. And he was asked also every morning to relate the dreams he had dreamed the night before. And by piecing together all the significant things he related in the course of a several months' confessional, and by interpreting his dreams in a manner I shall explain later, the physician managed to bring my friend to realize for himself *what it was in his mind that was unconsciously causing the trouble.*

He had been in love with a girl and engaged to her. She had broken the engagement. In doing so she had told him that she hoped, if he were ever sick or in trouble, he would tell her, and she would come to him. He had gone away and tried to forget her, and, so far as he consciously knew, he had succeeded. But unconsciously he was thinking of her all the time, and he was *recoiling from all other interests and activities*, and longing to be with her. And this unconscious longing found expression in fits of sickness—perhaps just because she had told him that she would come to him if he were ever sick or in trouble.

And the best part of the story is, that after the day my friend told his physician that he understood this unconscious cause of his fainting spells, the fainting spells *absolutely never returned.*

It sounds like magic, doesn't it?

Well, it is not a magic. It is a science of healing which is believed in and practised by many leading nerve-specialists and alienists both in the United States and Europe. It has five medical journals devoted exclusively to its development. It is becoming so popular a form of treatment with those who can afford to make a business of being sick that they are paying from two to five hundred dollars a month to have their souls analyzed—and frequently with the happy result that they take up some other line of business.

Doctor Sigmund Freud, the originator of this method of treatment, was a pupil of Dr. Charcot in Paris, "the great Charcot," whose name stands among those at the head of the list in the history of the treatment of the nervous system.

Freud was a fellow-worker in the Hospital Salpetrière with Pierre Janet, whose name is second only to that of Charcot, and whose work on Hysteria is a classic in that department of medicine. Freud is now professor of nervous pathology in the University of Vienna. But his psychological theories, his interpretation of dreams, and his method of treating nervous and mental disorders, developed out of his actual practise as a physician, and not out of professorial speculations. They are the result of twenty years' practical experiment and concrete observation not only by himself, but by a distinguished group of physicians who have surrounded him.

The most notable among these is Dr. Carl G. Jung of Zurich, who stands at the head of another "school" of Psycho-analysis. For in Europe this movement has gone so far as to produce two, if not indeed more than two, different groups of physicians, emphasizing different parts of the theory and its method of application.

### FREUD IN AMERICA

Professor G. Stanley Hall first introduced Freud's ideas to this country in an official way in 1910, by inviting him and his noted pupil, Dr. Jung, to lecture on Psycho-analysis at Clark University. But to Dr. A. A. Brill, now Chief of the Clinic of Psychiatry at Columbia University, belongs the honor of having first translated into English some of Freud's clinical reports and his book on dream interpretation, and of having first adopted in his own practise Freud's method of work.

Since then a dozen and more other books by Freud and his followers have been translated, several books by American physicians have been published, and a year ago last fall the *Psycho-Analytic Review* was first issued. Dr. William A. White, the head of the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, is one of its editors, and the other is Smith Ely Jelliffe, M.D., Ph.D., of New York, visiting physician at the City Hospital and the Hospital for Nervous Diseases. In this hospital, as well as at the Post-Graduate Hospital, the Bronx Hospital, and elsewhere in New York, and at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Psycho-analysis is one of the curative agents regularly employed.

You see, it is a kind of "magic" that is rapidly winning the attention of the most scientific minds in the world of medicine. And because a generous proportion of civilized people suffer from some form of

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nervous or mental *ill-health*, it is a thing that is of enormous importance.

How much of it is true? How much of it is false? To what cases does it apply, and what are the limits of its application? These questions every thoughtful person will have to ask himself. For Psycho-analysis — whatever improvements and corrections of it the future may hold—Psycho-analysis is a permanently established method of treatment. Let us go a little deeper into the explanation of it.

Psycho-analysis is a technique for finding out what is in the unconscious mind. And the "unconscious mind" is the place where those desires and fancies go which we are not willing to acknowledge even to ourselves.

I suppose my friend was not absolutely unconscious of that desire to quit work and go back to his best girl. He mused about it a little, probably, when he was alone in the dark, or at specially melancholy moments. But the rest of the time he not only spoke and behaved, but actually *thought and felt*, like a man who had had his disappointment and *got entirely over it*. And you can see that it would be only one step farther in the same direction for him to repress that longing altogether, and *never* think of it; and yet the longing would still continue to exist.

At least it would continue to have its effects upon his conduct and his health. And because of those effects, scientists are justified in assuming that it exists. They assume that an unconscious mind exists, because by making that assumption they are able to *deal with people* more successfully, although they never saw an unconscious mind, and in the very nature of things never can see one. In just the same way physical scientists assume that there is in the spaces between the stars, and between the atoms of matter, a substance called "ether," and that light consists of waves in that substance, not because anybody ever saw or could see waves in the ether, but because by making that assumption they are able to *deal with light* better in the laboratory.

An ambitious young lady of eighteen was taking her college entrance examinations. In the midst of a difficult paper she felt very weak and unable to write, and when she attempted to rise she fell to the floor unconscious, and thereafter spent nine months in a wheel-chair suffering from paralysis. She was bitterly disappointed that she could not go to college. That was the grief that most possessed her conscious mind. But by assuming that there was an *unconscious* mind which felt differently about it, which in fact just *wanted to stay home with mama*, the paralysis was not only explained, but in the end totally cured.

So we must learn to think of our minds as containing not merely what we think about, but also a great many other things—things we have for one reason or another *refused* to think about.

The already celebrated case of a blind man, reported by Dr. Ames of the Neurological Institute in New York, will illustrate this. It will also show us an example of Psycho-analysis at work.

On October 4, 1912, a man was admitted to the Neurological Institute, stone blind. He had been unable to see a thing since July 24, when, after going to bed in good health, he had awakened the next morning in complete darkness. The man's health was otherwise good, but he had lost his job, and his wife and three children as well as himself were on the edge of destitution.

Dr. Ames says that the man volunteered the remark that he dreamed a great deal and that most of his dreams were about fighting. It seems that almost every night before he went blind he used to go into the ring, and he usually "got licked."

The doctor questioned him about these dreams; he asked him what fist-fighting seemed to be connected with in his waking life.

He replied that he was "not a man to provoke quarrels." In fact, he had gone through fifteen years of married life without ever a quarrel in the family.

Had he sometimes, then, wanted to quarrel with his wife?

Yes, he had. His married life had been unhappy and he had often wanted to go away, but he believed in the sanctity of the marriage tie, and he also believed in keeping the peace. So he controlled himself, and was quite a model of regularity and submission during the daytime, although he had to make up for this, apparently, by letting himself loose in the night.

*Our dreams fulfil the personal wishes that our waking world denies.* That is a part of Freud's theory, and it is beautifully exemplified in the case of this blind man.

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DR. SIGMUND FREUD, OF VIENNA, ORIGINATOR OF THE METHOD OF TREATING DISEASE DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

DR. SMITH ELY JELLIFFE, A DISTINGUISHED NEW YORK NEUROLOGIST WHO IS PRESENTING FREUD'S IDEAS IN AMERICA.

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One night after he had been admitted to the hospital he dreamed the following apparently rather commonplace but really important dream.

*He went into a drug-store and became engaged in an argument with the druggist, getting so enraged that he threatened the druggist with a law-suit.*

When the doctor asked him if he remembered what drug-store it was, or if any recent incidents of his life were connected with a drug-store, he said "No." The druggist reminded him, not of any druggist he knew, but of a former employer.

And what of that employer? Was there any particular reason for starting a fight with him?

Yes—the employer had discharged him some time ago, on the ground that he was making love to one of the girls in the establishment.

And was this charge justified by the facts?

On the contrary. The fact of the matter was that the employer himself was making love to the lady.

Yes?

And the worst of it was that his wife took up the accusation that his employer had made. So besides losing his job, he lost what fragments of a happy home his fifteen years of self-discipline had managed to save.

Now, one of the laws of dream-interpretation may be stated this way: that persons and things in a dream are not the persons and things they *appear* to be, but they are the persons and things which they *remind the dreamer of* after he wakes up. And so we are entitled to say that the druggist in this dream is not a druggist in reality. He is not even the employer that he looks like. *He is the man's wife, because his wife immediately comes into his mind when he begins to think about the employer.*

Having led the man to realize that the druggist was actually his wife, it remained for the doctor to discover what the "law-suit" was. And, after a little reluctance, he confessed that the idea of a law-suit reminded him of "divorce proceedings."

This confession once out, he was ready to admit that of the two things which had dwelt most in the secret parts of his mind lately, one was that he might create such an open clash in his marriage relations as would give him courage to say to his wife the word divorce. The other was that he might take his children some day and simply disappear out of the house, and never see his wife again. But neither of the thoughts accorded with his ideas of right conduct, and he tried to repress them.

Let us imagine the conversation that followed. The result we have on the authority of Dr. Ames himself.

"Then what you really want," says the doctor, "although you hate to admit it, even to yourself, is never to see your wife again?"

"Yes—that is what I want."

"Well, don't you think there is an easier way to accomplish that desire than by going blind?"

"I guess there is, doctor!"

It sounds incredible, but the doctor handed him a newspaper at this point and he proceeded to read it. This was four days after his admission to the hospital. He had been totally blind for three months. He had no trouble reading the newspaper, and has had no trouble with his vision since.

I don't know whether it will please or disappoint the reader to know that after this open acknowledgment of a concealed wish, the patient not only recovered his health, but felt somewhat differently toward his wife. Now that a divorce could be frankly talked about as a possibility, it seemed a little less acutely desirable than it did when he was afraid even to think of it, and so instead of forthwith procuring the object of desire that his dreams had revealed, this patient returned home to dwell with his wife upon a new basis of frankness and freedom of speech.

Here again, you see, is almost a magical cure. A man was trying to "put something out of his mind," but all he succeeded in doing was *putting it out of his consciousness.* It remained in his mind, and found expression, in spite of him, in the form of a psychic or "hysterical" blindness. And as soon as he brought this desire up into clear consciousness and *faced it*, the blindness disappeared.

Freud simply generalizes such cases as these. He says that a large part of the sickness and "trouble" in the world is caused by desires which we have refused to think about, but which live their life of imagination below the surface of our minds and *act through us*, whether we will or no.

And most of these trouble-making desires, naturally, are related to the sex life—*first*, because sex desires are so strong, and *second*,

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PROFESSOR G. STANLEY HALL, OF CLARK UNIVERSITY, WHO BROUGHT DR. FREUD TO THIS COUNTRY TO LECTURE.

DR. A. A. BRILL, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, WHO WAS THE FIRST PRACTITIONER OF FREUD'S METHODS IN AMERICA.

DR. WILLIAM A. WHITE, HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, IS AN EDITOR OF THE *PSYCHO-ANALYTIC REVIEW*.

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because they are so urgently repressed by culture and conscience and convention.

Dr. Brill tells a sad story of a pretty girl who came to him suffering from "insomnia, irritability, loss of appetite, constipation, headache, uncalled-for worry, crying spells, and anxious expectation . . . often repeating that she would like to die. She knew that she really had nothing to worry about and that she had everything to live for, and yet she could not 'shake off the blue feeling.'" And all this complicated array of miseries was found to arise from the fact that he didn't propose to her the *fourth* time, which was just the time she was particularly banking on!

Of course, after he disappointed her, and even let her see his attention to another girl, she never would admit to herself that she had hoped for that fourth proposal. She merely "forgot all about him," or so she persuaded herself. But he had his revenge; for it is just these things we have *voluntarily forgotten* that give us most of our trouble.

### THE MENACE OF SUBMERGED DESIRES

The mind is like a deep mine, or a mysterious well of water, whose conscious surface is not large, but which spreads out to great distances and great depths below. And the things that are in these unconscious depths—wishes, images, ideas, loves, hates, fears that we know nothing about—are often much more important than what is on the surface. They have more to do with determining the course of our life, they have more to do with determining our beliefs, our friendships, our health, success or failure, than any of the things that we consciously think about. So it is of the very highest importance, especially to those who are sick or unhappy, to know what these things in their unconscious minds are.

One of the most interesting cases in which the unconscious mind of a sick person was analyzed and a cure effected, is the case of Elizabeth R——, the case through which Freud himself first became strongly convinced that unconscious desires are a cause of mental and nervous diseases. Elizabeth R—— had been a young person of vigorous mind and body since childhood, but she came to Dr. Freud suffering from sharp pains in her legs and unable to stand erect.

Dr. Freud examined her, and could find no diseased tissues in her body to account for the pains she suffered. So he decided that the disease was in her mind, and he assumed furthermore that if her mind was diseased to such an extent as to give her feelings of pain and make her think she could not straighten up her body, the disease must have had its cause in some severe mental shock that she had received in her past life. So he instituted a search into Miss Elizabeth's memory.

He asked her to lie down and close her eyes and tell him the whole story of her life—concealing nothing, relating every incident, every little thought, or feeling, or fancy that came into her mind.

Of course it took many days for her to tell the whole story, and it required a great deal of sympathy and tact and friendly understanding on the part of the physician to induce her to uncover the inmost secrets of her soul. But in the end she told him not only all that she consciously remembered, but many things which she did not remember until his questionings and her persistent reflections dragged them up out of the depths of her mind.

Space for the whole fascinating romance is lacking, but it will suffice for our purposes to say that the "shock" which Freud had been looking for, turned out to be, not so much a shock, as the repression of a passionate longing. And when this repressed longing was revived in her consciousness, and its close relation to her peculiar symptoms was perceived by her, the symptoms began to disappear.

Miss Elizabeth had loved the husband of her own sister, and during the fatal illness of her sister, she had been much with him, and had even grown to feel that his presence was indispensable. And when, after her sister died, she came in and stood for the last time by that bedside, the thought flashed through her mind, involuntarily: "Now he is free again, and I can become his wife!"

At that thought, coming into her mind at that moment, she was horrified. She was horrified at the whole situation, and she made a mighty effort to escape it. She put the whole group of love-dreams about her brother-in-law out of her consciousness, and refused to acknowledge that it had ever existed.

But that group of love-dreams continued to live and flourish under the surface of her

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mind, and it took revenge upon her by transferring its pain to her body and crippling her power to live.

Says Freud: "When I summed up the whole situation with these prosaic words: 'You were really for a long time in love with your brother-in-law,' she complained of the most horrible pains at that moment; she made another despairing effort to reject the explanation, saying it was not true, that I suggested it to her, that it could not be, she was incapable of such baseness, and that she would never forgive herself for it. It was quite easy to prove to her that her own information allowed no other interpretation, but it took a long time before the two reasons that I offered for consolation, viz., that one is not responsible for one's feelings, that her sickness under those circumstances was sufficient proof of her moral nature—I say it took a long time before these consolations made an impression on her."

It remains only to add that after this deepest origin of her pains became clearly known to the patient, her disease finally disappeared.

It is another case of unhealthy repression, you see. And it reveals the source of most of the inexplicable sickness and morbid trouble in the world. Instead of facing reality, admitting that we are what we are, and thinking out a deliberate course of conduct in the light of the facts, we shudder at the cruel impulses of our hearts, hastily cover them up, and leave them to fester away, in the very core of our being.

I do not want to give the impression that a man can sit up to the table like a pig, or swill liquor till the small hours of the night, and then go and be cured of his deserts by a psycho-analyst. This treatment, like all others, has its own field of application; it has its limits, and they are as yet undetermined. I would be willing to say, however, that a great many people who do sit up to the table like pigs, do this just because they are driven on by repressed desires in the unconscious. Their gluttony is the symptom of a disease, and a disease of the kind Freud's science may possibly explain. For many and many of us are chasing rather madly through this world, and just exactly what it is that we are chasing we will never guess, until some kind friend or physician of this newer school, some modern Socrates, teaches us to "know ourselves."

"I place reliance upon the opinion," says Freud at the conclusion of the analysis of Miss Elizabeth, "that the patient's affection for her brother-in-law, intense as it was, was not clearly known to her except on rare occasions and then only momentarily. . . . At that time, as well as during the analysis, her love for her brother-in-law existed in the form of a foreign body in her mind without entering into any relationship with her other ideas." And this foreign body became so inflamed at last, that it broke out into her conscious life in a disguised form as a neurotic symptom.

### HOW DREAMS HELP THE DOCTOR

That is how Freud arrived at his theory of repressed desires as the cause of nervous disorders. His theory of dream-interpretation, by which he is better known to the public, was a later and secondary discovery. But it was closely related to this one.

These "foreign bodies" (that is, repressed desires) in the unconscious mind, not only express themselves in a disguised form in our nervous and mental symptoms, but they also express themselves in a disguised form in our dreams. And that often makes it easier—when these desires lie deep below our consciousness—to find out what they are. For the dream's disguise may be more easy to penetrate than the disguise of the symptom. And so, as we have seen in the case of the blind man, the interpretation of dreams becomes an important factor in the Freudian method of analyzing the unconscious.

I have drawn a little diagram which explains how dreams result from a repressed desire. Imagine, first, that you are a person with a bad temper. A neighbor comes in and retails a piece of particularly mean gossip about a friend of yours. She makes you "so mad you could kill her." And that is no figure of speech; it is the way you feel. We all inherit the instinctive impulses of the savage, and only our culture and education prevent our carrying these impulses out. Instead of killing people we "cut them dead." So, in this case, you only express your anger by asking your neighbor to leave the house. After she has gone you think of a whole lot of mean things you would like to do to her. But these are unchristian, you say to yourself, and so you put them away and finally "control your

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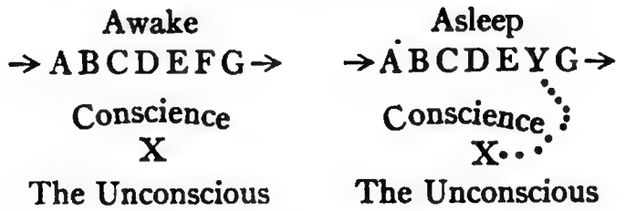
temper." That night you dream that you are *choking a little white dog to death.**




Now X, in my diagram, represents the pleasant idea of killing your neighbor. The line A B C D E F G is your "stream of consciousness." The curved line marked "conscience" represents your vigorous *repression* of the idea of killing your neighbor. It prevents X from coming into the stream of consciousness; *or, when you are awake, from coming anywhere near it.* But after you go to sleep, and the repression of your conscience is a little relaxed, then X floats up very near to the stream of consciousness, and it succeeds in throwing into that stream an idea, Y, which is closely associated with X in your mind.

For instance, "A little white dog" emerges there, seemingly a mere fantastic accident, but in reality for two good reasons:

(1) Your neighbor is very white-faced and sharp-looking.

(2) When you asked her to leave, you actually said, "I won't have a biting dog in my house."

The letter Y in the diagram represents the idea of choking a little white dog, which is closely connected, *by association in your own memory*, with the idea of killing that back-biting neighbor. The dream was thus a symbol of the fulfilment of your unsatisfied wish. And, according to Freud, all dreams can be proved to be such symbols, if the dreamer and the interpreter are willing to spend enough time unraveling the memories with which the objects in the dream are associated.

We have seen how, in the case of the blind man, his dreams of fist-fighting fulfilled, in a slightly symbolic form, the *desire to quarrel*, which he was continually repressing during the daytime. And we have seen how his threatening a druggist who looked like his employer, who reminded him of his wife, with a "law-suit," fulfilled in a slightly more symbolic form his desire to bring divorce proceedings against his wife. In these cases the repressed desire might well have been uncovered without the dream, but even here the dream furnished the starting-point for a conversation which delved very deep into the patient's mind. And dreams usually do that, according to the psycho-analysts, for they are always symbolically related to the hidden thoughts that concern us most.

Dr. Brill's forlorn young lady of the lost proposal dreamed that she was in a street with a large flock of chickens, who chased her, and the biggest one caught up with her and said something like "Come with me into the dark."

When she was asked to give the ideas that came into her mind in association with the scene, she said that the street was the one in which she used to wait with the other girls after school until the boys came by, and each would be singled out by her steady friend—her "chicken," yes, that was what they used to say! And her steady friend on those occasions was this same gentleman of the flagging proposals!

Moreover, in association with the word "dark" came the word "mystery," and she remembered her parents telling her that "marriage is a mystery."

So here again the dream, being interpreted, seems to be an imaginary fulfilment of the very wish she would not acknowledge. Her laggard friend issues from the crowd and pursues her, and asks her to "come with him into the mystery."

Here, also, according to Dr. Brill's report, the wish being at last confessed in the open light of consciousness, she decided *to take her disappointment straight*, and then all that nervous worry and headache and the other symptoms which were a kind of indirect *representation of the disappointment*, gradually melted away. We have but to name these nervous diseases with their true name, it seems, and they dissolve like the charms in a fairy story.

That is not always true, however, for in some cases a total re-education of the mind is necessary. But of that process I will write in the next number of EVERYBODY'S. I will explain, too, how vitally Freud's science applies, not only in the healing of the sick and sorrowful, but in the conduct of every-day life. And what is more important still, I will tell what new wisdom it brings to the art of educating young children.

*This analysis of a dream was reported by Dr. Ferenczi of Vienna in a lecture on Psycho-analysis at Clark University, 1910.

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# The HERO BUSINESS

by

EDITH R MIRRIELEES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD HOPPER

"STOPPING off at Willits?" the man across the aisle questioned as Burke began gathering up his belongings. "You don't live there?"

"Not me!" Burke denied with the pride of the urban dweller. "But I'm stopping off between trains to see if I can find an old pardner of mine. Man named O'Brien," he ended with fine carelessness.

The questioner sat up abruptly at the name. "Not Jim O'Brien? Why, didn't you hear about him? That time the schoolhouse burned? Why, I had a kid in that schoolhouse." He crossed the aisle and bumped down in the seat facing Burke. "I guess you can locate your man, all right. They had sixty children in there, and if it hadn't been for Jim——"

"I read about it," Burke interrupted. He busied himself over his suit-case to hide the twitching of his mouth. "Jim got hurt, didn't he? Did he get all right? Has he got the same old place?"

"Same old farm. Don't peddle his vegetables any more, though. He sends his stuff in to Butte. I tell him to stick to his wagon; he could charge us a dollar apiece for his potatoes, and we'd not say a word. Know your way, do you?"

"I ought to," Burke scorned.

He took pains to lose his informant in leaving the train and made his way alone through the town. For a year he had been planning the pilgrimage, ever since a morning paper had exalted O'Brien into a hero. Now, actually making it, he found himself returned in spirit as well as in flesh—listening instinctively for the rattle of his



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partner's wagon, for the sound of his booming voice from behind some swinging door.

The main street was familiar to him still, in spite of his years of absence—the same sodden frame station at its end, the same disorderly sequence of saloons and stores and lodging-houses leading to the neater residence section; only, well out from the main portion of the town, where formerly the schoolhouse had stood, was now a parked square and a tablet in its center.

As far away as the board sidewalk he could read the blacker words of its inscription: "ON THIS SPOT — JAMES O'BRIEN—" He did not wait to decipher the connecting phrases. He went hurrying down the road to O'Brien's farm.

The owner of the farm was at work among his onion-sets. At first glimpse he was altogether unchanged—a little too heavy for his height, a little stubbly as to chin and loamy as to fingers; but Burke, standing before him, was impressed none the less by a subtle difference to which he could give no name.

"Why, you remember me—Charlie Burke?" he protested, suddenly ill at ease. "You remember me, all right? I was coming through and I hadn't seen the old place for so long——"

"Just passing and happened to see me?" O'Brien questioned. He laid down his hoe for a second handshake. "Oh, I knew you. Only, I thought maybe you'd come— Say, we don't need to stand here. Come on up to the house."

He led the way across the crisp fields, talking measuredly as they went—the crops, the weather, the changes he had made on the farm; and Burke, still unaccountably shy, followed silently. The outside of the log house was its old, weather-beaten, bachelor self, but as O'Brien thrust open the door, "Jim, you've got married!" his guest accused.

The host shook his head. "No. It's changed round some inside. Here, wait till I get a chair for you." He scooped up an armful of cushions and proffered the cleared seat. "Looks cleaner than it used to," he commented with embarrassment. "Guess it could stand being some cleaner. But I'm getting too many things around. I can't seem to keep 'em down——"

"I should think not!" Burke cried. He awoke suddenly to the meaning of the decorations. "I should think not! If cushions is the way they show their gratitude, they'll smother you in cushions. Why, Jim, when I read about that fire——"

"Oh, Lord!" said O'Brien patiently.

But the current of a twelve months' enthusiasm is not so readily checked.

"I tell you when I read about that fire," Burke proclaimed, "when I thought it was good old Jim O'Brien that I'd summered and wintered with that did it, why, I tell you I felt—I started to write to you. Then I was going to come down, but I knew there'd be such a lot——"

"There was," O'Brien said, still with the same measured gentleness of manner.

It caught the newcomer's attention this time, halting him half-way in his eloquence. All at once he recognized the alteration which had been puzzling him. It was not physical; it was merely that O'Brien no longer raised his voice in talking, no longer gesticulated. He spoke and moved with studied self-restraint, like a man under surveillance. A memory of him pounding home his argument on the table-top, shaking the walls with his laughter, sent his friend groping back after reasons for the change.

"You got well, all right, Jim? You're looking well. Been having a good year?"

"A good year," the farmer assented. "I'm shipping now. I decided to give up the wagon; there's profit enough——"

"Then what's the matter with you?" Burke demanded. He planted himself in front of his host. "Something is. I been seeing it ever since I come. Is it money? Well, then, what is it? If it's anything I could fix up——"

"It isn't," O'Brien said. "I'm all right. I'm tired maybe."

He got to his feet and began rummaging for something in the kitchen cupboard. "Ever try being popular, Charlie?" he asked mildly from its depths. "Look at that! There was sixty of those kids, and every time one of 'em has a birthday——"

"That" was a segment of cake, a mammoth one, inscribed with pink on white icing.

"There's a chocolate one around somewhere. I never was much of a hand for cake. And some of the women come over Saturdays and clean up for me. And I had to stop the wagon. The way they treated me— Say, I never said anything like this before. If it'd get back to 'em——"

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THE YOUTH'S EYES WERE FIXED DEVOURINGLY ON O'BRIEN'S FACE.



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Burke was gasping with irreverent laughter. "It won't," he promised. "I'm leaving on Number Five. But, Jim, what's the matter with you? Throw their cakes out and lock the doors on 'em. Anyhow, they'll get over it quick enough. If that's the worst of it——"

The victim shook his head. "I can't buy anything any more. I can't so much as buy my groceries where I want. Harter won't take a cent from me, because that cross-eyed girl of his was in the fourth grade. And I could stand that; you can send off for things. But the way they keep watching— Look here, I never was what you'd call a drinking man?"

"I guess *not!*" the former partner verified indignantly.

"Well, and I wasn't taking to drink when I got well, either. But every minister in town come at me and all of the mothers. You'd think I was living under glass. They'd got me to sign a pledge before I was well enough to know what I was doing. You'd think that whole sixty kids was waiting to follow if they saw me crook my elbow. And they were! I can't go down street without they're pointing at me, and they come out here and stand around——"

"Don't you care what people say! You do as you please!"

A heavy red crept up beneath O'Brien's tan. "Well—you can't very well. It's different when it's children." He hesitated. "I'd sell out if I could find anybody to give me my price. Or, if I thought they'd get over it——"

"They will," Burke prophesied. "You give 'em another year."

O'Brien shook his head. "I don't know. I don't know if they will or not. There's one thing I've thought about— Where were you brought up, Charlie? Back East somewhere?"

"Coast o' Maine."

"So was I. And you remember the celebrations they'd have—Old Settlers' Day and Memorial Day, and go out and fix up the graves? Well——"

"Well?" the listener repeated, entirely puzzled.

"Don't you see what I mean? Out West, like this is, they haven't got those things. I'm all they got. I'm like their soldiers' burying-ground to 'em; once they get to looking after me——"

"You make me tired!" his former partner protested explosively.

O'Brien got to his feet, stretching his arms and smiling a little, though subduedly still. "Makes me kind of tired too," he admitted dryly. "I don't know what started me off like this. I don't mind it most of the time—I'm off here by myself. Only, it's *all* the time. All the whole time I got to live up to that one fire. Why, I haven't had a glass of beer—why, I'll tell you how it's got with me. Nights, when I get to sleep, I dream there's a stein between my fingers, or something like that, and I get it up to my mouth and along comes one of those kids. If I could ever get away from 'em——"

"Well, you can," the listener interrupted. It was not altogether laughter which choked him. "There's other places in the world besides Willits. Look here, Jim, I'm going out on Number Five. You come along with me as far as Billings. I got some money."

"Oh, I have the money," O'Brien said. He got to his feet irresolutely. "I wouldn't want anybody around here to know. So long as the kids do feel that way——"

"I guess they ain't got the hero habit yet in Billings," the guest scoffed. He chuckled a little. "It's not just the thing I expected to be doing. I was going to be kind of laying flowers around on your statue. . . . Come on, Jim."

As they passed the parked square on their way to the station, O'Brien indicated it by a gesture. "They put that up! I never go by without thinking I'm under it. And that headstone business——"

He lowered his voice abruptly. Two half-grown girls were rounding the corner ahead. Their eyes were fixed worshipfully on O'Brien's face; they turned to let their gaze follow him after he had passed.

"Seems kind of mean," O'Brien commented inappositely. He spoke with hesitation. "You know the little ones, they—they fight, when they're playing, over which one's going to be me."

He talked no more of himself after that, and his studied passivity of face and voice did not fall from him until Billings was reached and they were safely ensconced in one of the curtained boxes at the back of a beer hall. Then he stretched out his hoe-calloused hands on the table with a puffing sigh of relief.

"Nobody'll see us in here! Gee, but it's good to get off! We'll sit here and talk and

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"EVERY TIME ONE OF THOSE SIXTY KIDS HAS A BIRTHDAY—I GET A CAKE."

have a glass or two, and if I want to say 'damn' while I'm talking, I can, without that whole shoal o' kids saying it after me." He raised his voice and beckoned to the attendant. "Two beers, son."

The youth addressed came over to their box and slowly mopped the table-top with a cloth he carried. His eyes were fixed devouringly on O'Brien's face.

"There's some champagne we just got," he insinuated.

"That's for bondholders," O'Brien complained humorously. He snapped down a half-dollar on the table. "Two beers, and hurry up. Never mind anything but the hurry."

When the boy was gone, O'Brien leaned toward Burke, breathing heavily.

"Champagne this time of day! Say, didn't he look at me kind of queer, or did he? Did you think——"

He broke off. Their waiter was returning. He carried a bucket in one hand. Two bottles stood in it, submerged in ice.

"We had it fixed for another party," he explained self-approvingly. "We can fix some more, though. And it won't cost you a cent, Mr. O'Brien. There won't anything cost you anything. I had a sister——"

Half-way down the block, Burke, a pace ahead, turned in tentatively toward the door of a saloon, but his companion did not follow the movement, and they went on in silence. They walked a long way—till the stores gave way to dwelling-houses, and the houses in turn to vacant lots and straggling pasture. Then, still in silence, the victim of his own bravery halted in his stride. He faced back toward the town.

"I guess I can get Number Eight home," he commented mildly. "I got a lot of asparagus to get off by night. Well—" He struggled for a moment with a furtive and embarrassed smile. "Well, good-by, Charlie. Any time you want to stop off and see how the hero business is going——"



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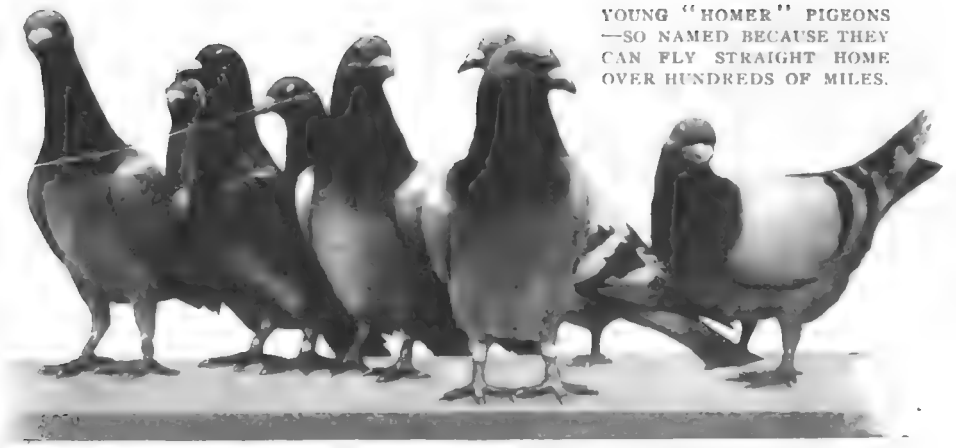

YOUNG "HOMER" PIGEONS —SO NAMED BECAUSE THEY CAN FLY STRAIGHT HOME OVER HUNDREDS OF MILES.

*Photograph by Brown Bros.*

# SIR BILL *and* LADY COO

## *Love Marriage and Divorce in Pigeon Land*

*by* ELISHA HANSON

***Editor's Note*—Mr. Hanson has been a pigeon-fancier from his youth. He has lived among pigeons and known them individually and watched their home-life for many years. The astonishing facts in this article are all drawn from his own personal observations.**

DOMESTIC life nearly approaches the ideal among pigeons. Except for the intervening of man, it probably would be ideal. Pigeons, if left to their own choice, marry from love and live together until death separates.

A breeder can turn twenty pairs of pigeons into the same enclosure safely. There will be no shifting of partners. And if the males and females of all these pairs are separated for the winter and brought together in the spring, each male will immediately pick out his own former mate and proceed dutifully to the building of a home and the rearing of a family.

Further, the affection of pigeons seems sometimes to be stronger than the affection of men. Frequently, when death claims one bird, the mate will commit suicide from starvation.

However, just as among men, so among pigeons there are differences between individuals, and there are also differences between the two sexes in their standards of morality. In a way, pigeons may be said to have the "double standard" of morality. In fact, though pigeons have no poverty and low wages to force them into vice and no Anthony Comstock to preserve them from it, their morality is just about a duplicate of the morality of human beings.

For instance, the majority of females are absolutely chaste till marriage. There is no restriction upon their acquaintance with the other sex. They have no chaperons. Nevertheless they live in a state of chastity which is amazing.

At the same time there are a few females who become a bit wayward in early life and who willingly receive the attentions of philandering males. These females can not be said to have been "ruined" by the moral environment of the stage or by the absence of a minimum wage in department stores. They are as they are. But it should be noticed that as soon as they marry they settle down and they give their affections solely and totally to their husbands.



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Among the males, on the other hand, there are large numbers of individuals who are perfectly willing before marriage to flirt with every little hen they meet. Their inclinations are perfectly promiscuous.

After marriage, among pigeon males, there is a great change. They devote themselves, most of them, entirely to their responsibilities as householders. They fall into a routine. This consists of building a home and of rearing one brood of youngsters after another.

There is a class of married male pigeons, however, whose sole object in life is to pose as beaux, who make love to every lady of their acquaintance, and who are continually in trouble with husbands and lovers. They are just as annoying in a community of pigeons as the mashers on Broadway.

But there are some fundamental differences between men and pigeons. For one thing, men have a repugnance to marriage between close relatives. Pigeons have not. Brother and sister, if allowed to, will mate. So will father and daughter.

Again, there are no celibate pigeons. Civilization among human beings tends apparently toward the development of a growing class of unmarried males and females in every country, while among even the most highly developed pigeons the marital instinct remains stronger than any other.

Further, men have various forms of marriage—monogamous and polygamous and polyandrous. Pigeons in their natural state have only one—monogamous. They mate by pairs and in no other way. Man has been able indeed to compel them to live polygamously in a few instances. But he has never been able to degrade them to polyandry, where one female lives with several males. And he has been absolutely unable to degrade them to promiscuity. Many animals seem to be by nature promiscuous. Pigeons are not promiscuous by nature and can not be made so by civilization.

Finally, man has the institution of divorce. So has the pigeon. But he didn't invent it for himself. In nature there is no divorce among pigeons. But man, who has introduced many complications into his own life, has also introduced the complication of divorce into the life of pigeons.

Every fancier, if he is dissatisfied with the progeny of a pair of his birds, immediately proceeds to separate them and to remarry them to other spouses, in an effort to improve the young. Eugenics is given the acid test among pigeons. Frequently it fails, but more often it succeeds.

At the present time I have in my loft a pair of fantails, each of whom was recently divorced from another mate. A loft is the fancier's term for the place where he keeps his birds, whether it be an actual loft or a shed on the rear of a city lot or a room in his

"THE KING:" ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S SUPERB FANTAILS—A BREED OF PIGEON WITH SMALL BODY AND A PEACOCK SORT OF TAIL.

"SNOWFLAKE" IS A VERY ARISTOCRATIC FANTAIL AND A HAPPILY REMARRIED DIVORCÉE—PROUDLY OWNED BY MR. HANSON.

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"AFRICAN OWLS"—A BREED OF PIGEONS WHICH SHOWS WHAT A BREEDER CAN DO TO NATURE. THESE BIRDS, TO BE WORTHY A PLACE IN THE SHOWROOM, MUST HAVE VERY SHORT BEAKS. AS A RESULT, THEY ARE NOT ABLE TO FEED THEIR OWN YOUNG.

basement. A fantail is one of man's most wonderful creations in pigeons, a bird with a small body and with a huge tail, which it keeps spread like a fan most of the time, in peacock fashion.

The Dancing Master, who is the husband in my pair of remarried divorcées, is one of the finest specimens of the fantail in existence. Snowflake, his new wife, is equally good. Both come from the lofts of Major Frank M. Gilbert, of Merritt, Florida, who has been breeding fantails, in one color only, for more than a half-century. When I wrote him that I wanted some of his birds, he took great trouble to pick out such as he thought would produce the kind of young I wanted to raise.

Snowflake and her then husband were not "throwing" right—that is, their young did not satisfy the Major. The Dancing Master and his then wife had similarly failed to live up to expectations. The Major divorced both couples, took the Dancing Master from one home and Snowflake from the other, shipped them to me, and told me to marry them when I received them.

Now a forced marriage between pigeons is not wholly unlike many marriages among men. The principals are introduced and given some time to get acquainted. Then, if they do not quarrel too vigorously, they are sent out into life together. Occasionally one bird or the other will absolutely refuse to mate with the bird selected by the marrying agent.

When I received Snowflake and the Dancing Master, I placed them in adjoining cages. It happened that it didn't take the Dancing Master long to see what was the proper thing to do. Within a few hours he was ardently making love to Snowflake. But for several days she scorned him. As I was about to give up hope, I caught them stealing a kiss through the wires of their cages. When I burst in upon them they immediately appeared just as unconcerned as any young couple of lovers suddenly intruded upon in their love-making. I knew, however, that my work was well started toward completion, and so I placed them in a cage together. A few hours later I put them out in my loft, where they now have young.

In divorcing pigeons and in remarrying them to other partners, man does not seem to interfere with their permanent happiness. When the new unions are finally formed, there is as true a devotion among the new pairs as there had been among the old. It is the nature of pigeons to be in love and to be loyal. Yet there doesn't seem to be any absolute loss of memory of former mates. When divorces have been accomplished, it is exceedingly dangerous to bring a former husband into too close a proximity to his successor; for in such cases there is certain to be a quarrel between the two males.

Fantails, like all other varieties of show-pigeons, are the result of the cultivation of "sports" which have been "thrown" at some time back in the centuries when men were developing pigeon-types. By what is known as "line-breeding," it is possible for a fancier to mate birds as different as fantails and



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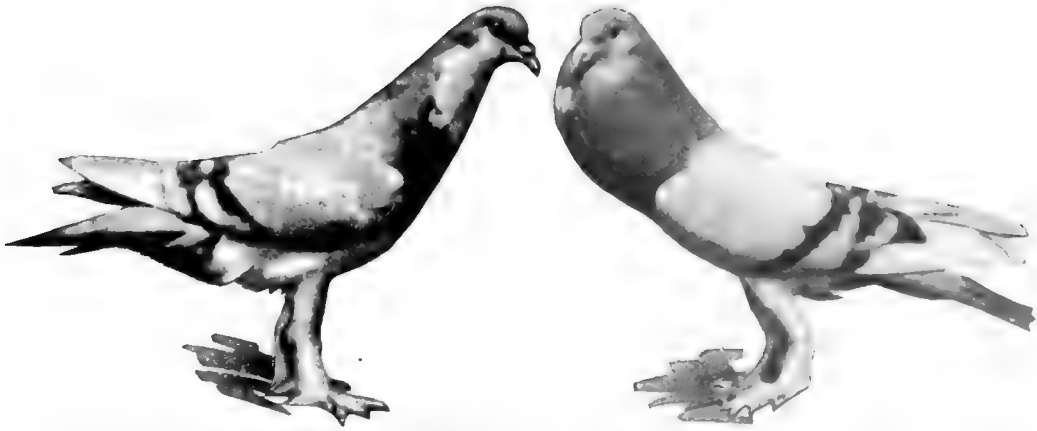

A PAIR OF BLUE PYGMY POUTERS, OWNED BY THE AUTHOR; THE MALE BIRD ON THE RIGHT. BY "LINE-BREEDING," POUTERS AND FANTAILS MAY BE MATED AND PRODUCE IN A FEW YEARS "PURE" TYPES OF EACH.

pouters, and yet in a few years have a group of "pure" fantails and a group of "pure" pouters. By the same process colors are solidified in birds.

Next to fantails, my favorite birds are parlor-tumblers. They are the acrobats among pigeons. They are small birds, with no unusual outstanding feature in their physical make-up, but they are absolutely unable to fly. They are distinguished from all other varieties by an ability to turn a backward somersault close to the ground at the command of the owner, or in fright, or in defense. They have been known to the civilized world since before 1600. One branch of the family turns once in the air, another twice, and a third will roll from five to forty feet on the ground.

My original pair of parlor-tumblers consisted of a yellow cock and a red hen. Their first pair of young consisted of a red cock and a yellow hen. Desiring lofts of both reds and yellows, in the second season, I mated the young red cock with the old red hen, his mother, and the young yellow hen with the old yellow cock, her father. The third season I repeated, mating the best young red cock back to the original red hen, who was his mother and who was also his grandmother, and the best red hen to the red cock, who was her brother in addition to being her father. I did the same with the yellows. From those matings I obtained a strain of *red* and a strain of *yellow* parlor-tumblers which are improving steadily now.

While wonderful results are accomplished by line-breeding, "throw-backs" frequently happen. I have known mated pairs of white birds to "throw" blacks or blues or mixed colors. Also, birds allowed to mate carelessly have produced young which were able to go into any showroom and sweep the boards.

The most interesting experience I ever had in this way occurred several years ago when a boy traded me some squabs for a pair of tumblers. I discovered that one of the squabs, instead of being four weeks, was eleven years old. I turned him loose in a loft where I had odd birds. There he mated up with a crippled hen. I watched this pair build their nest with the full intention of getting the squab which the father's age had robbed me of.

When the eggs were laid they were so large that I noted them in my loft register. When the young came they were tremendous. That pair of young violated every known rule in the pigeon world. Instead of being male and female, as is customary (for pigeons lay only two eggs at a time, and there is generally one of each sex in the pair), both were males. Instead of following the cock in color and the hen in type, they did exactly the opposite. And, on my part, instead of eating them, I saved them for the showroom, in which neither was ever beaten except by the other.

Now all these varieties of pigeons are descendants of the original ledge-roosting rock-doves of Europe and Asia. If allowed to breed indiscriminately, the very finest will soon revert almost to the original type.



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To-day, however, just as there are black, white, red, brown and yellow men, there are black, white, red, brown, and yellow pigeons. But pigeons have a little the advantage of men in that they have some additional colors, such as blue and silver and dun and mealy and strawberry and checkers. The wings of the last-named variety resemble, to some extent, a checker-board.

Pigeons, like human beings and unlike many other animals, have no breeding "season." They found their families at any time of the year, and in a state of nature their manner of choosing their mates does not differ much from man's.

There is nothing so similar to a young people's dance or frolic as the assembling of young male and female pigeons who have never been mated before. The hens will get into one group and the cocks into another until some one announces "choose your partners." And then, when the choosing begins, there is just as much confusion, just as much bumping, just as much treading upon toes, just as much coquetry, just as much importance among the males, as there is when men choose their partners in one of the old-fashioned dances.

Equal interest attaches to birds just as they expect their first eggs. I have a pair of yellow parlor-tumblers who remind me very much of two of my friends. For some days it was apparent to me that these birds expected an arrival in their family. They were most industrious about their home. One morning it became clear that the happy event was about to occur. The little husband rushed about the loft, in and out of the door, as fast as his legs could carry him. The hen sat quietly on her nest. I watched from the outside for some time and finally, when he rushed in and didn't appear for several minutes, I peeked in. She was tucking an egg under her breast, and he was sitting there beside her with an expression unsurpassable for tenderness.

In rearing young, as in sitting on eggs, pigeon-husbands share the work with their wives. The wives usually are on the nest from about four in the afternoon until around nine in the morning, when the husbands relieve them during the heat of the day.

Pigeons seldom neglect their domestic duties, but frequently one or the other will insist upon assuming all of the burdens. This is true with The King and Lydia, another pair of my fantails. They are so impressed with the importance of their new state that when one gets on the nest the other has to be fought away. They frequently end in an agreement to sit together on the nest. However, one or the other of them always does the actual covering of the eggs, so as to prevent harm coming to them.

My third pair of fantails are such ideal lovers that I haven't yet made up my mind whether they will prove good parents. I call them Paul and Virginia. He is a magnificent bird, a little too large for the showroom, but exceedingly showy in the loft. Virginia is a dainty little thing. From a eugenic point of view they are the best mated pair I have; for the defects of one are balanced by the good qualities of the other. They were so busy making love, however, that they failed utterly to build a suitable nest for their pair of eggs, and at last I was forced to build it for them, after they had laid their eggs actually on the bare floor of their nestbox.

Every minute of the day Paul is either making love to Virginia or feeding her some dainty, or else he is reclining in the sun while she lovingly runs her beak through his feathers. He cares for nothing in the world except her company, and she is wholly wrapped up in him.

This, manifestly, is not a marriage "to get away from boarding and have home-cooking." This is a *grande passion.*

In looking over the institution of matrimony among pigeons and in comparing it with the very similar arrangements among men, and with the very different arrangements among certain other animals (such as dogs or horses), it is impossible to avoid feeling that nature itself makes the original pattern in such matters and that artificial conditions merely improve that pattern, or disarrange it, in details. The basic design is the work of the Creator Himself, and as it was in the beginning so it shall be in the end.

Pigeons are pigeony—that's all. Without the help of judges and policemen they live, as a mass, in virtue. Without the help of "large cities" and "bright lights," they descend, as occasional individuals, into vice. And, without the help of the poets, Paul and Virginia live their own little reckless poem.

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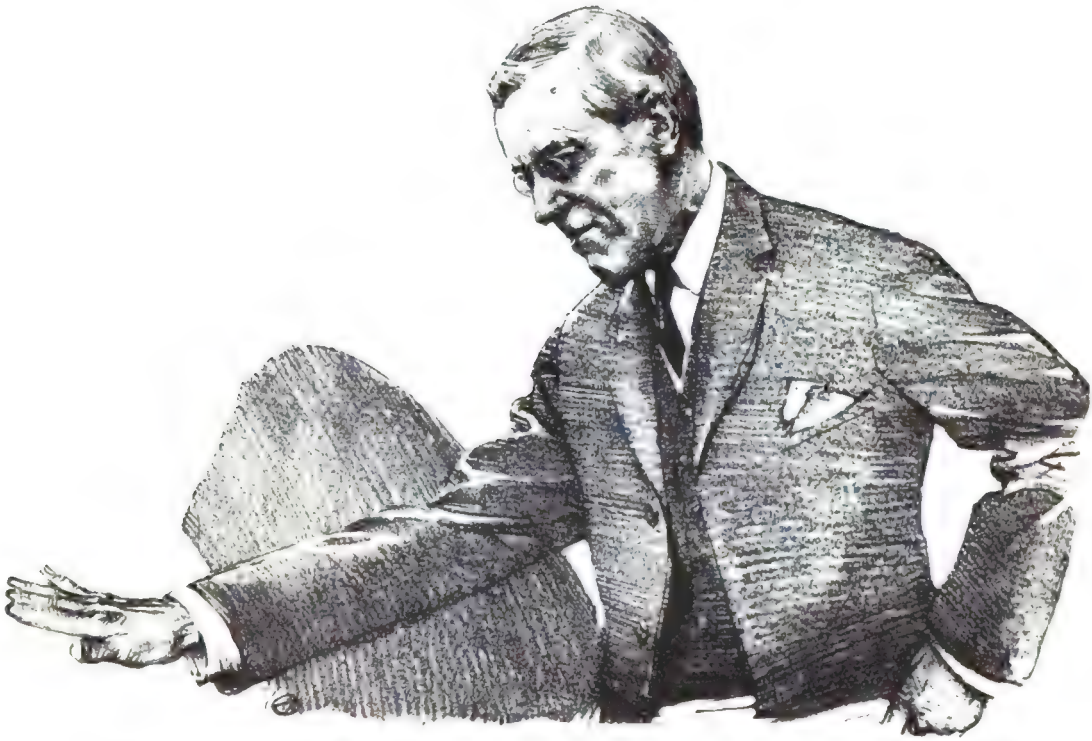
# POSSIBLE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES IN 1916



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## WILSON
### The Party Man

BENEATH the terrible earnestness of this picture there is a terribly earnest fact. When Wilson was running for Governor of New Jersey he eloquently urged all hands to refuse to vote for him unless they were willing to make him something more than merely Governor of New Jersey. Yes. And what was that? Why, "Leader of the Democratic Party." That's what he would consider himself elected to, if elected. And he was, and did. Make no mistake. If Wilson were waked up out of a sound sleep by a cruel psychologist and suddenly asked "What do you believe?" he wouldn't say "The New Freedom" or even "Peace." He would say "Government by Party." He is one of the two or three greatest party men in our whole history. Cleveland broke with his party. Wilson could have done so twenty times. But he didn't—and won't. He had a fine chance to split his party wide open on the Government Ships bill. But he took a licking rather than do it. Lots of men who don't like Wilson personally will vote for Wilson the Party Man in the Democratic Convention of 1916. In fact, we dare to venture to make bold to calculate that Wilson the Party Man will get just about *forty* per cent. of all the votes in the Convention.



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# WILSON
## The Book Man

WILSON the Book Man is no theorist. In his midnight-oil college days he reached an understanding with himself to be a public man. The public, which had nothing to do with this understanding, was destined remorselessly to become a party to it. Immediately thereafter young Mr. Wilson, as a scholar, proceeded to avoid every line of study leading anywhere except to the White House. Let Taft study what Sir Edward Coke in the days of King James in Merrie England would have understood by the words "Restraint of Trade." And let Roosevelt study jaguars. As for Wilson the Book Man, he studied practical politics. "History of the American People" — "Congressional Government" — "The State" — he has never written a book on anything else. And out of it all he got his great maxim which last year he confided to Congress: "Legislation is a business not of origination but of interpretation." That's practical. Let Suffrage cool its French heels in the anteroom! Wilson doesn't embrace an idea when it's born. He waits till it reaches its majority. And that's why just about everything he has advocated in Washington (except Government Ships) has had a majority that has been positively uninteresting. Going right nine times out of ten doesn't hurt anybody as a presidential candidate. Sailing out once more into the unknown, we predict that Wilson the Book Man will have at least *thirty* per cent. of the votes in the next Democratic Convention.



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# WILSON

**The Business Man**

ALAS for this Wilson! And yet he deserved a better fate. A lot of Eastern big-wig business men with nothing much but the wig above their collar-buttons are going around saying that Wilson has "disturbed" business. How? Income Tax? Every modern country, almost, that's civilized, has taxes like that. Federal Trade Commission? The National Chamber of Commerce took a referendum on that. It showed that the business bodies of the United States were crushingly in favor of a commission. Clayton Bill? Ten times as many business men wrote to Washington in favor of it as against it. Federal Reserve Board? Not one bankers' organization in the United States is asking to have it repealed—or thinking of asking. And all this legislation had numerous Republican votes. Fact is—now hold your breaths, all you radicals!—Wilson has been much more considerate of business sentiment than Taft. Wilson's Department of Justice has been actually sluggish and feeble in its prosecutions of "trusts." That may be right or wrong, as you look at it. But it has been in harmony with the business sentiment of the times. Yet Wilson the Business Man is unpopular with business. Irony! Why? Hard Times! Hard Times in the United States and in Japan and in Paraguay and elsewhere. Can't punish Wilson and Wilson's tariff in Paraguay. Natural query: "Why not punish 'em in the United States?" We predict no votes for Wilson the Business Man in the Convention of 1916.



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# WILSON

## The Peace Man

AIN'T he beautiful? Yet, frankly, we like him least of all the Four Wilsons who will run in 1916. Of course he's sincere. All four Wilsons are sincere, and doing their best for these United States. But there's something not quite ground-rock sensible in this Wilson. For instance, he told Congress last year that we must not depend on a large professional army—right!—but must build up a "citizenry trained and accustomed to arms"—right again! The true big democratic American doctrine! But six months have passed. Where is that trained citizenry? Not one step has been taken toward it. Not *one!* Yet Wilson doesn't hesitate to coerce Mexico. He makes the Mexicans open the port of Progreso against their will to American trade in sisal for American binder-twine. We coerce Mexico and yet we aren't strong enough, if the test came, to assert our just rights against any power our own size. There's something wrong about that. And Wilson admits it when he calls for a trained citizenry. But he only calls. He doesn't act. He doesn't really do it—or try to do it. If a war should be forced on us in our present unprepared state by any foreign power, this Wilson might be torn to shreds by a disillusioned and enraged public. Otherwise he will continue to be popular. Very. In the absence of war, we give Wilson the Peace Man *thirty* per cent. of the votes in the final count in the next Democratic Convention.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wilson the Party Man | 40 % |
| Wilson the Book Man | 30 % |
| Wilson the Business Man | 00 % |
| Wilson the Peace Man | 30 % |
| Total for the composite Wilson, | 100 % |

Which the same he will get if he wants it.



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# The AMATEUR JEW

by

E R LIPSETT

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND WELCOMES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

"DADDY, ye made it all right with him—didn't ye not?"

That was Denny Nolan's oft-repeated query, addressed with an air of secrecy to his father, Patrick Joseph, the first few days after the family had moved over from Manrole Street to the basement underneath that little synagogue, Anshei Smargon, on Allen Street.

Unless, indeed, his daddy had made it all right, the way Denny understood it, it was impossible to explain the conduct of that big, fat, red-whiskered Barney Schmalz, the wholesale herring merchant, who seemed to be everybody about that little synagogue, where Denny's daddy was now the reigning janitor.

Why, that was the very man to whom Patrick Joseph had so vehemently repudiated the bare suggestion of his being a Jew, and declared rather that he was a good Irish Catholic and bore a good old Irish name; and now, instead of running from him, as fast as ever his cork leg could carry him, Denny's daddy only hastened the other way, and every muscle in his face grinned a true Irish welcome, each time Mr. Schmalz chanced to show up about the premises. And Mr. Schmalz chanced to do that very often, for he was president, and the littler the synagogue the bigger the president—the more and the oftener he makes himself seen, and heard, and felt.

It looked as if that little synagogue was being run conjointly by Patrick Joseph and Barney Schmalz. They were the men; they two discussed all kinds of preparations for the oncoming high Holy Days; only Denny could not well tell which was the real boss. Still, even allowing supremacy to the other, Patrick Joseph could never, never have been where he was unless he had made it all right and become a Sheenie hisself. Denny was sure of that. Only he wanted to make it double sure, and that was why he kept on asking.

And invariably his daddy answered: "Av coorse, sonny, I made it all right with him. There never was nobody more all righter with any boss, Lord bless the man."

And Patrick Joseph meant it with his whole heart. For many a hungry month he had been hobbling around on his cork leg, without anybody to look at him, till he strayed the way of the warm-hearted Barney Schmalz, who made him tell his story, and gave him this start as janitor, with free quarters and free light, and five dollars a month. And that is saying nothing of personal gifts by the way, which a man of truly generous impulses scorns to have recorded.

Denny heaved a great sigh. At last, at last, he had succeeded in hammering some sense into his daddy's head. At last he had made a Sheenie and a man of him. Now the family should have their fill of all things, same as the others. It only remained for Denny to watch over his daddy and see him grow in favor.

The morning of Rosh Hashonah, when all the Sheenies was coming in to the Sheenigo, Denny's heart swelled out with pride at sight of his father, in his gray uniform and gold-laced cap, assisting at the entrance in taking the tickets from non-members, and turning away all such as had not any tickets. That was more than Denny's wildest dream could have run to. It was splendor and power and glory. And the credit was all Denny's—a-a-all his.

Later in the forenoon his little sister Minnie made a most pleasing discovery for Denny. During her time in the Hebrew Kindergarten on Montgomery Street—and



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for that, too, don't you forget, thanks to Denny hisself, and no other—Minnie had learned not only to sing the Hatikvah, but also to tell at sight anywhere an Aleph—the first letter in the Hebrew Aleph-Beth. And now Minnie found an Aleph in the gold letterings on her father's cap—one—two—three—three whole Aleph's Minnie pointed out with great glee. There was one Aleph in "Anshei," and there were two whole Aleph's in "Smargon." Yes; there was no manner of mistake about that. The only thing that remains for us to find out yet is whose was the greater—Minnie's pride in her two-year-old self or Denny's in his daddy.

Denny now thirsted for an opportunity to make public acknowledgment of his daddy. And soon enough that came, too.

The steps of the little synagogue were swarming with small boys, chasing one another in and out of that place of worship, with all the shrill noise that Ghetto youngsters know best how to make. The worshipers had enough to contend with besides, when Second Avenue trains came lumbering past, so close by that the women in the gallery could almost shake hands with the passengers; and so there were moments when the congregation could not properly enjoy their Chazan with his seven singers. It was part of Patrick Joseph's duty to keep these youngsters in check, and he had been provided for that purpose with a short whip.

The curtailment was illogical. A man with only one sound leg to help him about needed a whip at least twice as long. Patrick Joseph was at a double disadvantage, with his cork leg and his short whip, and the boys only found in him a fresh source of entertainment, teasing him expressly for the purpose of making him hobble after them.

Denny stood registering to himself all kinds of vows as to what he was going to do to those boys when he was growed up, leaving it wholly out of his reckoning that they too were to do their share of growing in the meantime. Anyhow, he could do no better for the present, for they were too many for him, and some of them much bigger than himself. Glup, the lame and bald cat, that followed Denny and Minnie about like a dog, was by Denny's side; and Glup likewise could do nothing; for after all she was only a cat, and no good for being set at anybody.

Presently Denny observed a group of tittering boys close behind his father; a hand here and there stealthily moving; all eyes fixed in attention. In a moment all became plain to Denny. They were sticking pins into his father's cork leg, trying to find out how high they could go. That was too much for Denny. He sprang in among them, bringing down with a heavy slap the hand that was essaying a fresh move with a pin.

"Let me daddy alone!" he cried. "This is me daddy!"

It would be little to tell that the boys immediately withdrew to a respectful distance, since Denny's action was at the same time the signal for Patrick Joseph himself to turn round. But it was an epochal incident, all the same. It was with different looks Denny was now regarded. In fact, he had not been getting any looks at all up to that. He had been an isolated little figure, standing all alone with Glup, unnoticed by anybody. Now he had all eyes steadied on him; and the boys, hitherto all strangers, soon made friends with him. He was worth courting, as a person of outstanding importance. And Glup, too, came in for her share of kindly attention, on the principle of love me, love my cat.

Inside the synagogue they had just concluded reciting the day's portion of the Law, in those soul-wrenching intonations peculiar to Rosh Hashonah. The Scrolls with their heavy silver ornamentations were proudly and tenderly carried back to the ark, accompanied by pious kisses from all on the way; and those that could not reach them with their lips struggled to touch them with the tip of a finger or a corner of the praying-scarf, contenting themselves afterward with kissing this instead.

Presently there was a lull, and very ominous one felt it. The great moment was now at hand. The event of the day, the sounding of the ram's horn—the blowing of the Shophar—was now to take place. Fathers hastened out to bring in their young ones from the steps and take them under their very wing, underneath the praying scarf. The rest of the boys, who had no fathers worth minding, or none at all, also followed in, gathering into a cluster by themselves near the door. They brought Denny in with them. Glup came limping behind, as a matter of course; and Patrick Joseph would not be too severe on her,

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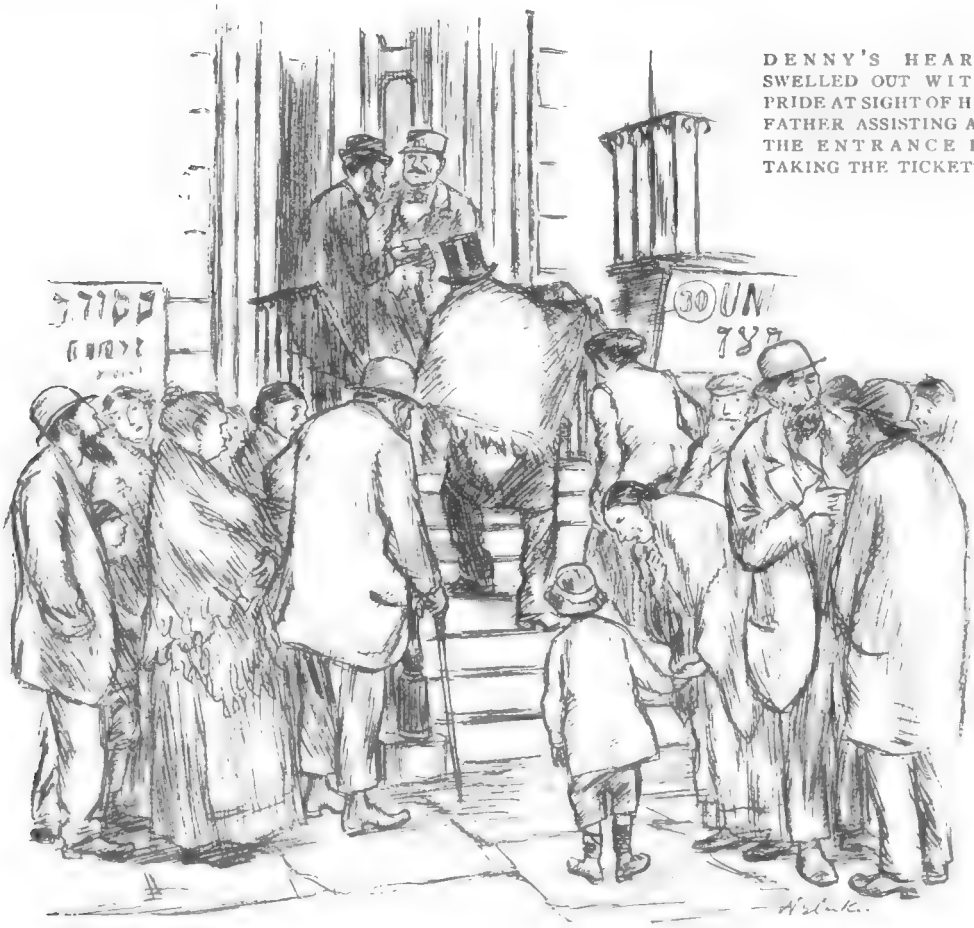
and he let her pass in without a ticket.

The Shamas on the raised platform in the center of the synagogue gave a great bang with the flat of his hand on the desk upon which a while ago the Scrolls had been spread for reading. A man leaning with both elbows on the desk, the praying-scarf drawn deep over his head and face, sang out in a tremulous, hollow voice "*La-a-am natzeiach!*" The entire congregation at once joined, most of them with all the strength of their lungs, their figures rocking and swaying, to and fro, and from side to side:

> **All ye peoples, clap your hands; Shout unto God with a voice of triumph. For the Lord on High is terrible, He is a great King over all the earth.**

Then the man that had been leaning over the desk raised himself erect, throwing back his Talis a little, and showing the long white robe underneath, and the white skull-cap on his head. In tones of exceeding fervor he pronounced the blessing over what he was about to do, the congregation responding with an Amen of passionate devoutness. Then the man took from the bosom of his white robe the flattened and polished ram's horn and placed it in position, at the right-hand corner of his mouth, the tip of his tongue inside the sacred instrument, his left hand pressing back his lips. A man beside him called out in long-drawn voice "*Tekia-a-ah!*" The man with the Shophar started—he did, but—but it would not go.

Not a sound, not a stir. He blew and he blew, with all his strength; he wriggled and squirmed in his desperate efforts to get the Tekiah out of the Shophar; his face was red, and perspiration—terrible beads of perspiration—stood out on his forehead and



DENNY'S HEART SWELLED OUT WITH PRIDE AT SIGHT OF HIS FATHER ASSISTING AT THE ENTRANCE IN TAKING THE TICKETS.

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rolled down his puffed, flaming cheeks. He changed the Shophar to the other corner of his mouth. Some odd sounds were forced out; they were rasping and jerky, so unlike the voice of the Shophar; and there was not the fragment of a Tekiah in them all.

A paralyzing awe fell upon the congregation. And no wonder. It was Satan Mekatreg, the Merciful preserve us. It was that unspeakable one, that lay in wait for the slightest pretext to squeeze himself into the Shophar, so as to keep the sounds away from heaven. It might be a flaw in the service; it might be the general sinfulness of the members of the congregation; or some unworthiness in the performer—the result was the same: Satan got into the Shophar and smothered it up.

At last—at last. The Shophar-man's desperate wrangle with Satan was at an end. The good man had triumphed. After changing the position of the Shophar many times over again, from one corner of the mouth to the other, till his lips stiffened and ached, and his wind came at a much reduced impetus, the Tekiah flowed freely from the Shophar, clear and silvery, with a shrill finale:

"Too-oo-oo-*ut!*"

A great sigh of relief came up from the congregation.

The man beside the Shophar-man called out: "*Shebari-i-im!*"

And the Shophar promptly answered: "Too-*ut*, too-*ut*, too-*ut*, too-*ut!*"

"*Terua-a-ah!*"

"Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut!"

"*Tekia-a-ah!*"

"Too-oo-oo-oo-*ut!*"

Three times over and again the man beside the performer repeated his calls for all these blasts; and the Shophar duly responded without any further break, without the least hitch. Then the congregation lifted their voices, the women in the gallery joining in a-screaming, for that was the moment to beg, beg hard, for a good year, for plenty and plenty and plenty:

> **And thus may it be thy gracious will, O Jehovah, our God, God of our fathers, that the angels born of the Tekiahs, and of the Shebarims, and of the Teruahs, ascend before thy throne of glory and mediate for our good . . .**

Again the Shophar was called upon for a treble series of blasts, some slight change in the order of succession. And again it was followed up with more prayers from the congregation. And yet once again the Shophar sounded, with still a fresh variation in the sequence of the blasts, winding them all up with a Tekiah Gedolah, in which the two notes composing the Tekiah were of almost equal length.

Denny drank it all in, wide-mouthed, and he was going to remember it well, for allus. He was going to have all those notes over and again for himself by and by on his Fourth-of-July horn, and he would make Minnie sing out for him *Tekia-ah—Shebari-im—Terua-ah.*

Only one thing worried Denny. He could not decide about the man's frantic struggles with the instrument at the outset. Innocent of all knowledge of the wily tricks of Satan Mekatreg, Denny had no warrant to assume otherwise than that the man's squirming and writhing and puffing, were part and parcel of the program. Still, the looks of anxiety, amounting in many cases to anguish, on the part of the congregation, pointed clearly to something being amiss. Denny wanted to know; and he had to know it, if he was to do the thing right on his horn.

But catch Denny giving himself away asking questions. He wasn't no fool, that's what Denny didn't was, to let on that he didn't know what any Sheenie should know, and so endanger his daddy's position and the living of the family. So, then, Denny just looked as if he had been used to all thim things these years and years.

All had relaxed now, both inside and out. Denny was back with the boys on the steps; and the invocations of the worshipers within, though still accompanied with the rocking and swaying of the body, had less of the true Rosh Hashonah ardor in them. The birchbark snuff-boxes were freely going the rounds, and here and there conversations were kept up, and not all the time in undertones. But presently a fresh stir was in the air.

The sacred ark was thrown open, and the Scrolls were exposed. Everybody hastened to stand up. Fathers again ran to the door for their youngsters. The rest of the boys, with Denny in their midst, followed in, as before.

Praying-scarfs were drawn deep over head and shoulders; figures doubled up and took a wider sweep in rocking and swaying;

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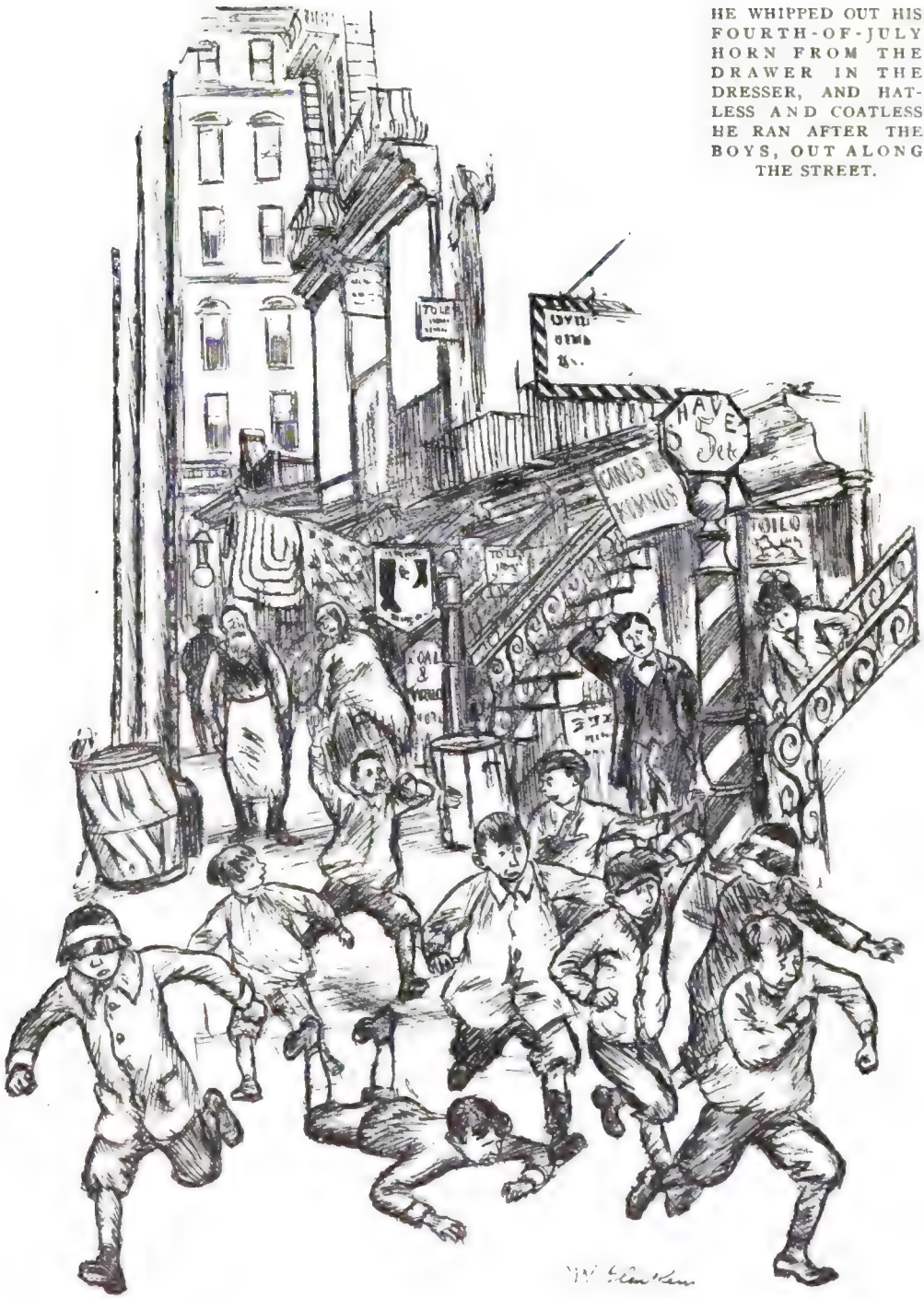


HE WHIPPED OUT HIS FOURTH-OF-JULY HORN FROM THE DRAWER IN THE DRESSER, AND HATLESS AND COATLESS HE RAN AFTER THE BOYS, OUT ALONG THE STREET.



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voices were lifted to their highest pitch; and tears flowed down venerable beards:

> **And we will solemnize the mighty Sanctity of this day; for it is a day of awe and of terror. It is on this day thy dominion is exalted, and thy throne established in mercy; and thereon thou sittest in truth. Verily art thou Judge and Arbiter, and thou art He that knoweth and is witness; that writeth and sealeth; that recordeth and counteth. Thou rememberest the forgotten. And thou unfoldest the book of records, and of themselves they are read, with the seal of every man's hand set thereunto.**

There was more to follow, words much more telling, much more moving; but that was the time for the Chazan with his seven singers to begin. It was his turn and his opportunity—his great, great opportunity, to show the congregation what he could do; to give them their money's worth; and let them think twice when it came to the signing of a fresh contract with a Chazan next year.

And then, when the Chazan had done, and while he was wiping the perspiration off his face with a large red cotton handkerchief, the congregation began anew:

> **On Rosh Hashonah it is inscribed, and on Yom Kippur it is sealed, how many shall pass away and how many shall be born; who shall live and who shall die; who at the end of his full measure, and who before it; who by fire and who by water; who by sword and who by wild beasts; who by hunger and who by thirst; who by storm and who by plague; who by strangling and who by stoning; who shall have rest and who shall go wandering; who shall be tranquil and who shall be harassed; who shall be in comfort and who shall suffer privation; who shall be impoverished and who shall be enriched; who shall be laid low and who shall be upraised.**

To one old man near the door that cluster of boys gaping round, without joining the congregation, formed an eyesore. It was a shame and a pity that there should be nobody to look after them at such a moment. He hastened toward them with an open Machsor and, with finger pointing to the passage in progress, he pressed the volume into the hands of Denny and the boy next to him.

"Ye Shkotzim!" the old man cried. "For what you stand here as if you it wasn't meant! Don't you want at all to grow up Yidden! Say, say—be saying, yungatzes, be saying!"

The other boy took his side of the Machsor mechanically, grinning, as he did so, in the old man's face. Denny was all attention, his eyes fixed on the page.

"You ain't none of us! You can't read that!" several of the boys together remarked in astonishment to Denny.

"Who toul' yez that!" Denny returned in stiff challenge, just as he might have done upon hearing it remarked that he wasn't no boy but a little girl.

And quite indignant Denny was about it, too. After Barney Schmalz an' all thim other big Sheeniemen had accepted the family as good, sound Sheenies, Denny wasn't going to be questioned by these boys.

And the boys looked much puzzled. They could not make it out. There never was a synagogue janitor a Yid; he could not be used for lighting and putting out the gas on Sabbaths and high Holy Days, even if he was lax enough in himself to offer to do so. But the way Denny had answered them, and the manner of his entire bearing, more than half convinced the boys that there was a difference in the present case.

Denny felt himself gaining, and out of sheer self-sufficiency he presently observed: "Mebbe yez think me sister Minnie can't sing the Hatikvah! An' she only two years ould. An' mebbe ye'd think, too, she can't tell a Aleph for yez anywhere ye likes! Mebbe she couldn't tell the three Alephs in me daddy's cap neither! If that's what yez think now, I'll let yez see, mebbe."

"Who teached her the Hatikvah?"

"She was teached all right, ye bet. She learned it in the Gan Yelodim in Montgomery Street."

Nothing could be more convincing. The Gan Yelodim was for Yiddish little children of Yiddish mothers who had to go out for their day's work. And if it was there his little sister was kept, then Denny was all right; and for once at least there was a synagogue janitor of true Yiddish blood.

"I'll make her sing it for yez downstairs," Denny now offered.

Minnie was home that day. There was no Gan Yelodim, for the fundamental reason that mothers did not go out to work on such a mighty day. And also for the reason, quite as solid, that the place in Montgomery Street was needed that day for other

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purposes. A goodly congregation had foregathered there for services.

The boys readily trooped down to the basement after Denny. Minnie was placed on the table and, surrounded on all sides with curious, eager faces, she sang the Hatikvah in her thin, metallic voice, keeping time with both her little hands:

**Od lo abdah Tikvathenu,**
**Ha-hatikvah Hanoshanah,**
**Ta la la la . . .**

In the end Patrick Joseph had to come down with his short whip to warn the youngsters, who, carried away by Minnie's leadership, had all joined in chorus at the top of their lungs.

"Now," Denny called to the boys, "shut Minnie's eyes for a while, an' then mebbe ye'll see somethin'."

He was to draw an Aleph somewhere about the house and then bid Minnie find it. One of the boys promptly laid his hand across Minnie's eyes as she still stood on the table, and Denny fished up a piece of chalk from the depths of his pocket. But before his hand could reach the black stove-pipe, where the Aleph was to be planted, one or two voices called out in tones of trepidation:

"Oh, um Yontef! um Yontef! You dessn't carry chalk with you um Rosh Hashonah! Don't you know you dessn't write!"

"Oh, I forgets," Denny stammered, his face reddening. The piece of chalk fell to the floor.

Still there was more than one hand quickly reaching down for the piece of chalk. There were still some boys that dessed do what Denny dessn't, and in a moment the black stove-pipe was decorated with a large white Aleph.

Minnie's eyes were freed, and she was asked to find something somewhere that had not been there before.

Every eye followed Minnie's up and down the place, when presently a boy called out, touching Denny on the shoulder and then pointing a finger to a life-size portrait in the neighborhood of the large bed:

"Say, yer gran'da ain't got no hat on!"

All eyes immediately settled upon that picture. It was a most unusual spectacle. One had as soon imagine a house without a roof, or a finger without a nail, or the chin of a Yiddish doctor or dentist without its goatee, as to imagine a grandfather without a hat or skull-cap. There was not a Yiddish home without its life-size likenesses of the immediate progenitors of the family; and nobody never seen no Seidë mitdout something on his head.

"That ain't no gran'da," Denny answered squarely. "That's St. Joseph."

"Who's St. Joseph?"

"St. Joseph, don't yez know? St. Joseph —he—he—St. Joseph——"

"An Aleph, an Aleph! — Naleph — Naleph!" Minnie's voice suddenly broke in. She had been continuing her search undisturbed, and she was in a fit of delight now at having discovered the Naleph.

But few heeded Minnie. Even while she was crowing over her find, Denny was asked anew, fingers pointing to the next picture over the bed: "An' who is that?"

"That's the Blessed Virgin, sure."

"Who's the Blessed Virgin?"

"The Blessed Virgin—don't yez know?—the Blessed Virgin, the Mother o' God."

The boys looked from one to the other in dumb mystification, and from the picture to Denny; and then they said in one voice: "There ain't no such nobody."

Denny did not know what to say next. And perhaps he did not need to say any more. All he could gather from the speech and bearing of the boys was that Sheenies didn't have no Mother o' God an' knowed nothin' of St. Joseph. That was just it. None of the boys seemed overwhelmed. They just looked puzzled. On the face of them, as it happened, there was nothing in the pictures in the nature of a shock; and the idea conveyed by them, as interpreted by Denny, was an undefined quantity. It was something outside and against the boys' preconceptions; that was all; and pitshers is pitshers and nothin' no more.

But suddenly several voices exclaimed together: "A Tselem! A Tselem! A real Tselem—*tpuil*"

It was a thunderclap to Denny. This time it looked he was ketched good an' proper. Denny knew it but too well what Sheenies thought and felt about Tselems. He had had enough to stand from Ike Seltzer and Sam Knoploch in days gone by, when Minnie used to be showing it off to them how she could "bess mesef" with the sign of the cross. And there it was now. Right over the head of the bed was a little porcelain holy-water font surmounted with a cross.

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The boys wavered at the door. They had already started on the retreat, dismayed and disgusted; yet they were uncertain. They tried hard to put two and two together, and it would not come out four at either end. It could not be other than a Yiddish home where a little child sang the Hatikvah and knew an Aleph; and it could not be other than Goyish where they had Tselems. It was to be hoped, though, that the presence of the Tselem could be explained. The boys all looked up to Denny.

And duly the inspiration came to him. "I know," he said with a fresh energy, his face lighting. "Mebbe 'twas Irish lived here afore an' they forgotted to take thim things away with 'em. 'Cose we're only here three days. An' I'll be tellin' me mother whin she comes back—" Denny bit his lip. He had so very nearly let it out that his mother was away doing her day's work. That would never do for that day. "I'll be tellin' me mother," he presently resumed, "whin she comes down after Sheenigo, to take thim things off."

"That's how," the boys said to one another, nodding their heads. "That's how."

And then they all went back to hang about the steps of the synagogue, Denny with them of course; and Minnie, too. And also Glup.

It was about the noon hour, and presently the service came to an end.

"Gut Yontef, Gut Yontef!" the people bade one another, shaking hands. "Gut Yontef, and a happy inscription to you!" And some even added, in anticipation of Yom Kippur, ten days hence, "And I wish you well over the Fast!" And the answers came: "Gut Yontef, Gut year, and the same to you!"

And then something took place in the presence of all the boys, to the immense gratification of Denny. Passing through the door, Barney Schmalz, with all his usual waggishness, held out his hand to Patrick Joseph, and with loud-voiced cheeriness he said:

"Gut Yontef, Gut Yontef, Phruyim Yussel. A happy inscription to you and an easy Fast!"

It was the very thing. Denny just needed something at that stage to strengthen his position. He looked round with eyes aglow with triumph, which seemed to say: "Well, an' how d'yez like me daddy for a Sheenie now!"

During the ensuing week it began to look as if Patrick Joseph had indeed come in for a happy inscription. At the instance of Barney Schmalz, Patrick Joseph had been given three days' work running in the livery stables of Mr. Nathan Klotz, treasurer of the Anshei Smargon, next in importance to Barney. And there was a promise of more work for future weeks, after the Holy Days, when business was stirring. What it was to be a real Sheenie among Sheenies—ha!

And many times in the day Denny reminded his daddy:

"What was I allus tellin' ye? Wasn't I allus tellin' ye if ye was a Sheenie real an' proper ye'd be gettin' plinty o' jobs! Now ye see it!"

Denny simply could not help making these remarks. He was so happy and so proud. It was all his doings; and he wanted his daddy to remember that.

And things were going from good to better, till Yom Kippur, the day of the Fast, with its unbroken service from dawn to sunset. Then Denny's real trials began. And they came with overwhelming rapidity, one on top of the other.

About noontime, during a momentous passage in the service, when the synagogue was crowded to its fullest, which is to say, overcrowded, and the air was hot and thick, one of the many huge wax candles left lighted from overnight, since sunset, in sacred remembrance of the dead, began to give way to one side, forming itself into a half hoop. As son and heir of the reigning janitor, Denny felt himself called upon to go and set the candle to rights. But he had barely pulled the candle free from the wooden sandbox in which it was stuck when he received a heavy slap on his hand, and an elderly man roared at him in rebuke:

"Shegetz! Shegetz you! Not enough that you stand gaping about the door, without taking a Yiddish word into your mouth, but you would be a whole Goy! You little trephah bone! You dark Mechallel-Yom Kippurnick! Nice father you must have; he ought to shame himself in his deep, deep throat!"

It knocked all the sense out of Denny's head, and he could not even think of calling out: "Oh, I forgets!" And also it knocked the candle out of Denny's hand, and there it lay flat on the sand, over the edge of the wooden box, pouring molten wax in an almost unbroken stream down the white

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SHE SANG THE HATIKVAH IN HER THIN, METALLIC VOICE.

table-cloth, and threatening a conflagration.

"Call in the Goy—call in the Goy—call in the Irisher—quick!" several voices shouted in high excitement.

The ground was sinking under Denny. So that was it, after all! His daddy was the Goy, the Irisher! And so it was Denny's own sin that had found his daddy! If he had not meddled with the candle they never would have knowed a thing about his daddy bein' a Goy and an Irisher. That was how. And what would the boys have to say now!

A wild stampede was made for the door to hustle in the Irisher. But most miraculously, Patrick Joseph was nowhere to be seen. He had gone down-stairs to his place and was just then having his midday meal. Nobody thought of looking for him there. But two or three ran off in various directions. They soon came back with their Goy; and it was not Denny's daddy.

For some time afterward Denny did not dare lift his eyes to the boys. He wondered how were they going to take it all. He stood stealthily watching them from odd corners. Gradually it grew upon him that it did not at all look as if he had lost ground with them. As a matter of fact, they had taken it for granted that the old man so violently reproving him knew Denny for one of theirs; and for the rest, one was liable to forgetting things. Before long Denny was again in the midst of the boys, and he felt as if nothing had happened.



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He had Minnie by the hand. But Glup was not with them. And thereby hung a tale, which Denny did not want to tell. That is, he wanted very much to tell; but there was a reason that kept him back. It would have been great to be able to tell the boys that Glup had had five kittens, and ask them to come down and look at them; but that was just why. The fact was, Denny had never asked his mother to remove the two pitshers an' the Tselem from over the bed. And so the boys must never again come down to his place.

But Denny was reckoning without Minnie. For presently Minnie chirped out, to one boy after the other:

"Glup laid kittens! Whole heap kittens he laid."

And the next thing, Denny was besieged from all round for a look at the kittens.

"Wait'll I goes down foist an' sees where she's got 'em," he answered, with reluctant voice, though he hastened his steps down.

Glup kept her brood of one day's growth in a corner under the bed, where she had "laid" them in Patrick Joseph's hat, left vacant by him on a chair since yesterday afternoon, in favor of his official cap. Of course Denny could not bring the boys in there. His first idea was to fetch the hatful of kittens out to them on the basement stair. But on second thoughts he decided it would be safer to hide for the time the two pitshers and the Tselem under the bed quilt, and let the boys come in.

Now just as the boys came down Patrick Joseph was in the act of rising from his meal. Denny had never thought it necessary to chase his daddy out and clear the table before bringing the boys in. It was not as if his daddy had been dining on meat, or even having milk to his tay; it was only a bit o' bread an' cheese, an' a sup o' beer, an' if Good Friday an' Ash Winsday could stand that much, so could An Kipper. Thim was Denny's sintmin's. But one thing Denny sure forgotted—that his daddy was to bless himself before rising.

And now the boys stood stupefied as Patrick Joseph hobbled past them on his way up-stairs. Glup and her five wonders were all forgotten. Denny stood paralyzed on one side, the boys aghast on the other.

Presently they broke out, with the deepest indignation: "Pfui! You're all Irish Betzimer here! You was bluffing us all 'long, an' your father throwing Tselems over himself!"

That was it now, Patrick Joseph's throwing of Tselems over himself. His eating on Yom Kippur was as naught. It was one thing not to be a Yid, but it was quite another thing to be a Goy and an Irish Betzimer.

"You're a bluff an' a hipplecrit to be telling us all them lies, you Irish old Betzimer!"

Denny was a rat at bay. He turned upon his tormentors, and it did not matter what followed. "Sheenie Matzo! Sheenie Matzo!" he cried at them, snapping his fingers in their faces. "Yez bloody Sheenie Matzo!"

Tears of vexation were streaming down his cheeks. After all, after all his efforts, all his labors, all his trials, after all his sleepless nights and anxious days to build the family fortune on a rock, he found himself fast sinking in a quicksand. He was mad. He was mad with himself, with the world—he was deadly mad with the Sheenies.

He seized a striped-print skirt of his mother's from behind the door, and put it over his head and shoulders for a praying-shawl, and with hysteric vehemence he started going through in mimicry, before the half-frightened boys, all that he had seen and studied in the little synagogue. He contorted his face and screamed at the top of his voice: "Boruch—Boruch—Rusheshoner—Ankipper — God —God—Rusheshoner—oi, yoi, yoi, bam, bam!"—the while shaking his body to and fro, his two clinched fists raised to heaven—jist as he seen all thim oul' Sheenies do.

Then he fell into a quieter key, mumbling and mumbling, and imitating the taking of copious snuff; blowing the nose and spitting on the floor in all directions—jist as he seen 'em do in the synagogue.

And then, seeing only smiles on some of the faces before him, he grew maddened afresh. He flung off his coat, and in a voice choked with passion he challenged them any and all to the fight. The boys fled; they thought he had gone mad.

And still his frenzy rose. He whipped out his Fourth-of-July horn from the drawer in the dresser, and hatless and coatless he ran after the boys, up the basement stair, and out along the street, scattering them in all directions, with his mocking Shophar blasts:

"Tekia-ah — Too-oo-oo-*ut!* Terua-ah — ah, yez Sheenie Matzo, yez bloody Sheenie Matzo—Tut-tut-tut-tut! Tekiah Gedolah —Too-oo-oo-*u-u-u-ut!*"

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# UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

*EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

A much bunged-up son of Ham shuffled disconsolately into a Louisiana levee camp, after a short leave to go to New Orleans for the returns on the Willard-Johnson fight.

"What's the matter, Zack?" asked his boss. "Did yuh git in a rough-house?"

"It wuz jes lak dis," explained Zack finally. "I wuz watchin' dem fellahs givin' out dem dere newses, an' en de fus' paht ob de fight I reckons I jes' soht o' ovehspoke mase'f."

The cub reporter saw a hearse start away from a house at the head of a funeral procession.

"Who's dead?" he inquired of the corner storekeeper, who was watching from his door.

"Chon Schmidt."

"John Smith!" exclaimed the cub. "You don't mean to say John Smith is dead?"

"Vell, by golly," said the grocer, "vot you dink dey doing mit him—bractising?"

E. H. Sothern is fond of telling this story on himself. It was at a time when he had a number of workmen redecorating his private residence. Thinking to give them a treat, he asked if, after work one evening, they would like to go and see him play *Hamlet*.

They said they didn't mind if they did, and, provided with complimentary tickets, all went on a Saturday night to see their employer's performance.

At the end of the week when Mr. Sothern was glancing over the pay-roll he noticed this item against each workman's name on the list:

"Saturday night. Four hours overtime at Century Theatre, $2.50."

Old Lady (to nephew on leave from the front): "Good-by, my dear boy. Try and find time to send a post-card to let me know you are safely back in the trenches."

"Larry," said Mr. Greene to a good-natured Irishman who was working on a new building, "didn't you tell me once that you had a brother who is a bishop?"

"Yis, sor," replied Larry.

"And you are a hod-carrier!" said Mr. Greene. "Well, the good things of this life are not equally divided, are they, Larry?"

"No, sor," rejoined the Irishman, shouldering his hod and starting up the ladder. "Indade, they is not, sor. Poor felly! He couldn't do this to save his loife, sor!"

"What is this leathery stuff?" growled the diner, as the second course of the dinner was served.

"That is *filet* of sole, sir," replied the waiter politely.

"Take it away," commanded the diner, after attacking it with his fork, "and see if you can get me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

At a station in northern Pennsylvania a number of young ministers, proceeding to a religious conference in Philadelphia, boarded a



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coach wherein there was a dilapidated young woman smelling of beer. For some time the young men in black garb conversed gravely on conference affairs, while the beery young woman nodded in her corner.

The train approached a long tunnel. The young woman roused herself. She pinned back lazily a long strand of hair that had fallen on her shoulder, and fixed her gaze upon the ministers. Then she produced from her basket a huge bread-knife. Making a few unsteady lunges in the air with this implement, she addressed the reverend gentlemen thus:

"Don't none of you boys try no tricks on me in the tunnel, or, mark my words, I'll open ye!"

Some men in Georgia, returning from a lynching-bee, were driven by a colored teamster who answered to the name of "Bogy." "Well, Bogy," inquired a member of the party, when they had got away from the scene of action, "what have you got to say about it?"

"Well, I'll be fair wif ye, boss," answered the frightened Bogy. "I thinks yo' let dat niggeh off pow'ful light."

The president of a certain railway in Kentucky which is only ten miles long, was exchanging annual passes one year with officials of other railways.

He enclosed an annual pass on his railway to Stuyvesant Fish, then president of the Illinois Central Railway, for himself and family, with the request that Fish reciprocate.

It seems that Fish had never heard of the Kentucky road, so he instructed his secretary to look it up. As a result the pass was returned with the following curt letter:

DEAR SIR:

I find that your railroad is only ten miles long, while my road is eleven hundred miles long. I herewith return your pass made out in favor of myself and family.

Yours truly,
STUYVESANT FISH.

This was too much for the old Kentucky colonel, who made the following notation on Fish's letter and sent it back:

"You go to hell—*my railroad is as* WIDE *as yours.*"

He received the Illinois Central pass by return mail.

A party bent on "Seeing London" rolled out of Hyde Park in a big automobile and listened with undisguised interest to the guide's explanation of the various places of interest. Presently they passed an ancient edifice surrounded by a high brick wall. "That is the town house of the Duke of Dea, one of our largest landed proprietors," said the guide.

The eyes of the beautiful young American girl on the rear seat were suddenly illuminated.

"Who landed him?" she cried.

Two country darkies listened, awe-struck, while some planters discussed the tremendous range of the new German guns.

"Dar now," exclaimed one negro, when his master had finished expatiating on the hideous havoc wrought by a forty-two-centimeter shell, "jes' lak I bin' tellin' yo' niggehs all de time! Don' les' have no guns lak dem roun' heah! Why, us niggehs could start runnin' erway—run all day, git almos' home free, an' den git kilt jus' befo' suppeh!"

"Dat's de trufe," assented his companion, "an' lemme tell yo' sumpin' else, Bo. All dem guns needs is jus' yo' *ad*-dress, dat's all; jes' giv'em de *ad*-dress, an' they'll git yo'."

An undersized Italian grocer in Hoboken, married to a strapping big German woman who is vociferously loyal to the Fatherland, received a Black Hand letter last week which read:

"If you do not give $1,000 to our messenger who will call on you Sunday night, we will kidnap your wife."

He replied promptly: "I haven't got $1,000, but your proposition interests me greatly."

An old man, over seventy, recently walked ten miles from his home to Norwich, Connecticut. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all the way!" exclaimed the latter. "How did you get along?"

"Fine," said the old gentleman; "that is, until I came to that sign out there, 'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour'—that kept me back some."

One Saturday a crowd of children were playing war in my back yard. Some were English soldiers, some French, some German. One little girl who was told she was too small to play began crying audibly, and kept it up in spite of all they could do, and even after the warning: "If you don't shut up, mother will hear you and make you come in the house."

Finally the difficulty was settled by a bright boy of ten. "Oh, let her bawl," he counseled. "She can be the widows and orphans."

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Everybody's Magazine
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
ERMAN J. RIDGWAY PRESIDENT GEORGE B. MALLON, SEC'TY. & TREAS.
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STS NEW YORK CITY

# KEEP POSTED

## A BRISK SUMMARY OF BIG EVENTS AND ISSUES

**UNCLE SAM IS MAKING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR THE BUSINESS MAN—AND SHOULD BE MAKING MORE!**

THE Government at Washington should be the commercial head as well as the political head of the United States. Yes? Yes. Morris Hillquit didn't say it. Thomas A. Edison said it. As follows:

"Just think of it! The greatest nation in the world with its industries suffering curtailment and prostration from lack of dyes when we have in this country every essential raw material. What kind of business office have we in Washington that such a calamity should overtake us? *Washington should be the business office of the United States.*"

Well, Washington is on its way toward being just that very thing. Look at the work it's been doing recently. Take just one branch of the Government—a small one—the Bureau of Mines. It's hard to choose among the things the Bureau of Mines has been doing; because it's been doing so many. But we'll mention seven of them, all showing that the Government can often be a leader of business as well as an investigator of it.

*One.* The business men digging oil-wells out in the Middle West were having a lot of trouble with natural gas. This gas would seep into the oil-wells in great quantities. It wasn't wanted. Besides, having seeped in, it would escape into the air and be lost forever — wasted. The Bureau of Mines sent out a rescue party. It showed these business men how to use a certain "mud-laden liquid" which would plaster the sides of their oil-wells and keep the gas back in the ground where it belonged. The waste of gas was stopped.

The Bureau of Mines spent $15,000 doing this work and, in the course of just one period of eighteen months, it saved $15,000,000 of natural gas for the future use of the people of the United States.

*Two.* The Bureau of Mines has proved that coal-dust in mines can explode—like gas. The coal-mining business, as a whole, didn't believe it. The Bureau of Mines proved it. And then it developed certain inventions to help stop such explosions. These inventions will be dedicated to free public use. All of which is just one part of the big work the Bureau has done lately in helping to pull down the death-rate in coal-mines.

And don't think for a minute that this work is only for the small coal-mine owner and that the big corporation doesn't need the Government. In fact, unfortunately, the small owner doesn't listen to the Government as attentively as the big owner



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does. The United States Steel Corporation, though blessed with hundreds of good engineers of its own, is one of the closest observers and students of the Bureau of Mines and its teachings.

*Three.* One of the chemists of the Bureau of Mines has invented a device for "precipitating" the dangerous and injurious fumes which are thrown out into the air by certain smelters, where crude ores are refined into metal. Result of this invention: the crops for miles around were saved from destruction; and in some cases the fumes themselves, when precipitated and collected, turned out to be of greater money-value than anything else the smelter was producing.

*Four.* The Bureau has gone out and analyzed large areas of low-grade coal—"lignite." Thereupon Business, using the Bureau's findings and acting upon them, has gone out and established coal-mines where nobody had ever thought that a coal-mine could be made to pay.

*Five.* In its steam-boiler plant at Pittsburgh the Bureau has gathered and developed the very best methods of burning coal to raise steam, and it has shown how to do it without making any smoke. Business men write to the Bureau and say: "If your methods were universally used, this country would save millions of tons of coal annually." And, as for doing it smokelessly, of course you don't believe it; but just drop off at Pittsburgh some time and see it for yourself.

*Six.* The Bureau of Mines operates a plant for making radium. This is not a laboratory. It is a real plant. It produces radium for use. And the Bureau of Mines has developed a process of its own which reduces the cost of making radium to one-third of its present market-price. One-third!

*Seven.* In this matter of dyes the Government was not asleep. The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Franklin K. Lane, called a conference about it as soon as the dye-famine was threatened. The Bureau of Mines is in the Department of the Interior. Dr. Rittman is a chemist in the Bureau of Mines. And Dr. Rittman's recent famous discovery of a method of getting toluol and benzol out of petroleum may yet turn out to be the biggest thing that has been done for the dye business since the war began. Incidentally, that discovery is already being put to practical use hopefully by certain important gentlemen in the explosives business.

Nevertheless, Mr. Edison is perfectly right. The Government doesn't do what it ought to do for Business. Never mind the man who says: "All that Business wants is to have the Government leave it alone." That idea is a dead dog. Business needs the Government. And there are two reasons why the Government doesn't do all that it ought to do for Business to-day.

In the first place, the appropriations for Business are ridiculously small. Compare, for instance, the amount spent on the education of the farmer with the amount spent on the education of the business man in the mining business. Mining is not so important as agriculture. But it is pretty nearly *half* as important. Its annual product is pretty nearly *half* as valuable as the annual product of agriculture. But the Government devotes only $2,000,000 a year to research and instruction in mining, while it devotes $28,000,000 a year to research and instruction in agriculture. Some difference!

In the second place, we have never made arrangements for the Government to go after the *commercial* problems of Business in the same scientific spirit in which the Bureau of Mines goes after its *technical engineering* problems.

For instance, people say that the real reason why we can't get the dye business away from the Germans is that the Germans have a Dye Trust and that this wicked organization, whenever it sees any American firm getting too strong in the dye game, takes a lot of dyes and dumps them over here at prices 'way below cost, and so brings us to our knees with our hands outstretched for mercy.

We don't say that this is so. But we do say, and *know*, that American chemists are to-day equipped with all the *technical engineering* knowledge necessary for making just about any and every dye in the whole world. Therefore the reason why we can not compete with Germany must be a *commercial* or *financial* one. And so we agree with Mr. Edison, and we go on to say:

Why shouldn't the Secretary of Commerce or the Federal Trade Commission have the duty and the money to investigate each such question *as it comes along*, and then tell the whole business community just what the facts are, *red-hot, to meet the emergency?*

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In the Washington of the future there will be less of mere Politics and more of Business and more of Labor and more of all of Real Human Life.

**IDAHO PROMISES ONE SIXTY-DAY JOB PER ANNUM TO EVERYBODY OUT OF WORK ! ! !**

As usual, while the East is investigating and inquiring and making collections of "facts," the West has gone on to "acts." Under the new unemployment act of the Idaho legislature the Idahoan who is out of a job may now proceed, if he pleases, as follows:

He approaches the county commissioners of his county. He shows that he is a citizen of the United States. He shows that he has lived in the state for six months. He shows that he has lived in the county for ninety days. He shows that he does not own more than $1,000 worth of property. He shows that he has been unable to get a job from any private employer. And thereupon the county commissioners must hand him a job. *Must!*

This knock-out legislation was brought forward by a Socialist. His name is Bowman—Earl Wayland Bowman. He is an editor. He is also a poet. We are informed by Mr. Lisle of Boisé that when Mr. Bowman gets busy poetizing, he writes "stuff that makes the shivers play tag up and down your spine." He seems to have that same faculty when he writes laws. He was a member of the state senate and the only Socialist in the whole legislature. But his law went through "almost without a dissenting vote."

What sort of jobs will the county commissioners hand out? Any sort. Mr. Bowman doesn't care. His law suggests "work on the public highways." But if there is no such work available, the commissioners must hand out "such other work as they may determine." Perhaps they might put the unemployed to work growing crops on a county farm. Or they might build a new jail.

No citizen shall be entitled to more than sixty days of this "emergency employment" each year.

The cost of this experiment will be divided equally between the county government and the government of the state.

But why should a man who has a thousand dollars be entitled to a job? Well, why should he be left jobless and obliged to spend that thousand dollars and so destroy a thousand dollars' worth of capital, a thousand dollars' worth of the savings of the world? That is what Mr. Bowman rises to inquire. If those dollars are in a savings-bank, he reasons, they are invested and being used to provide capital for railways and electric-light companies and other things. And, if the man gets his job on the public highways, he is doing work that is useful to the world. If anybody thinks it would be better to let him sit in his kitchen eating up his thousand dollars of capital, why—well, why?

**OKLAHOMA BECOMES A MONEY-LENDER AND STRIKES FIRST BIG BLOW IN AMERICA AT GREAT EVIL OF "TENANTRY"**

And here's another Western state that has started something. The new Oklahoma law for lending money to farmers to buy their farms is one of the biggest historic moments in the development of the United States.

Oklahoma will now lend state money—up to $2,000—to men wishing to become farm-owners, and these men will have twenty-three and a half years to pay back that loan.

This is the knell of the old America of free land and the birth-cry of the new modern America in which there is a landlord-and-tenant problem in agriculture.

In the year 1880, for every 100 farms in the United States there were 25 which were operated by tenants. In the year 1890

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there were 28 being operated by tenants. In the year 1900 there were 35. In the year 1910 there were 37.

It was free land, easy land, land for the asking and taking, that made the old-fashioned America—the America of proud and even chesty independent manhood. If you didn't like your boss, you could fire him and go ten miles west and get a farm of your own from Uncle Sam. Now there are sections of our most "prosperous" agricultural West where there are masses of tenants who are not only wretchedly poor and wretchedly inefficient, but who are beginning to form a distinct "lower class." This is contrary to American ideals, and if we have to adopt European methods in order to get back to American ideals we shall do so.

In Oklahoma, out of every 100 farms the number operated by tenants is *fifty-five*.

Oklahoma has a fund of $2,000,000 now ready to be loaned. The state will take a mortgage on the farm. The value of the land in this farm must be double the amount of money loaned. If the land is worth $4,000, the state may extend a loan on it amounting to the full legal maximum of $2,000. The man who borrows the money will pay eight per cent. a year on it. But only part of this eight per cent. is for interest on the loan. The rest of it is for reducing the principal amount of the loan. When a man who borrows the money has paid eight per cent. on it for twenty-three and a half years, he is through. The loan has been repaid.

This is a start, but only a start. Great Britain went as far as this, in principle, back in 1870, when Gladstone first persuaded Parliament to lend money to tenants in Ireland to enable them to become independent owners. Since that time the British Government has made two discoveries.

*First:* It isn't always enough to lend a man a *part* of what he needs in order to buy a farm. It would often be better to lend him the whole amount—the total value of the farm—one hundred per cent. of it.

*Second:* It isn't always enough to provide the tenant with money which he can use if he can find a landlord who is *willing* to sell. The landlord may not be willing. It becomes necessary in time to *compel* the landlord to sell.

If you think that comparisons between Ireland and America are ridiculous, you haven't read the testimony given recently before the Industrial Commission at Dallas, Texas. Tenantry in the United States is bringing forth just what tenantry in Ireland brought forth—a plundered people and a plundered soil—bad living and bad farming. The way up and out is going to be very long and very steep, and—mark this—full of battles. Tenantry has already become a live political question in the Southwest. Some day it will produce its American Gladstone.

**WILDFIRE SPREAD OF "WIDOWS' PENSIONS"—ITS START—ITS MEANING—AND ITS COST**

FOR the third time in this issue of "Keep Posted" we note an extremely notable contribution made by the West to the public affairs of the United States.

The "Widows' Pensions" idea has spread more rapidly than any other humanitarian idea of recent years. It began its formal existence in Kansas City only four years ago. Its next conquest was Illinois. In California it had already grown into existence in an *in*formal manner. From these Western beginnings it has now come eastward and has even made its way, after large numbers of "expert investigations," into the statute-books of New York. It is established to-day in twenty-two states.

In 1911 Judge Porterfield of Kansas City, in charge of the Juvenile Court of that city, saw that certain women whose husbands were dead or in prison were unable to perform the double duty of earning a decent living for their children and of bringing up those children decently. Sometimes they would have to surrender those children to asylums and other institutions. He came to the conclusion that it was better to pay a mother to care for her children than to pay an asylum. And there you are! He went down to the legislature and got a law permitting him to do it.

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Different states have different ways of dealing with this matter. For instance, what sort of woman shall be entitled to a "pension"? Some states confine it to widows. Others include women whose husbands are in prisons or in hospitals for the insane. Still others include women whose husbands have deserted them. Several states throw all limitations into the discard, and say that the "pension" is open to *any* woman whose children would otherwise suffer from neglect or be committed to an asylum. Finally, a few states are willing to give a "pension," when demanded by the needs of the children, to a *father* or even to a *guardian*.

There is only one general principle everywhere. That is, that the "pension" is *not* a pension. It is granted not for services rendered in the past, but for services rendered in the present, and it stops as soon as the services stop—that is, as soon as the children are old enough to go to work for themselves.

The amount of the "pension" is usually based on a certain maximum sum for the first child and then a certain maximum for each of the others. The sum for the first child varies from as low as $6.25 a month to as high as $15. The sum for each of the others varies from as low as $5 to as high as $15.

The age at which the child shall cease to entitle its mother to a "pension" varies also. Fourteen is a favorite age. So is fifteen. And so is sixteen. In at least one state it is as high as eighteen.

As for the cost of the system, Chicago is the largest city which has had a fairly long experience with it, and the cost in Chicago amounts to $100,000 a year.

The geographical distribution of the "widows' pensions" states is as follows:

On the Pacific Coast: California, Oregon, Washington.

In the mountains: Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Colorado.

In the western part of the Middle West: South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri.

In the eastern part of the Middle West: Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio.

In the Middle Atlantic States: Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York.

In New England: New Hampshire, Massachusetts.

In the South: Tennessee.

**PUBLIC COAL AND PUBLIC RAILS AND PRIVATE FARMS AND PRIVATE GOLD IN ALASKA**

THE new publicly owned railway in Alaska will perform one of its chief duties by going up and tapping two enormous publicly owned coal-fields. Here we see "Public Ownership" and "Conservation" at their climax in the United States, so far.

There are only two spots in all Alaska where coal-land has been allowed to pass finally into private hands. And these two spots together amount to only 220 acres. Every other inch of coal-land in Alaska—scores of thousands of valuable acres of it—belongs to the Government and will keep on belonging to the Government.

But it's different—very different—with farm-land and with land containing gold and copper and other metals. Such lands will be allowed to pass into private ownership just as fast as private individuals meet the necessary conditions. Coal-lands: public. Agricultural and metal-bearing lands: private. That's the program.

The new railway will pass through a great deal of territory where excellent crops can be grown, of many different sorts; and then, at its northern end, it will reach the land of gold.

If you would understand the geography of this national adventure, imagine yourself on the west coast of Alaska, at the mouth of the Yukon. You take a boat and go up the Yukon, westward and northward, and then up the Tanana till you come to Fairbanks, which is within about a hundred miles of the Arctic Circle. There you will find, some day, the northern end of the new railway. You climb on board and ride south—through gold country, and through the great Manana and Matanuska coal-fields, and through farms and crops—till you come to the south coast, at Seward—a distance of about 450 miles.

The building of the new railway will be

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managed by the Department of the Interior through a commission, the chairman of which is William C. Edes, about whom we may say without exaggeration that he has been in the open air quite a bit. For twenty-five years he was chief locating engineer for the Santa Fé and Southern Pacific Railway companies, carrying grades and tracks through some of the most difficult mountain territory in the United States.

As for getting the Government coal out of the ground and into use, the Department of the Interior will be delighted, pretty soon, to give you a nice little patch of coal-land to go to work on. You can't buy it, but you can lease it. You can lease it for a period not exceeding fifty years. For each ton of coal mined you will pay a certain royalty to the Government.

And then you will ship that ton to market on a Government coal-car.

You will be able to make money in the coal business in Alaska. But you won't make it by speculating in coal-lands or in the stocks and bonds of coal-carrying railways. You will make it by digging coal. For particulars write to the Secretary of the Interior, the biggest operating landlord in America.

**BIG REFORM IN OUR NAVY! BUT— STILL BIGGER ONE NECESSARY TO EQUAL THE "ORGANIZATION" OF FOREIGN NAVIES**

IF WE were finishing ten new super-dreadnoughts, right now, all at once, we'd think we were doing something. But there's a new *job* just been created in the Navy; and that new job may actually turn out to be more important and more helpful to this country than ten new super-dreadnoughts—or any number of them.

For what's the trouble with our Navy? Lack of aeroplanes? Lack of submarines? Lack of mines? Lack of really *fast* battleships? And so on? And so on? Yes. Congressman Gardner has proved his charges, over and over again, out of the official documents; and there's no use pretending he hasn't. But there's something deeper—much deeper.

The worst trouble with our Navy is an organization, a *mis-* and *dis*-organization, which could take the best navy in the world and in ten years ruin it for fighting purposes.

Our Navy is divided into various bureaus. The Bureau of Navigation. The Bureau of Steam Engineering, etc. These bureaus do not report to any man who knows anything about navying. They report directly to the Secretary of the Navy, a civilian; and he gives them their orders, their technical orders, directly. Imagine that system transferred to the United States Steel Corporation!

Imagine Judge Gary, who knows nothing about steel, giving orders directly to the blast-furnace department and to the Bessemer department and to the open-hearth department, and so on, without any technical men in between him and them! And imagine them without any way of getting together and of doing real team-work except through the person of Judge Gary, who knows nothing about steel!

It's so ludicrous, it's so destructive of all efficiency, it's so menacing to the safety of this country, that—well, it's the big reason why Admiral Fiske said that we would need five years to make our Navy as good a fighting-machine as one of the navies of Europe.

Compare it with the British navy. They have a "First Lord of the Admiralty" who is a civilian. But he is not the operating head of the Navy. The operating head of the Navy is the Admiralty itself. The Admiralty is a board, a commission. The "First Lord" is its chairman. He comes and goes, depending on politics. The Admiralty remains. It governs the Navy. The British Navy has a *technical* head, a *permanent* technical head.

The American Navy has a *political* head, a *changing* political head.

Now the new "Chief of Operations" means a step forward. Secretary Daniels has done it. Let Congressman Gardner take his hat off to him—for once. The "Chief of Operations" will have command of the *whole* navy in all such matters as "fleet maneuvers." It's a step—a big one. But, just the same, it's not the whole journey by any means!

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It gives the American Navy a professional head for just *one* part of the team-work necessary to make a good navy. All other parts of that team-work are just as leaderless, professionally, as they ever were. And Mr. Gardner's voice, and Mr. Hobson's, will continue to have every right to be loud in the land.

**HARRY PLOTZ FINDS A NEW BACILLUS— AND HERE'S A LIST OF CONQUERED DISEASES AND OF SOME NOT CONQUERED**

A MODEST little brown-eyed, black-haired, twenty-five-year-old apprentice doctor in New York, by the name of Plotz, has discovered a bacillus which is about 1-25,000 of an inch in length and which is convicted of being the cause of Typhus Fever.

Typhus Fever (a quite different thing from Typ*hoid* Fever) has had a long and vile history. It devastated the old prisons of medieval Europe and was called "Jail Fever." It is carried from one man to the next by the body-louse. It attacks men in crowds in filth. So it attacks the Serbs in their war-camps to-day and makes Serbia a more woeful spectacle than Belgium. It is also called "Spotted Fever." Its victims have spotted skins. They suffer, too, from a deep mental—as well as physical—depression, which merges, within about two weeks, into the sleep of death. Typhus has earned its place among the diseases for which we reserve the title of "plague."

Typhus has claimed its martyrs among men of science. Dr. Ricketts, for instance, went from among us to Mexico to study it —was attacked by it—was killed by it.

Typhus is not an epidemic disease in the United States, but individual cases are found, particularly in certain seaboard cities.

Dr. Plotz—Harry Plotz—destined to a place among the great discoverers of the causes of diseases—was born in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1890. He is a product of the regular public schools and of Columbia University. In 1913 he had a busy year. He was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons at the head of his class; he won an appointment as an "interne" at the Mount Sinai Hospital; and, in December, he segregated and isolated and otherwise discovered and nailed down the Typhus Fever Bacillus—which nasty little animal was later formally christened by Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, as the *Bacillus Typhi Exanthematici.*

Dr. Plotz's modesty appears plainly when he is interviewed. He spends no time admiring himself as a discoverer. He admires the newspaper reporters—who discovered his photograph, which he himself had lost and had never been able to find. He thinks that if he had their talents for discovery he could solve all this world's scientific problems in a few years.

Having cornered the typhus bacillus, Dr. Plotz made a protective vaccine to fight it; and a supply of this vaccine is now being taken to Serbia by Dr. Hans Zinsser, who himself has been inoculated with it. Its value in making people "immune" to Typhus Fever is yet to be demonstrated.

Whereupon it occurred to us that we had never seen a list of the important diseases of the human race with answers to the following questions:

*Has the germ of this disease been discovered?*

Whether the germ of it has been discovered or not, *is there a "remedy" which is a regular specific "cure" for it?* By "remedy" we mean a serum or a drug—not surgery or nursing. And, of course, no remedy will effect a cure in every case. But *is there a remedy which is standard and specific and which can be expected, normally, to effect a cure?*

Finally, going back from cure to prevention, *are there standard specific methods by which the individual person can be made immune to this disease or by which the whole community can be protected against the spread of it, so that it can be stamped out?*

Accordingly, we went to work and we made a list of the kind above outlined and we sent it to various scientific men for inspection and correction, and we herewith present it to our readers. We believe that this list contains the latest and best information possible.

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In reading it, you will observe that sometimes, as in infantile paralysis, the germ has been found, but no "cure" and no satisfactory "prevention" has followed. In the case of yellow fever, on the other hand, the germ is still undiscovered, but measures of prevention are completely successful. Also, it is interesting to notice that the diseases of childhood, as a group, seem to be especially difficult to understand and to conquer.

| Disease | Has Germ Been Found? | *Cure.* Is there a serum or specific drug for it? | *Prevention.* Are there successful measures for making the individual immune to it or for protecting the whole community against epidemics of it? |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bubonic Plague | Yes | Yes. Serum. *Reduces* mortality. But only moderately successful. | Vaccination will make the individual immune for a short time. Epidemics can be stopped by certain general health measures. |
| Cancer | No | No | No |
| Cholera | Yes | No | Same as above. |
| Diphtheria | Yes | Yes. Serum: Antitoxin | The diphtheria antitoxin is a preventive as well as a cure. |
| Hookworm | Yes | Yes. Drug: Thymol | Hookworm can be eradicated from the community by certain general health measures. |
| Infantile Paralysis | Yes | No | Unsatisfactory. |
| Malaria | Yes | Yes. Drug: Quinine | Malaria can be eradicated from the community by certain general health measures. |
| Measles | No | No | Unsatisfactory. |
| Meningitis | Yes | Yes. Serum. *Reduces* mortality. | Unsatisfactory. |
| Pellagra | No | No | No |
| Pneumonia | Yes | No | Unsatisfactory. |
| Scarlet Fever | No | No | Unsatisfactory. |
| Smallpox | No | No | Vaccination for the individual; sanitation for the community. |
| Syphilis | Yes | Yes. Drug: Salvarsan | Yes |
| Tetanus (Lockjaw) | Yes | Yes. Serum: Antitoxin *Reduces* mortality. | The tetanus serum is preventive as well as curative. |
| Tuberculosis | Yes | No | "Right Living" checks its spread. |
| Typhoid Fever | Yes | No | Vaccination will prevent it in individuals and sanitation will check it in communities. |
| Typhus Fever | Yes | No | Vaccination now being tried out. |
| Whooping-cough | Yes | No | No |
| Yellow Fever | No | No | Epidemics can be completely controlled by general health measures. |

REGRETS. In the March issue of EVERBODY'S, in an article on Billy Sunday by Peter Clark Macfarlane, there was a mistake made with regard to the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Macfarlane said that the Chamber "declared against the license of the liquor traffic and in favor of national prohibition." But it didn't. Mr. Macfarlane and EVERYBOY'S MAGAZINE express regrets for this error.

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# NEW BUSINESS CHANCES IN AMERICA!

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**Do you know that things you don't know about yourself may make you ill? Here is the first popular explanation of Dr. Freud's famous method of curing disease by boring into the unconscious mind.**

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The story of a man who couldn't take a drink.

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Pigeons are just exactly like folks—when it comes to loving and marrying.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

POSSIBLE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES IN 1916 — 761

(We don't want to tell you about this in advance. Please look for yourself.)

DRAWINGS, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, BY HARRY TOWNSEND

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1915. Editor, ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, WILLIAM HARD, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. Publisher, THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Owners:* (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.) *Owner:* THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders:* THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York, N. Y. J. F. BIRMINGHAM, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. WM. H. BLACK, 152 West 91st Street, New York City, N. Y. MRS. THERESA R. CARROLL, 777 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. EMILY JOSEPHINE DONNER, 23 Euclid Avenue, Summit, N. J. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City, N. Y. CLARA E. KEHOE, 2344 University Avenue, New York City, N. Y. H. F. MORSE, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 955 West End Avenue, New York City, N. Y. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. R. A. VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. MARIE A. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. BEN F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. *Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:* GEORGE W. WILDER, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y. GERTRUDE C. WILDER, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y. JULIA MARLOWE, Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, Pa. THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. JOHN ADAMS THAYER, 101 East 80th Street, New York, N. Y. JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, 128 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y. (*Signed*) J. F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. *Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March*, 1915. JAMES B. SHEEHAN, Notary Public. (*My commission expires March* 30, 1916.) [*Seal.*]

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# With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

## WHY WE ARE NOT CHANGING EVERYBODY'S TO THE FLAT SHAPE

WE ASKED the art man to give us roses on the cover this month for our birthday.

The June issue, Nineteen Hundred and Three, was the first issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE under our direction.

Only a little while ago, and yet it seems a long, long time.

Perhaps because we have had our oar in so many streams.

Unless you have thought it out for yourselves, you will not have realized the reach and influence of a magazine like EVERYBODY'S.

A great magazine reaches millions directly every year, and on a hundred themes vital to the biggest life of the individual and the nation; vital economically, vital socially, vital politically, vital spiritually.

The editors and publishers of a great periodical have a most inspiring opportunity.

Also a terrifying responsibility.

One misstatement of an important fact in a magazine trusted by its readers may do incalculable harm.

One injustice to an individual can never be atoned.

We can understand the feelings of a publisher who deliberately elects to make a magazine for entertainment. The publisher who makes a clean magazine of entertainment is a public benefactor.

We aim to give in EVERYBODY'S every month a goodly proportion of clean entertainment.

But no one would ever think of classing EVERYBODY'S as a magazine of entertainment.

EVERYBODY'S has a purpose.

A purpose which goes beyond entertainment.

EVERYBODY'S is made for intelligent, influential folks who have time and heart for helping on the Common Good.

EVERYBODY'S is not made to make money.

EVERYBODY'S is not made to make trouble.

We have made a good deal of both.

That was as it happened.

Just now we are not making much of either.

That also is as it happens.

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# Ingersoll

## DOLLAR WATCH

### *Waste Not—Want Not*

Remember this when buying a low price watch; there is no more excuse for wasting a dollar on a watch than $100.

In either case you should get your *dollar's worth.*

This you are not apt to do unless there's *a name you know on the dial.*

*The name "Ingersoll" on the dial of a watch means guaranteed timekeeping.*

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., NEW YORK.




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(*Continued from page 4*)

The point is, we are on the same job we started on, and we mean to stay on that job.

We try not to take ourselves too seriously. We realize our limitations. We realize our responsibilities.

If realizing limitations and responsibilities were sufficient reasons for throwing up a job, every man engaged in any worth-while work would quit.

Everywhere men are facing their responsibilities in spite of their limitations.

Some one said, "A friend is a man who knows you, and likes you in spite of it."

A man is a human being who knows his limitations and makes the most of himself in spite of them.

We unblushingly put EVERYBODY'S in the man class.

Greatly inspired by our opportunities, we go forward serenely, and as strongly as may be, to whatever awaits us.

### THE WHY OF THE FLAT SHAPE

We promised last month to tell you why we are not changing the shape of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

First of all, it is our personal belief that the shape of a magazine has very little to do with the success of a magazine.

The success of a magazine is inevitably determined by the contents of a magazine.

An indifferently edited magazine may make a fair success if superbly handled. A superbly edited magazine may make a fair success if indifferently handled. By "handling" we mean typography, manufacture, the circulating and advertisement solicitation.

A superb success is made only when a magazine is superbly edited and superbly handled. Any magazine so edited and so handled is bound to succeed, whatever its shape.

Now, it so happens that for a couple of years past some of the publications in the flat shape have been better edited and better handled than most of the publications in the standard shape—the shape of EVERYBODY'S.

The result has been that the advertiser has instinctively favored those better edited, better handled publications, and has taken a lot of business out of the magazines shaped like EVERYBODY'S and put it in the flat publications.

It is only fair to say that some advertisers believe, or think they believe, that they get more value for their advertising at the same price when their advertisements are run alongside reading-matter. They think that you readers are more likely to see their advertisements when they are run alongside the editorial matter, than when they are segregated in the front and back of the book, as they are in EVERYBODY'S.

On the other hand, we believe, or think we believe, that when the reader goes to the advertising section for the sake of the advertisements themselves, the advertising is dignified and its value enhanced immeasurably thereby.

Whatever the merits of the case, we do know that the standard magazines—magazines the

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# *We will send you postpaid a can of*

# JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

—enough to polish a small floor, a piano, an automobile or several pieces of furniture. **Johnson's Prepared Wax** is a complete finish and polish for all floors, linoleum, woodwork, furniture, pianos, and for the body, hood and fenders of automobiles, limousines and electrics. It is very clean and easy to use. Gives perfect results over any finish—varnish shellac, oil, etc. Imparts a perfectly hard, dry, artistic finish of great beauty and durability. It is impervious to water, scratches, heel-marks, finger-prints, dust, etc. and can easily be kept in perfect condition.

# JOHNSON'S WOOD DYE

for the artistic coloring of all wood. With it inexpensive soft woods may be finished so they are as beautiful as hard wood. Made in seventeen shades including *Mahogany, Mission, Early English, Fumed, etc.* **Johnson's Wood Dye** penetrates deeply—is economical—dries quickly and is very easy to use. It has no equal for finishing new furniture, woodwork and floors and for doing over old work of this character—for staining basketry, etc.

## Free Instruction Book

Best paint dealers are supplied with our 25c color booklet "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." Ask yours for a free copy—if he hasen't one, we will send it free and postpaid upon request. This booklet is the work of famous experts—it is full of valuable ideas on home beautifying, beautifully illustrated in colors.

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON**
*"The Wood Finishing Authorities"*
**RACINE, WIS.**

Ev. 6

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.**

*I enclose 10c for Instruction Book on Home Beautifying and a can of Johnson's Prepared Wax—sufficient for a small floor, an automobile, a piano or several pieces of furniture.*

*Name*.....

*Address* .....

*City or State*.....



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(*Continued from page 6*)

shape of EVERYBODY'S—have built up large businesses through advertising in the standards alone.

In other words, the advertising space in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has been proved to be valuable. It has been proved to be worth a great deal. It has been proved to be a good buy at some price.

Whatever that price is, we mean to charge. And we believe we should and will continue to get a lot of business for EVERYBODY'S at a right price in the years to come.

We have no quarrel with the publishers who have changed their magazines to the flat size.

We have no quarrel with the publishers who have changed their serious magazines into magazines of entertainment.

Both moves may have been extremely clever, business-wise.

But we believe that the publishers who have changed to the flat shape from standard, in the hope of getting more advertising, have misinterpreted the real reasons for the drift of advertising toward the flats.

We are making EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for the reader.

We believe that if we can hold a half-million circulation in intelligent, influential homes—natural circulation—the magazine desired for its own sake, we shall have no difficulty in securing all the advertising, at a right price, that belongs to us, and making all the money that is good for us.

We believe that the present shape of EVERYBODY'S is the ideal shape for a magazine reader.

Reader, not looker.

Our great consideration is the contents.

We want a bright, interesting, snappy-looking book, of course. That is American. But what we want above everything is the right stuff in the book.

If we get the right stuff, we will have the readers. If we do not get the right stuff, we do not deserve the readers.

If we have the readers, real readers, the advertiser is sure to know it.

We are continuing the present shape of EVERYBODY'S, then, because we believe that it is the right shape for a real magazine reader.

It is comfortable to hold, comfortable to read, comfortable to pack, comfortable to have around.

## OUR ONE WORRY

We are not worrying at all about the shape of the book.

We are not worrying about the advertising.

We are not worrying about anything, really. But once in a while we do get a bit wabbly, wondering if we will measure up to our superb opportunities.

Wondering if we can continue to make a real magazine for real people. Of course we believe we can.

Fortunately, this does not depend upon us alone. To EVERYBODY'S, more than to most other magazines, we believe, the readers have given their help, their personal interest, their backing.

We look eagerly beyond the threshold of this birthday.


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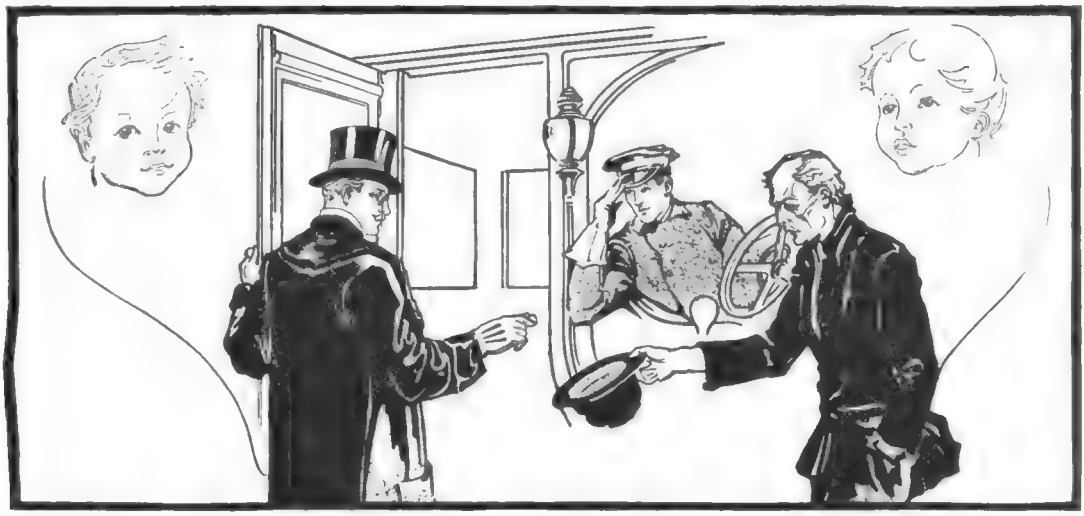

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# Both Had an Equal Chance

## —Power of Will Made the Difference

Why is it that two men with equal opportunities, with equal mental equipment, sometimes end up so differently?

One fights his way to influence, money and power, overcoming seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, while the other tries one thing after another, gradually losing his grip—never succeeding at anything.

It isn't luck—there's no such thing in the long run—*it's a difference of* ***will-power,*** *that's all.*

No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will—upon that does success hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. The will is the weapon of achievement. Show me a big, successful man and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time, whether a business man, a statesman, lawyer, doctor, or fighter.

### Anyone Can Have a Strong Will

It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—by intelligent exercise and use.

The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not *use* their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "Will-Power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become *unable* to use it.

## "Power of Will"

by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson, and Royce—is the first thorough course in will training ever conceived. It is based on a most profound analysis of the will in human beings. Yet every step in the 28 fascinating lessons is written so simply that anyone can understand them and apply the principles, methods, and rules set down with noticeable results almost from the very start.

### A Veritable Godsend

The users of "Power of Will" speak of it as a Bible. It has pulled men out of the gutter and put them on the road to self-respect and success—it has enabled men to overcome drink and other vices, almost overnight—it has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—making thousands of sick people well—it has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities suffused with the joy of living—it has enabled people who had sunk deep into the grooves of a rut to pull themselves out and become masters instead of the blind tool of circumstance—it has reawakened ambition in men and women who had been turned from their life purpose and given them the courage and confidence to build anew—it has converted failures in business into spectacular successes—it has enabled successful men to undertake even bigger projects by showing them how to use the power they already possess with even more telling force.

400 pp. Half Leather Gold Top Leaves

Young and old alike, men and women in all walks of life, testify to the almost magical changes in their lives once they undertake Dr. Haddock's simple formula for strengthening the will—once they know how to use this God-given faculty recognized the world over as the greatest weapon of achievement.

### Send No Money

"Power of Will" contains 400 pages, half leather, gold-top leaves, and includes more material than any correspondence course selling at $25, yet the price is only $3.00. Let us send you the book. Look it over. Glance through some of the chapters. Judge for yourself whether you can afford *not* to own it. *Send no money now.* Simply send the attached coupon, enclosing your business card or giving a reference. You can keep it five days. If at the end of five days, you do not want it, mail it back. Tear out the coupon now, before you turn the page and forget. This announcement may not appear in this magazine again.

**Pelton Pub. Co.** 96 Haddock Bldg., Meriden, Conn

**Over 50,000 Users**

Power of Will has already helped over 50,000 people—a record equalled by no other single course of any kind in the world. Such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Atty.-Gen. of the U. S.; Asst. Postmaster-General Britt; E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co., are owners and literally thousands of other successful men like them have voiced their praise of this great work.

"From what I have already seen I believe I can get $300 to $30,000 worth of good out of it."—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent, No. West. Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"Will Power" is a compilation of mighty force. My first week's benefit in dollars is $900—cost $3; profit $897."—J. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"Send 15 copies to our New York office."—W. M. Taylor, Efficiency Expert, the Overland Auto Co., Toledo.

"He who reads it and puts forth effort will soon find himself out of the common herd."—F. A. Good, President of Nebraska Lumber Dealers' Assn., Cowles, Neb.

"Here is $3 for you. 'Power of Will' received. It is the book I've wished for, for years." J. L. Seawall, Clerk of Supreme Court, State of No. Carolina, Raleigh, N. C.

**Pelton Pub. Co.**
**96 Haddock Bldg.**
**Meriden, Conn.**

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" without charge. I agree to remit $3.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....



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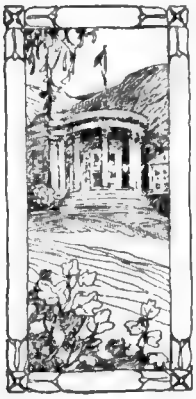

# EVERYBODY'S EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

Everybody's Magazine will be glad to help, if you need help, in the selection of a suitable school for your boy or girl. In writing, please state your wishes in full, and address Educational Directory, Everybody's Magazine, New York.

## Why Go Away to School?

FORTY years ago only a few boys and girls were sent away to school, even from families who could well afford it. When they were ready for college, that was considered time enough to leave home.

One reason was there were not so many good schools where the children could be sent as there are now. Therefore the advantages were not so apparent. Besides, when it was an exceptional case, instead of a general custom as it is nowadays, parents were more inclined to be selfish about it and to yield to the natural wish to keep the children altogether at home as long as possible.

But to-day American families who are progressive look at the subject very differently. They realize that in all parts of the country splendid schools have grown up, and that these schools have the finest and most thorough instruction and represent in their equipment a vast and wise investment of capital. Enlightened parents also realize that when other enlightened parents are filling these great schools with their children, their own children ought to have an equal advantage. Such parents feel that their personal sacrifice ought not to stand in the way of the best chance for their children.

Now what are some of the *specific reasons why* the progressive parents of to-day so generally admit that the advantage of going away to school is too great to be denied to their children?

(1) Because a *good* "boarding-school," either Preparatory, or Military, or Academic, gives boys and girls a new mental spur. It takes them out of the old rut of the local stay-at-home school. This change stimulates a new ambition. The new faces, the new associates, start up fresh impulses. The horizon widens. Larger ideas begin to have play.

(2) Because the teaching in such a high-grade school is usually more adapted to the individuality of the child. It is usually less mechanical, less "ready-made," than in the home schools. The teachers are trained to approach the individual pupil rather than to gear their teaching to a whole big class. The principal and the separate instructors study the needs of each pupil as a special case and with regard to special peculiarities.

(3) Because in such a school there are a lot of features, outside of school-books, which are also educative. There is the special attention given to physical training, to the best sports, to deportment, and to a sense of future position in the world. There is, also, the high moral training, the establishing of a fine code of conduct. And, still more, there is the careful safeguarding from evil influences at the most critical years of a child's life.

(4) Because, in a great majority of cases, a child is actually benefited by getting away from home and getting into such a wholesome and natural atmosphere. In some homes there has been too much petting; in others too much nagging; in others too much indifference to the leading needs of education. But in a typical school, of the kind I mean, there is neither petting, nor nagging, nor indifference. The adjustment is fitted keenly to the best needs of the boy or girl at that momentous age.

(5) Because if boys or girls are going to college afterward, they have had the ice broken. They can go without the shyness that so often handicaps the college student for the first years in college. For college life nowadays is adjusted more to those who have been away at preparatory schools than to those who come fresh from home. Perhaps only those who have experienced college life can understand this. But those who have, understand it well. To the freshmen who come from such a preparatory school, college is a much happier place, and certainly a more successful field.

Those are some of the reasons why judicious parents are patronizing these schools, why these schools are so full of the finest youth of our land, and why so many ambitious boys and girls are urgent and earnest in finding a way to go.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

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# Mount Ida School

**6 miles from Boston**

## FOR GIRLS

We send students to Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke on certificate. **Many girls after leaving the grammar school do not wish to go to college.** But often they desire **advanced** work in a new environment with competent instructors, and to select studies best meeting their tastes and needs.

**We offer just these opportunities.** Students take English or Literature, but the course otherwise is **elective.** All subjects count for diploma.

**Graduation** from high school not necessary for entrance.

Special work in voice, piano, violin, harp and pipe organ with **eminent** Boston masters.

A finely equipped school. New building with **new organ;** new gymnasium and swimming pool.

All the opportunities of Boston in Music, Art and historical associations are freely used.

A girl, after leaving grammar school, can **begin** her studies at Mount Ida and continue them until she has an education equivalent to **two years** in **College,** taking through her whole course an **elective program.** Domestic Science, Art, Elocution. SEND FOR YEAR BOOK.

*Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life.*

**81 SUMMIT ST., NEWTON, Mass.**

# The Tome School

***An Endowed Preparatory School***

Offers the best possible preparation for college or technical school; the most generous provision for the physical fitness and welfare of students.

¶ The most beautiful and complete school buildings and grounds in America. 20 buildings. Single room for each boy. Exceptional Manual Training facilities. 175 acres, 9-hole golf course, 5 athletic fields, gymnasium, batting cage, quarter-mile track, tennis courts.

***A completely equipped Lower School for Little Boys***

*Elaborately illustrated prospectus on request*

TUITION, $700.

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER, Ph.D.

**Port Deposit, Maryland**

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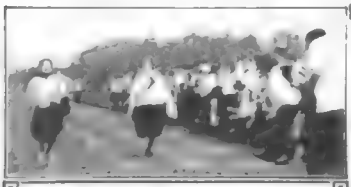
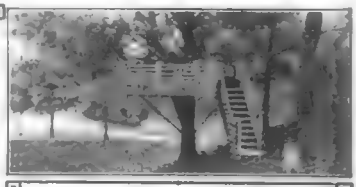
*Massachusetts, Continued*



# LASELL Seminary

**For Young Women**



Lasell offers regular, college-preparatory and special courses, music, art and elocution.

It gives exceptional training in all phases of home economics, including food values, marketing, cooking, the art of entertaining, house furnishing and management, sewing, dressmaking, and millinery.

The location of the school, surrounded by places of historic interest and near Boston with its many advantages, its music and art, gives unusual opportunity for general culture.

20 acres, 12 buildings, gymnasium, swimming-pool. Tennis, boating, basketball, horseback riding and other sports. Address

**G. M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal, 214 Woodland Road,**
**Auburndale, Massachusetts (10 miles from Boston)**

# Bradford Academy

**Bradford, Mass.**

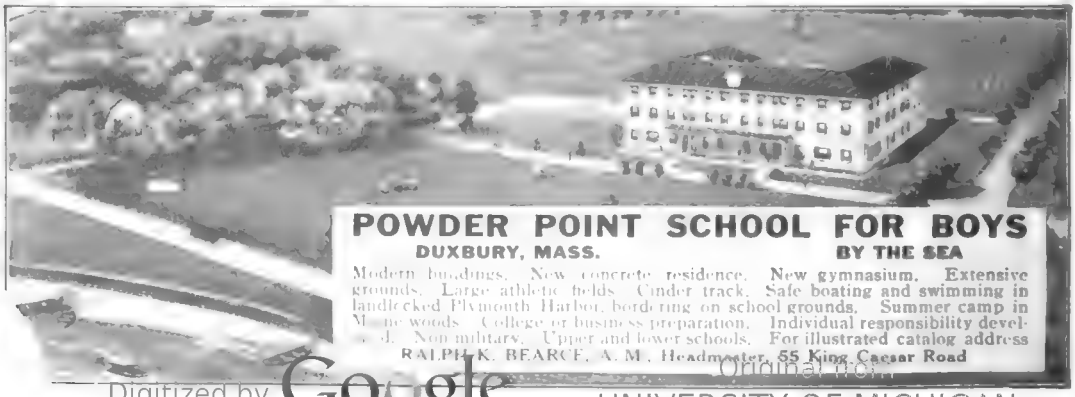
## For Young Women

**THIRTY MILES FROM BOSTON**

In the beautiful valley of the Merrimac. Extensive grounds devoted to outdoor life and supervised athletics. A long life of 113 years, a careful selection of teacher and student, a maintenance of the highest standards and a complete modern equipment make this school unique.

The pupil forms lifelong associations, absorbs traditions and develops definite habits of thought and work that are invaluable. Certificate admits to leading colleges. General course of five years. Two-year course for high school graduates. Course in domestic science. Address

**LAURA A. KNOTT, A.M., Principal.**



# POWDER POINT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

**DUXBURY, MASS.** **BY THE SEA**

Modern buildings. New concrete residence. New gymnasium. Extensive grounds. Large athletic fields. Cinder track. Safe boating and swimming in landlocked Plymouth Harbor, bordering on school grounds. Summer camp in Maine woods. College or business preparation. Individual responsibility developed. Non-military. Upper and lower schools. For illustrated catalog address

**RALPH K. BEARCE, A. M., Headmaster, 55 King Caesar Road**

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## *Massachusetts, Continued*

# SEA PINES
## Home School for Girls

**Distinctively Devoted to Developing Personality**

Genuine happy home life; personal attention and care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is **exceptionally favorable for an outdoor life**, which we make attractive and refining. One hundred acres; pine groves, 1000 feet of seashore, ponies. Horseback riding. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. Gymnastics, Music, Handiwork, Domestic Arts. French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study under patient and enthusiastic instructors. Address

**Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals, P. O. Box R Brewster, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.**

# HALLOCK SCHOOL

A country school for boys in the Berkshire Hills. Five buildings with complete modern equipment. 23 acres. Athletic field. Cinder track. Gymnasium. Tennis and squash tennis courts. Hockey rink. Each boy's physical and mental activities carefully directed by experienced men. Preparation for college, scientific school or business.

*For Illustrated Booklet, address*

**GERARD HALLOCK, M. A., Principal, Great Barrington, Mass.**

MASSACHUSETTS, Norton. **(30 miles from Boston)**

### Wheaton College for Women

The new college for women. 4-year course leading to A. B. degree. All classes in operation. Also 2-year diploma course for high school graduates. 17 buildings. 100 acres. Endowment. Catalog.

REV. SAMUEL V. COLE, D. D., LL.D., President.

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### House in the Pines

A school for girls. Intermediate and academic courses. Languages—native teachers. Music, Household Arts. Every attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girl's health and happiness.

MISS GERTRUDE E. CORNISH, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Easthampton.

### Williston Seminary for Boys

Your boy's personality studied and directed. All the advantages of a high-priced school for moderate terms. Scientific and preparatory departments. 5 buildings, Gymnasium. 6-acre athletic field. Write for booklet or catalog.

JOSEPH H. SAWYER, L.H.D., Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Ashburnham.

### Cushing Academy

Superior advantages at moderate cost. Group plan gives each student personal attention. Healthful home life. Prepares for college, business and life. 41st year. Address for illustrated booklet

H. S. COWELL, A. M., Prin.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 555 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

### Chauncy Hall School

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.

FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, Copley Square.

### School of Expression.

Mind—Body—Voice. Leader for 30 years. Write for Dr. Curry's books, "Morning League," "Home Study," "Expression." Summer terms, Boston, Asheville, Atlanta, University of Vermont, Chicago.

S. S. CURRY, Ph. D., Litt. D., President.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 4 Arlington Street, Box E.

### Miss McClintock's School for Girls

MISS MARY LAW MCCLINTOCK, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 779 Beacon Street.

### Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

27th year. New building. Courses of one, two and three years. Positions for graduates. Similar courses in Medical Gymnastics.

Apply to THE SECRETARY.

# HOWARD SEMINARY

**A Famous Old New England Country School**

Twenty-five miles from Boston. College Entrance Certificate. General Courses. Domestic Science and Home Management. Art. Music. Modern Languages. Woodworking. The school, home and gymnasium are each in separate buildings. Horseback riding, canoeing, trips afield. Extensive grounds for tennis, golf, hockey, basketball and other sports. Live teachers. $550-$600. For catalog address

**MR. and MRS. C. P. KENDALL, Principals, West Bridgewater, Mass.**



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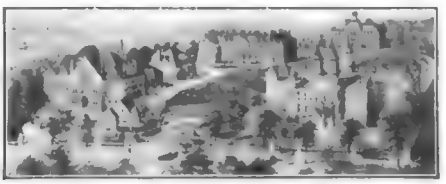
## *Massachusetts Continued—Conn., R. I., Vermont, Maine*

# TENACRE

*A Country School for Young Girls*

PREPARATORY to Dana Hall. Fourteen miles from Boston. All sports and athletics supervised and adapted to the age of the pupil. The finest instruction, care and influence.

MISS HELEN TEMPLE COOKE
Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.



# WORCESTER ACADEMY

For Boys — 82nd Year

171 boys prepared in last 4 years for 33 different colleges and professional schools. Alumni in 43 states and 15 foreign countries. Enrollment represents 22 states and 12 foreign countries. Classical and scientific courses for general education. Faculty of 20 experienced men. Standards of scholarship the highest. School spirit broad and democratic. Scholarship aid for worthy boys. Organized play for graded physical training. 11 school buildings. New and perfectly appointed gymnasium and pool. Catalogue.
D. W. Abercrombie, LL. D., 101 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.

CONNECTICUT, New Haven, St. Ronan Terrace.

### The Gateway

A School for Girls of all ages.

MISS ALICE E. REYNOLDS, Principal.

CONNECTICUT, Greenwich, Ely Court.

### The Ely School

For Girls. In the country. One hour from New York City. Certificates to Vassar and the New England Colleges.

WATERBURY, CONN. Founded 1875
Located in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots in New England. College Preparatory with certificate privileges and courses in Music, Fine Arts, History and Languages. School's 50-acre farm, "Umberfield," gives unusual opportunities for all sports, including hockey, tennis, basketball, skating, snowshoeing, etc. Girls here also put their Domestic Science teachings into actual practice. One hour from Hartford or New Haven. Send for catalog and views.
MISS EMILY GARDNER MUNRO, A. M., Principal

MASSACHUSETTS, Springfield.

### "The Elms" School for Girls

A city school with country sports. Open air sleeping room. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Simmons. Graduating and special courses. Domestic Science, Music.
MISS PORTER, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Andover.

### Abbot Academy

A School for Girls. Founded 1828. 23 miles from Boston. General course with Household Science. College Preparation. Address
MISS BERTHA BAILEY, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Worcester.

### Worcester Domestic Science School

One and two-year Normal and Home-making courses. Trains for teachers of cookery, sewing, matrons, dietitians, housekeepers. The only school devoted solely to Normal Domestic Science training. Graduates occupy exceptional positions. Opening date, Sept. 14, 1915. Address MRS. F. A. WETHERED, 158 Institute Road.

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### The Weston School for Girls

Combines home life in the country with careful instruction. Develops character and womanliness. Academic and homemaking courses, music, art and expression.
MRS. ELISABETH MATHEWS-RICHARDSON, A.B., Principal.

RHODE ISLAND, Providence.

### Moses Brown School

Upper School—Thorough preparation for college and technical school. Manual Training. Extensive athletic fields, gymnasium with swimming pool. Moderate rates. Lower School—Special home care and training of younger boys. Graded classes. Outdoor sports. Catalog.
SETH K. GIFFORD, PH. D., Principal.

VERMONT, Saxtons River.

### The Vermont Academy for Boys

An ideal school for wholesome training and thorough education. Special attention to life in the open. Certificate to colleges. Lower school for younger boys.
GEORGE B. LAWSON, PH. D., Principal.

CONNECTICUT, North Stonington.

### The Wheeler School

A country school for boys and girls, offering college certificate privileges, domestic science and general courses. Modern buildings, athletic fields, tennis courts, baseball diamond. Endowment permits low expense of $350 a year. Address
ROYAL A. MOORE, A. M., Principal.

MAINE, Farmington.

### The Abbott School for Boys

An exceptionally well equipped small school. College certificate privilege. Business course. Remarkable for contentment of boys and health record. Every vacancy filled the past year. Terms $700. Summer Tutoring School.
GEORGE D. CHURCH, M.A., Headmaster.

MAINE, Farmington.

### Abbott Hill Recreation School

For boys who fail of promotion in any subject. Not a camp where tutoring is incidental. Breaks the long vacation with 5 weeks of profitable study. Week-end camp trips. Opens July 14.
Address GEORGE D. CHURCH, M. A., Headmaster, Abbott School.

CONNECTICUT, Bridgeport, 189 West Ave.

### Conn. Froebel Normal Kindergarten Primary Training School

Academic, kindergarten, primary and playground courses. Boarding and day school. Extensive facilities for thorough work. State certificate. $350 covers all expense. 17th year. Booklets. Address MARY C. MITLS, Principal.

CONNECTICUT, Bridgeport, 865 Lafayette Street.

### The Fannie A. Smith Froebel Kindergarten and Training School

We have found the demand for our graduates greater than we can supply. One and two year courses. For catalogue address
FANNIE A. SMITH, Principal.

CONNECTICUT, New Haven, 1466 Chapel Street.

### New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics

29th year. Fits for teaching, physical training, playground work. Vocational bureau. Summer session. Dormitories. 2 new gymnasiums, 7 buildings. Enclosed 3-acre campus. Boathouse, 20-acre athletic field, camp on Sound.

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## *New York—Continued*

# Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Established 1824
Troy, N. Y.

**Engineering and Science**

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Graduate and Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories. For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

**JOHN E. NUGENT, Registrar**

# Emma Willard School

**For Girls**

On the hills 400 ft. above the city of Troy. Four beautiful new, fireproof buildings, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Campus 30 acres. Tennis courts, hockey, basketball. Gymnasium, with swimming pool, bowling alleys. Resident nurse. A broad variety of work, including college preparation and courses for girls not going to college. Special advantages in Music and Art. Practical courses in Domestic Science. Certificate admits to Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and Mt. Holyoke Colleges. Illustrated catalogue on request.

102d Year

**Miss ELIZA KELLAS, Ph. B., Principal, Troy, N. Y.**

# Ossining School

For Girls, Ossining-on-Hudson N.Y.

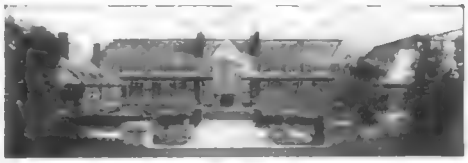
Offers girls a refined Christian home while providing them a broad, liberal education. Healthful, beautiful location, true educational environment. Academic, Music, Art, Preparatory and Home-making Courses. Suburban to New York. 48th year. Separate school for younger girls. Write for catalog and book of school views.

**Clara C. Fuller,** *Principal.*
**Martha J. Naramore,** *Asso. Prin.*

# Mrs. Dow's School For Girls

For circular address

Mrs. Mary E. Dow, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.



# Glen Eden

*On-the-Hudson*

*In the Highlands* *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

Boarding Schools for Girls. 3 modern buildings, 12 acres. Academic, Finishing and two-year Collegiate Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Social training. No entrance examinations. 2 hours from New York City. Out-of-door life and sports. Riding. Address for illustrated booklets, *mentioning this magazine,*

**Frederic Martin Townsend, Director.**

New York, Binghamton.

## The Lady Jane Grey School for Girls

33d year. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke. General Course. Special courses for High School graduates. Music and Domestic Science. Exceptional home life.
Principals: The Misses Hyde and Ella Virginia Jones, A. B.

# CASCADILLA

Has prepared over 1000 boys for Cornell—prepares for all colleges

**National recognition of masterful boy training—for college and for business.**

Superb location on Cayuga Lake. Faculty of specialists, small classes. Attendance limit 125. Certificate privilege. Gymnasium. Recreation Building. Large Athletic Field. Rowing shells, etc. Terms. $675 to $775. Year opens Sept. 21. Catalog.

**C. V. PARSELL, A. M., Principal, Ithaca N. Y.**

# PUTNAM HALL

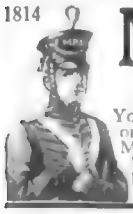
*A Vassar Preparatory School for Girls*

**ONE MILE FROM VASSAR**

A school raised to distinction by a combination of common-sense, definite ideals, outdoor life and individual training for college or home. Recommended by such eminent educators as Dr. James M. Taylor, ex-President Vassar College; Dr. Wm. Arnold Shanklin, President Wesleyan University, and Dr. Talcott Williams, President Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University. Certificate privilege for all colleges. Sleeping porches and sun parlors. Write for catalogue and views.

**ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, A. B., Principal**
**Poughkeepsie Box 308 New York**

1814



# Mount Pleasant Academy

1915

**Founded 1814. A century of service is a guarantee of merit.**

Your son will enjoy here an ideal school home and will be prepared for college, technical school or business, as you choose. He will also grow in manliness and self-reliance. We have Manual Training and a rationalized military system. *Mount Pleasant Hall* is for boys under 13. We also maintain a Summer Camp in the Berkshires under Mr Brusie's personal charge. Read what the colleges and universities say of Mount Pleasant in the history of our Centennial Celebration. For this and other literature address **The Principal, Box 511, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.**



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## *New York, Continued*


Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Eastman

**Summer School Is Your Opportunity To Study Business**

Success in modern business requires vocational training as truly as in any other calling. EASTMAN trains for business, and obtains employment for students who can be recommended as to character and capability. Complete your education this summer by preparing at EASTMAN for a good position in business or the Civil Service.

*Increase your earning power. Write to-day for prospectus.*

**CLEMENT C. GAINES, M. A., LL. D., Box 682, Poughkeepsie, New York.**

**Mrs. Helen M. Scoville's School for Girls**

New York City, 2042 Fifth Ave.

Resident and Day Pupils. Air, light. Recreation lawn. Advantages of city. Regular or special courses: art; music; practical courses. Home care and social life. Dancing, riding and swimming.

NEW YORK, New York City, 607 Fifth Avenue.

**The Gardner School** 58th year. An exclusive school for Girls, combining all the advantages of city with delightful home life. Regular and special courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Dancing. Much outdoor life, Riding, Skating, Swimming, etc.

MISS ELTINGE and MISS MASLAND, Principals.

**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS** FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT
President

For Catalogue and Information, apply to
THE SECRETARY, ROOM 151, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

**Peekskill Academy**

*Founded 1833* **PEEKSKILL, N. Y.**

A military school with a fine record for scholarship. Its certificate is honored by all colleges accepting certificates. New $150,000 equipment. Enrollment almost trebled in 10 years. 83d year. Separate Junior School 9-13.

**Address John C. Bucher, A. M., Charles A. Robinson, Ph. D., Prins.**

**IRVING SCHOOL for Boys** Tarrytown-on-Hudson New York

25 miles from New York, in the beautiful, historic "Irving" country. 79th year. 24 years under present Head Master. New site and buildings 1904. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic Field. Swimming pool. Gymnasium. Address

**J. M. FURMAN, A. M., Headmaster, Box 921**

**Skidmore School of Arts**

A College for the Vocational and Professional Training of young women, located in America's leading health resort. **Six Departments:**

**Domestic Science and Art; Music; Fine Arts; Physical Education and Oral Expression; Secretarial; Trades.**

Three dormitories on campus accommodate nearly two hundred students. Outdoor sports. Christian but non-sectarian. Diploma commands teacher's or supervisor's certificate in New York and other progressive states. Catalogue sent on request.

**CHARLES H. KEYES, Ph. D., Pres., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.**

**Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School for Girls. "The Castle,"**

**TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.**

Only 40 minutes from N. Y. City. Upper School for girls 13 to 25; Lower School for girls 7 to 13. All departments, including **vocational**. Special courses in Art, Music, Literature, Languages. Certificate admits to leading colleges. Illustrated catalog.

**Miss C. E. Mason, LL. M.**
**Lock Box 725**

NEW YORK, Aurora-on-Cayuga.

**Wallcourt—Miss Goldsmith's School for Girls**

College Preparatory Course. General Course. Home Economics. Folk dancing. Swimming, tennis, hockey, track work under Physical Director. For catalog address Principal.

MRS. ANNA GOLDSMITH TAYLOR, A.B.

NEW YORK, Yates Co., Lakemont, Box 403.

**Starkey Seminary** Beautiful site on Seneca Lake. Real country, pupils have room and air. Endowed. For both sexes, eleven years and upward. Prepares for best colleges and business. Advanced courses in Art and Music. N. Y. State Regents Standards. Secure rooms early. Rates, $250 to $300. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, LL. D., President.

NEW YORK CITY, 61 East 77th Street.

**The Finch School**

Boarding and Day School for Girls. General, Fine Arts, and Practical Courses. Technical School includes domestic training, secretarial course, book-binding, interior decoration, etc.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

**St. John's School** For Manly Boys. Special opportunities for quick college preparation. Military drill. Parental discipline. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Athletic field. Manly sports encouraged. Junior Hall, a separate school for boys under 13. Summer Session. Catalogue.

REV. W. A. RANNEY, A. M., Pd. B., Principal.

NEW YORK, Poughkeepsie, Box 708.

**Riverview Academy** Summer term begins July 5th. Prepares for college. Lower school for younger boys. Individual training. Tutoring and coaching for conditions. Expenses moderate. Exceptional opportunities for self help to capable young men of high character. Catalogue.

CLEMENT C. GAINES, M.A., LL.D.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson.

**Marymount** High-Class School for Young Ladies conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Magnificently situated on the Hudson. 40 minutes from New York City. Preparatory and Advanced Courses. College Preparation. European Advantages. French Conversation. Gymnasium, Physical Culture, Tennis, Skating, Riding. Address THE REVEREND MOTHER.

NEW YORK, Mamaroneck, Orienta Point.

**Oaksmere**

Mrs. Merrill's School for Girls.

Address OAKSMERE

**RYE SEMINARY**

A girls' school, one hour from New York.

Diploma for college preparatory and general course.

Certificate privilege to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and Mt. Holyoke.

Unusual advantages in music. Domestic science.

Physical training, riding and outdoor sports.

Mrs. LIFE, The Misses STOWE, Principals.

Rye, New York.


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## *New York, Continued—New Jersey*

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

**The Holbrook School for Boys**
"A school that is better than the catalogue." 500 ft. elevation, commanding a 40-mile view of the Hudson. 30 miles from New York. Complete equipment. All sports. College preparatory. Character references required. Catalogue on request.

NEW YORK, Valhalla, Box R.

**Chappaqua Mountain Institute** A Friends' School for Girls, 25 miles from New York, with separate departments for both sexes under 14 years, in care of Home Mother. 45th year. New buildings, 70 acres, 500 ft. altitude; $300 to $375. Primary, Preparatory, Commercial, Manual Training, Domestic Science and Music Dept.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Box C-6.

**Repton School** Designed and equipped with the sole aim of training, developing and educating the Younger Boy. New buildings in center of large park at 600 ft. elevation. Special attention to Physical Development. Summer Camp. Terms moderate and inclusive. Illustrated catalogue.
O. C. ROACH, Headmaster.

**St. Paul's School** Healthfully located in beautiful Garden City, Long Island, 18 miles from New York. Buildings completely equipped. Gymnasium, swimming pool, fine athletic fields. Prepares for any college or scientific school. Competent master at the head of each department. A lower school for younger boys. For information and Catalog address
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NEW JERSEY, Orange.

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A country school, 13 miles from New York City. College preparatory and special courses. Music, Art, Domestic Arts and Science. Supervised physical work in gymnasium and field. Illustrated catalogue on request. Address MISS LUCIE C. BEARD.

NEW JERSEY, Summit. 20 miles from New York.

**Kent Place:** A School for Girls. Hamilton Wright Mabie, LL. D., President Board of Directors. Preparatory and General Courses, Domestic Science. Residence, New School House, Gymnasium. Year Book on request.
MRS. SARAH WOODMAN PAUL, MISS WOODMAN, } Principals.

NEW JERSEY, Wenonah, Box 404.

**Wenonah Military Academy**
12 miles from Philadelphia. Prepares for college or business, in town without factories or saloons. U. S. Army Officer detailed. Special School for Juniors. Catalog.
DR. C. H. LORENCE, President. CLAYTON A. SNYDER, Ph. B., Supt.

# The Pennington School

**For Boys** **Distinctively Christian**

Ideal surroundings in beautiful village. 75 minutes from N. Y., 50 from Philad'a. Prepares for College and Technical Schools. Excellent business course. Modern buildings with complete equipment, including gymnasium with large swimming pool. Strong male faculty. Most moderate rates. Separate Junior School for limited number of boys—9 to 13 years. Home care. For booklet, address
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NEW JERSEY, Bordentown-on-the-Delaware.

**Bordentown Military Institute** Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, comfortable buildings, healthful location, careful supervision of athletics, military discipline that develops character, and 31 years of experience in training boys. For catalogue, write REV. T. H. LANDON, A.M., D.D., Principal. COL. T. D. LANDON, Commandant.

NEW JERSEY, Englewood, Box 610.

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MISS CREIGHTON and MISS FARRAR, Principals.

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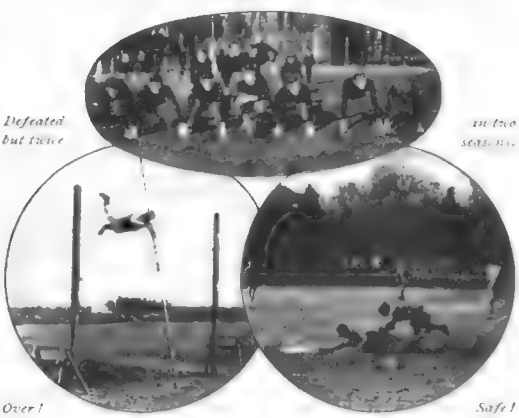
Because Peddie is endowed it offers, at $450 to $550, all of the advantages and equipment of expensive schools. All colleges admitting on certificate accept Peddie graduates without examination. Features to help his work and keep him happy are: 60-acre campus, cinder track, lake, gymnasium, pool, diamond, gridiron, library, laboratories, observatory, etc. Every boy is systematically and scientifically trained in athletics and public speaking. School is located at Hightstown, N. J., on Pennsylvania R. R., between Philadelphia and New York. Lower school for boys of 11 to 14 years. Fiftieth year. For booklets and catalog write Roger W. Swetland, Headmaster, Box 6 H, Hightstown, N. J.

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FOR BOYS Montclair, N. J.

A country school located on the Orange Mountains, 500 feet elevation, in a fine suburb 13 miles from New York City. A school small enough for the individual attention that stimulates a boy's ambition and encourages him to discover his possibilities; yet large enough for strong athletic and student organizations. Splendid college record of graduates. Complete athletic facilities, including swimming-pool. Our booklet, "Your Boy and Our School," will interest you, no matter where your son is educated. Address
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# Give Us Your Boy while He Is Still Young

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Before his habits of mind and body become too fixed for easy molding. Let us give him a continuous and graduated training under *one policy* from his 7th year till he's ready for college or business. These two schools are nearly half a mile apart, each independent, each having a curriculum and school life suited to itself. The **Academy**, composed mostly of the graduates of the **School**, accepts a limited number of new boys over 13 years old. 42 miles from New York; 66 from Philadelphia. Limited enrollments. Terms, $450 to $550.
For catalog and full information address
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*For Boys over 13*
**New Jersey Military Academy**



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# Pennsylvania Military College
**with Preparatory Department**

Nearest of all colleges to the discipline, physical training and education of West Point. Age limit 14 years and upward. Total enrollment limited to 150. Degrees granted in Civil Engineering, Chemistry and Arts.

*For Catalogue Address*
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**Box 507 Chester, Pa.**

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*A Cultural and Practical School. (Inc.)*

**If by choice or necessity a young woman is led to some vocation, she will succeed if she has been trained along the line of her natural aptitude. The practical is as important for her as for her brother.**

*For Young Women*

Beechwood offers College Preparatory; College Departments; Conservatory of Music; Art, Arts and Crafts, Oratory. Courses in Domestic Science and Arts, Secretaryship, Normal Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten as electives. Swimming Pool, Athletic Field and new Gymnasium. Unusual buildings. Rooms with private bath. Moderate terms.

Apply for catalogue to

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**Rev. D. R. KERR, D.D., LL. D., Asso. (23 minutes from Philadelphia)**

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**For Boys, 8 to 15 Years**

A Country Boarding and Day School which gives young boys a capacity for work and habits of industry. The six-years' course lays great stress on thoroughness in elementary principles, fitting pupils for the best preparatory schools. Numbers limited. Boys have individual attention and home life in Headmaster's family. Beautiful, high location in exclusive suburban section near Philadelphia. For catalog address

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**SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNA.**
**CLAUDE N. WYANT, Principal.**
**Bishop ETHELBERT TALBOT, Visitor.**

Picturesquely situated on Fountain Hill, amid the beautiful Lehigh Range. Delightful climate. Two hours from New York; one and one-half from Philadelphia. A strictly first-class school for a select, limited number of girls. College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Certificate privileges. Two years' advanced cultural course for high school graduates. Attractive home life a leading feature. Exceptional advantages in Music, Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Arts and Crafts and Expression. Physical Culture, including aesthetic and folk dancing, athletics and outdoor life. Commodious buildings (stone and brick); spacious grounds. "The kind of school that girls like." For booklets address the Principal, Box 236.

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150 acres in mountains near Delaware Water Gap. Fits for all colleges, Technical Schools and business life. 8 Stone and Concrete Buildings. All Athletics, Lake, Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. Catalog Q.

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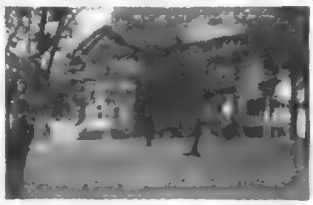
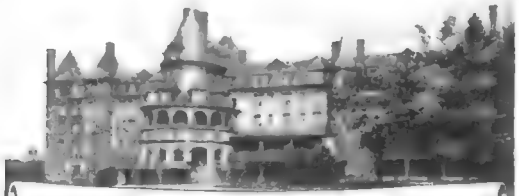
Headmaster
Blairstown, N. J.

# Miss Cowles' School For Girls
## (Highland Hall)
**Hollidaysburg, Pa.**
**Miss Emma Milton Cowles, A. B., Head of School.**



Prepares for Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, Smith, Mt. Holyoke and Vassar. Certificate privileges. Also strong general course. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Healthful location, in heart of Alleghany Mountains. Pure spring water. Stone building, modern improvements—all rooms connect with bath. Gymnasium, swimming pool and new sleeping porch. Resident physical director and specialists in all departments. For catalogue address THE SECRETARY.



# The BALDWIN SCHOOL
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Preparation for Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley colleges. Also strong general course. Within 24 years 251 students from this school have entered Bryn Mawr College. Certificate privileges for other colleges. Fireproof stone building. Abundant outdoor life and athletics.

Elizabeth-Forrest Johnson, A. B., Head of the School

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**Mercersburg, Pa.**

*Entrance to Main Hall*

**Aim of the School**—A thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business.

**Spirit of School**—A manly tone of self-reliance, under Christian masters from the great universities. Personal attention given to each boy.

**Location**—In the country, on the western slope of the famous Cumberland Valley, one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of America.

**Equipment**—Modern and complete. Magnificent new Gymnasium. Write for catalogue and "The Spirit of Mercersburg."

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## *Pennsylvania, Continued—Maryland*

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College Preparatory. $700 per year. No extras.
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110 acres field and stream. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. A new building ready for occupancy September next makes possible fifteen additional pupils. Application for reservations should be made now.
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Prepares for any College or Business.
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KISKIMINETAS SPRINGS SCHOOL.

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For Girls.
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The most ideal College in the country in Size, avoiding the strain of great numbers; **History**, of 61 successful years; **Location**, suburbs of Baltimore, near Washington, 500 ft. elevation; **Strength** of its various courses of study leading to degrees; new fireproof buildings; private baths; swimming pool. Gymnasium, Field Sports. **Two and three-year courses for High School graduates; Superior Music Conservatory; Graduate Schools of Domestic Science and Arts; School of Expression, Art and Elocution.** Non-sectarian; elevating home life. For catalogue and view book address **Charles W. Gallagher, D.D., Box C, Lutherville, Md.**

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A boarding school for girls, delightfully situated on 40-acre estate in historic section 28 miles from Philadelphia. College Preparatory and Special Courses, including Art, Music, Expression. Strong Domestic Science Department under direction of a Drexel Institute graduate. Certificate privilege. Advancement by subject. Athletics. Moderate rates. For catalog and views, address
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## *Maryland, Cont.—Washington, D. C.—Wisconsin—Illinois*

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**For Young Women**

Washington, D. C. (Suburbs). A junior college with preparatory department and two years of collegiate work. All the attractive features of the large and the small school. Prepares young women for useful lives. Full course in Home Economics without extra charge. Music, Painting, Elocution, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial branches, Library methods, Business Law. Modern gymnasium—indoor and open-air sports. Bowling, Swimming, Riding. For descriptive volume, address

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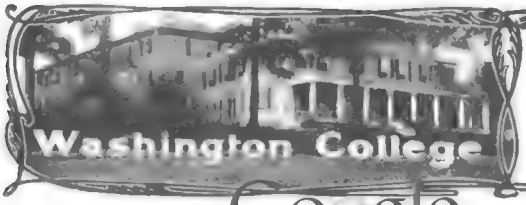


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**The Military College of South Carolina**

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15 units for entrance. Efficient faculty. Courses include full Literary leading to A. B. Degree, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Physical Culture. For illustrated catalogue address,

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# Tennessee Military Institute

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# Staunton Military Academy

**An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys**

*375 Boys from 45 States last session. Largest Private Academy in United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.*

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in **open air.** Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our **tutorial system.** Standards and traditions high. **Academy fifty-five years old.** New $150,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $360. Handsome catalogue free. Address

CAPTAIN WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

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**A College Preparatory School for Boys**

In the Virginia hills, on main line Southern Ry., two hours from Washington. Large modern buildings, private study rooms separate from dormitories. Thoroughly equipped laboratories. Large gymnasium, baseball and football fields, cinder track, outdoor board track, tennis courts, golf course. School estate covers 630 acres.

Honor system, administered in co-operation with older boys. One Master to 10 boys. High standing of graduates in colleges attests thorough training. Graduates accepted by all institutions that admit by certificate. Terms $524. For illustrated catalogue address

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**For Girls and Young Women**

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*The Recreation Center of the South*

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*Summer Courses, June 15th to August 12th.*
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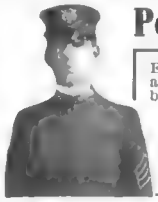

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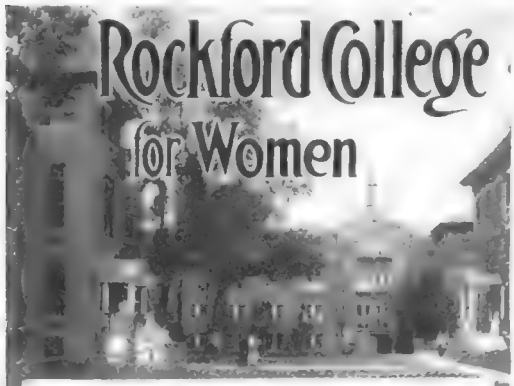


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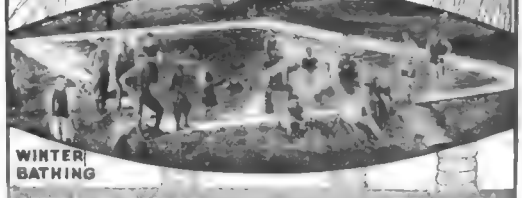


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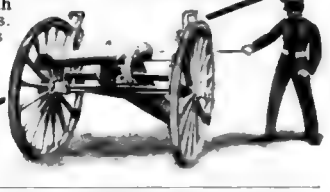

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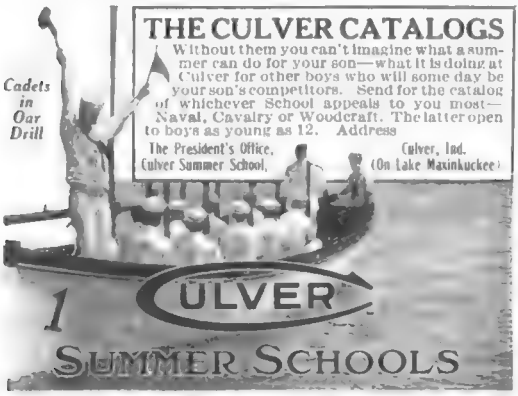


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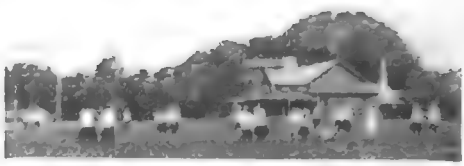

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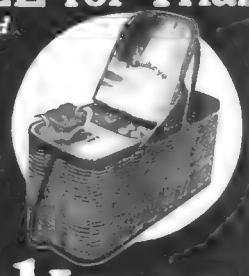

**Enjoy This Refrigerator Basket at Our Expense. Fine for Motoring, Picnics, Vacations, Travel.**

## Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

TAKE this wonderful lunch basket on your next outing and you'll thank us for suggesting it. Once you use a Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket you'll never again be without its comfort. It keeps daintiest lunches fresh, appetizing and clean. No dust, no germs, no insects. Ice cooled—but non-leaking. Light weight—hand-made. Write us and we'll send the Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket on our liberal Free Trial Offer. Use it 10 days—keep it or return it—If you are delighted send us only $6.00 for No. 2 regular or $9.25 for No. 1 Tonneau. Some more—some less. Send for folder T describing them all.

**BURLINGTON BASKET FACTORY**
**Burlington, N. W., Iowa**

## Deaf Hear

All who are deaf or hard of hearing will be pleased to know that ear drums, speaking tubes, trumpets, horns and other old fashioned and unsightly devices for deafness are now a thing of the past. Write for a free book on the latest electrical invention, the

## New 1915 Thin Receiver Model Mears Ear Phone

It enables the user to hear sermons, lectures, plays and conversations without difficulty. If your hearing is defective—if you feel that you are going deaf—this wonderful hearing device will give you instant relief. Be sure to write today for free booklet. Over 60,000 1913 and 1914 models now in use

**96 Degrees of Sound** You now get 96 degrees of sound—think of it—96 degrees, covering eight entire octaves. Every variation of sound you can possibly use is there. The deaf ear is placed closer than ever before to normal hearing.

**15 Days' Free Trial!**

This wonderful invention can be tried for 15 days to prove its value before purchasing. Write today for free book and names of satisfied users *in your own state*—and write to them for reference.

**Write Today —Free Book**

Write at once and get the valuable free book that explains the causes of deafness, tells you how to stop the progress of the malady and how to treat it. Write today—we will send you this book without cost.

**Mears Ear Phone Co.**
**45 W. 34th St. Dept. A 103 New York, N. Y**


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# The New Way In Typewriting

A revolutionary new method, totally different from anything known heretofore, is **doubling and trebling salaries** of typists in all parts of the country. Already, hundreds formerly earning from $8 to $15 a week, are drawing $25, $35 and even $50 weekly and their work is easier than ever before. A wholly new idea. Greatest step since invention of typewriter itself—based on Gymnastic Finger Training!

## Easy For Every Operator!

Increases speed from first day's use. Entire system quickly learned at home in spare time. No interference with regular work. Speed and accuracy are what business men want and they will pay worth-while salaries only to those who have it. This new system enables anyone to write

## 80 to 100 Words A Minute

blindfolded without a single mistake. So certain are results that we offer the entire course on trial. Costs nothing unless you're fully satisfied.

Send for big illustrated 48-page book explaining system, telling all about the wonderful Gymnastic Finger Training and containing letters from hundreds of graduates whose salaries have already been increased $300, $500 and up to $2,000 yearly.

Write for free book today—a postal will do—no obligation—we'll send it by return post. But don't delay, this announcement may not appear again.

**THE TULLOSS TYPEWRITING SCHOOL**
**1486 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio**

## DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

**Cartoonists are well paid.**

We will not give you any grand prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

**THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING**
**832 Leader Bldg. Cleveland, O.**

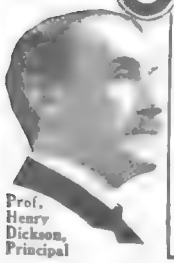
# BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn $10 to $25 a week as nurses. Send for "How I Became a Nurse"—248 pages with actual experiences. *48 illustrated lessons free.*

There is a Chautauqua nurse in your vicinity. Ask her about our training. Her address upon request

**The Chautauqua School of Nursing**
281 Main Street Fourteenth Year Jamestown, N. Y.

## The Key to Success
## Stop Forgetting



Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal

### Increase Your Efficiency

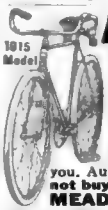
The secret of business and social success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can *instantly* select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces. Enables you to *concentrate, develop self-control, overcome bashfulness, address an audience.* Easy. Simple. The result of 20 years' experience in developing memories of thousands. Write today for copy of my book "How to Remember" and *Copyrighted Memory Test Free*, also how to obtain FREE copy of my book "How to Speak in Public."

**Dickson School of Memory, 758 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

## STORY-WRITERS WANTED

**NOTHING PAYS LIKE SUCCESS IN WRITING FICTION—2 cents to 10 cents A WORD.** We sell stories, scenarios, and book MSS. on commission; we revise them and tell you where to sell them. **STORY-WRITING** taught by mail. Send for our free booklet, **"WRITING FOR PROFIT,"** tells how; gives proof. **THORNTON WEST,** Editor-in-Chief.

**THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION**
**Dept. 87, Indianapolis, Ind.**




## RIDE a RANGER

bicycle and *know* you have the best. Buy a machine you can **prove** before accepting.

**DELIVERED FREE ON APPROVAL** and *30 days' trial.* No expense to you if you do not wish to keep it.

**LOW FACTORY COST,** great improvements and values *never before equalled* in our 1915 models.

**WRITE TODAY** for our *big catalog* showing our *complete line* of 1915 bicycles, **TIRES,** sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful *new offers* and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at *factory to user prices.* **Do not buy** until you *know* what we can do for you.

**MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. N 43, CHICAGO**

## DRAW YOUR WAY TO BIGGER PROFITS

Become an expert Commercial Letter Artist and Designer, Sign and Show Card Writer. Tremendous growth of advertising makes steady demand for graduates at good pay. **Start earning while you are learning.** My personal guidance advances you rapidly. Lessons simple and fascinating. Send today for FREE booklet and full information.

**THE ROSING SCHOOL OF LETTERING AND DESIGN**
706 UNION BLDG. CLEVELAND, OHIO

**LEARN LETTERING AND DESIGN**

## LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

**Earn $25 to $100 a Week**

Be fair with yourself. At least try to get what you are worth. Others are doing it, why not you?

Get into this newest and most fascinating work. It's the money getting end of all business and is the big chance for you.

We show you how by mail. **Facts free.**

**PAGE-DAVIS CO., 108 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

## WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

STUDY drawing at home under Expert Faculty. We have successful students in every part of the world. **Turn your Talent into money.** *Our Students are filling high salaried positions.* 14 years successful teaching. Endorsed by high authorities. 18 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Teachers' Normal and Applied Art. Profit or Culture.

**Thoroughly Equipped Residence School**
*Artist's Outfit FREE to Enrolled Students*
**SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART, 752 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.**

# CIVIL SERVICE

positions are in all parts of the country. Good pay, steady work, life positions, congenial surroundings, promotions on merit, short hours, annual vacation and sick leave with pay. Many thousands appointed yearly. Both sexes. No political pull. Nearly 300,000 classified positions. Common school education sufficient. Full information and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

**COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

## BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience required to get one of them. Write today for list of openings offering opportunities to earn Big Money while you learn and testimonials from hundreds of our students who are earning $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 516

**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION**
**Chicago, New York, San Francisco**

## COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $20.00 to $125.00 or more per week as illustrator [illegible] of personal instruction [illegible] will develop your talent. [illegible] for newspapers [illegible] to teach you. [illegible] of President Wilson with 6c [illegible] a test lesson plate, also [illegible] possibilities for YOU.

**THE LANDON SCHOOL** of Illustrating and Cartooning
**1430 Schofield Building, Cleveland, O.**

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# JULY

IS

# THE BIG WOMAN-NUMBER *of* EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

William Hard's opening gun will give Americans a surprising jolt! Don't miss his brilliant article, "The World Wave of Votes for Women." In a masterly analysis Mr. Hard deals with the actual Political Achievements of Women wherever they've been allowed to "achieve."

Lincoln Steffens has a vivid revolutionary story called "The Master of Women." It shows up a certain phase of the woman question which, incidentally, the present war has most unpleasantly stuck under our noses.

Then there is Henry Kitchell Webster's amusing serial of a feminist husband, entitled "The Real Adventure." It is a most original love-story, modern to the last detail.

Beginning with Kilvert's chucklesome cover, the July *Everybody's* is a delight from one end to the other.

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

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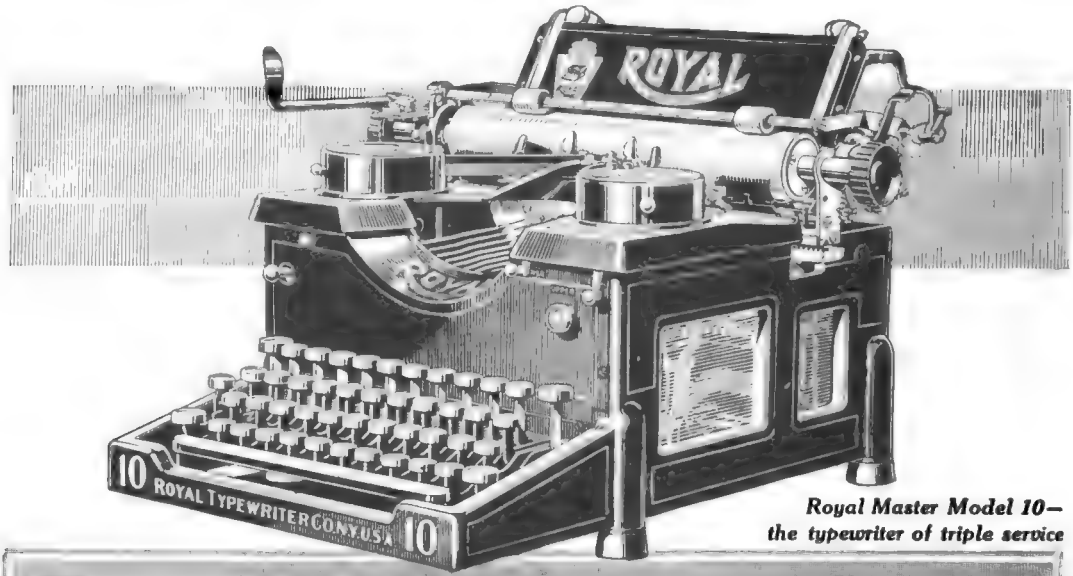


*Royal Master Model 10—*
*the typewriter of triple service*

# Settle it right now—have a Royal demonstration today

IF we can give you a typewriter that isn't going to scrap itself in a year or two, so that you'll have to go through all that *trading-out* nuisance again—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that will turn out letters of perfect presswork—the kind of letters that breathe "class" and "up-to-dateness"—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that not only writes but bills and charges and writes cards for indexes and files—writes anywhere and everywhere on the card—and does all this without a single extra attachment—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that will help your stenographer to do more work, do it better, do it easier—a typewriter that will bring sunshine into the place—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that stands up to its work hour after hour, day in and day out, and doesn't go to the bad and blockade things because the repair man has to come—*you want it.*

If we can give you a typewriter that is built not only to do its work better and do more of it, but built to live for years and years—*you want it.*

We *can* do that very thing. We *are* doing it. We've *been* doing it. That's the *reason* for Royal leadership today.

We're ready any minute to show you and *prove* to you that the day you Royalize your office you are spending the wisest money you ever spent.

***Write us now, or phone our nearest branch or agency today.***

## ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

**Factory, Hartford, Conn.** **General Offices, 364 Broadway, New York**

***Branches and Agencies the World Over***

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J-M Responsibility doesn't wait for a "kick", but looks up your roof to see it's right

H J Selmer
Green Bay, Wis.

The number of J-M Roofs this contractor has put on in Green Bay shows that folks believe what he says about

# J-M ROOFING Responsibility

**J-M Transite Asbestos Shingles**

Fire and weather-proof, last forever. Lighter than slate. Mottled Brown, Gray, Indian Red—highly artistic.

**J-M Asbestos Ready Roofing**

Weather-proof, protects against fire. Needs no coating. Unequalled on wood sheathing and for all slope roofs. First cost only cost.

**J-M Asbestos Built-up Roofing**

A monolithic structure, permanent, and protects against fire. Light weight, smooth surfaced, perfectly clean, needs no paint. The imperishable flat roof.

**J-M Regal Ready Roofing**

Best of "Rubber Type" ready roofings. Excellent for general roofing purposes.

**J-M Roofings for Every Requirement**

J-M Responsibility is a Johns-Manville business principle.

The practical application of this principle to you and to your J-M Roof is provided in a new feature of our service known as

## J-M Roof Registration

When you register your J-M Roof with us you say: "Here is my roof; look after it for me." We can—and will—do just exactly that; for there are enough of us to do it. We cover the continent.

You do your part when you take J-M Roofings on our word that they are the best and most economical roofings you can buy.

Our part is to see that J-M Roofings give complete satisfaction—that they give the Full Service they are meant to give.

Register your J-M Roof with us and J-M Responsibility, backed up by financial stability and highest commercial character, will assure you permanent satisfaction.

**J-M Asbestos Roofings are examined and approved by Underwriters' Laboratories under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.**

Write us about the building you wish to roof. Our roofing experience goes back fifty years, on all kinds of buildings, and we can advise you to your advantage. We will also send you Roofing Literature of value.

## H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY

Akron, Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Duluth, Galveston, Houghton, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Portland, Rochester, St. Louis, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse, Toledo, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Youngstown

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Vancouver 3128


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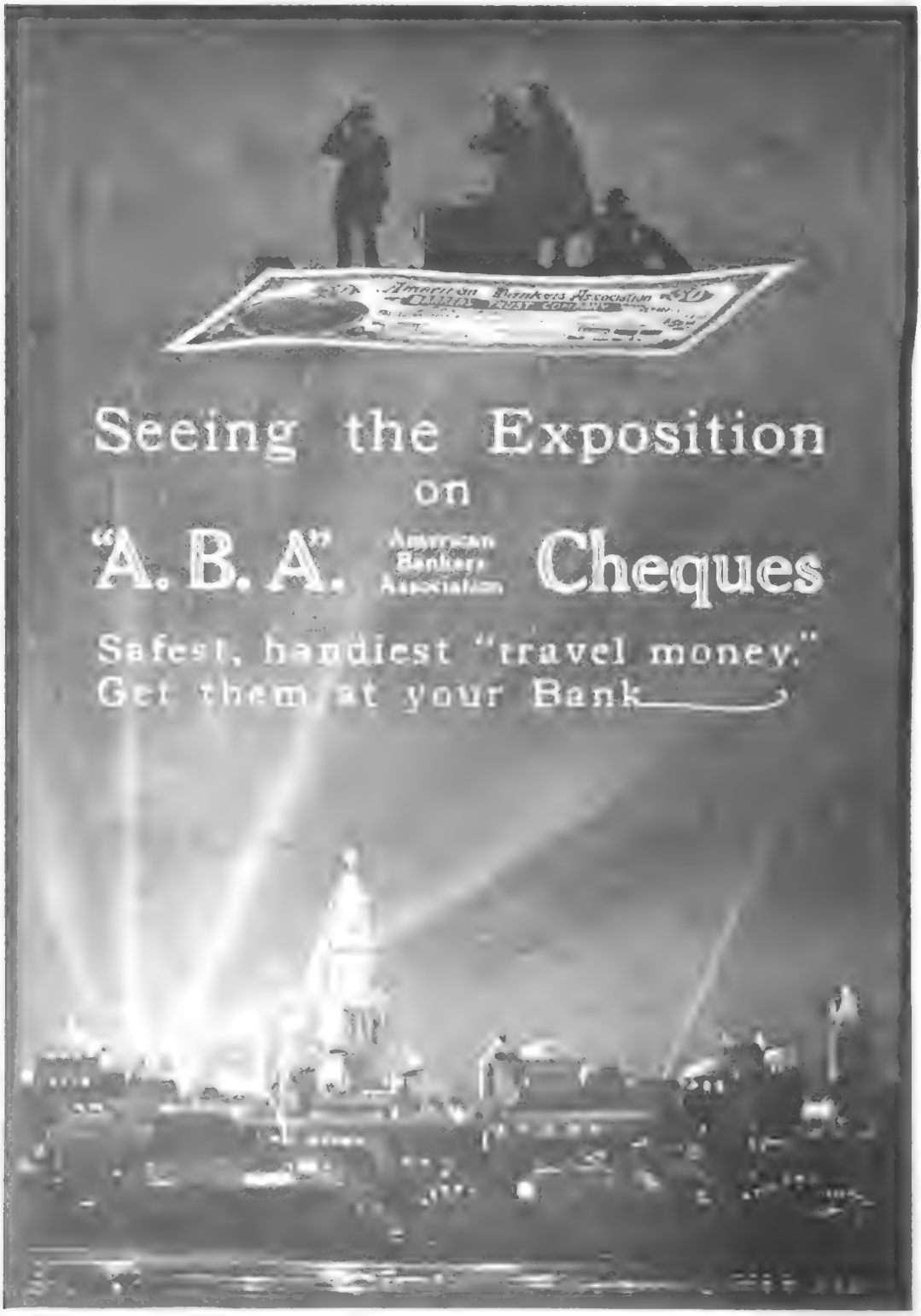


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# Youth's Springtime

—can be maintained well beyond the forties if one preserves the elasticity and bounce of health by proper living.

The secret is simple—food plays a big part.

Without question the condition of early "old age"—indicated by lack of physical and mental vigor—is often caused by a deficiency of some of the vital elements in the daily food—usually the mineral elements.

These elements—potassium, iron, calcium, phosphorus, etc.,—abound plentifully in nature's food grains, but modern cookery denies them both as to quantity and right proportions for building and maintaining well-balanced bodies and brains.

Recognizing the need for "complete" nourishment, an expert, some eighteen years ago, perfected a food containing all the rich nutriment of wheat and barley, including full-quantity, well-balanced mineral values, in true organic form.

That food is

## Grape-Nuts

—sold by grocers everywhere.

This famous ready-to-eat food has won remarkable favor, and its success is based wholly upon long-continued use by thousands of thinking people.

One can ward off premature old age and retain youthfulness by right living.

## "There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts



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*"Sigh, gentle winds, and softly blowing,*
*Bring health and restfulness to all mankind"*

COOL and refreshing is the gently swaying breeze which the modern magic of the G-E ELECTRIC FAN makes instantly responsive to your wish.

Under its soothing zephyrs, waking hours are more pleasant—more worth while. And on breathless nights it induces restful slumber in minds and bodies wearied by work or play.

In home or office you can enjoy the cool comfort which the G-E Electric Fan brings, at a cost of

ONLY ONE CENT FOR
TWO OR THREE HOURS

Twenty years of constant improvement have given the G-E Fan its noiseless operation, its smooth running, and its perfected oscillating movement which sends gentle, cooling breezes broadcast throughout the room.

Built with precision, the G-E is a fan to give a long lifetime of satisfactory service.

The G-E Trade Mark on the face of the fan is more than an identification, it is a guarantee. Look for it. Ask to see one at your local lighting company or nearest dealer's.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Offices: Schenectady, New York

Sales offices in all large cities

Agencies Everywhere

5447

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"Goodness! look—
What's on my hook!
Such luck to come
to me!
A finer dish
Than any fish
That ever swam
the sea!"

# Have you "caught on" too?

Have you caught on *good?* Do you and your family get the full benefit and enjoyment of

## Campbell's Tomato Soup

Do you know how rich and delicious it is when prepared as a cream of tomato; and how easy it is to prepare it in that way? Do you know how snappy and appetizing it is when served as a plain tomato bouillon? Have you ever tried it with boiled rice or noodles in it?

If you do not realize how many tempting ways there are to prepare this wholesome soup, it will pay you to order a dozen *today* and get acquainted with its "infinite variety."

*Your money back if not satisfied.*

**21 kinds** **10c a can**

**Campbell's Soups**

**LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL**

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

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# THE JEWELS OF TONE

What a small number of notes we have out of which to build the magic and the glory of song! Only 88 on the entire piano keyboard. Every comfort and delight your piano will yield through all the coming years will depend on those 88 notes.

How would you like these 88 jewels of sound to be—dull, lustreless, betraying flaws,—or rich, warm, full of deep fire, and always, in simple songs or elaborate compositions, revealing their exquisite genuineness?

## HADDORFF PIANO

***The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board.***

Every Haddorff note is a choice jewel of sound. It is pure, sweet and of good sustaining power. But above everything else it is *rich*—it has the 18 carat quality. This is due to the remarkable Haddorff sounding board, with its great wealth of resonance.

With a player piano the need for a fine tone is just as great as with any other instrument. For whether you produce your music with your fingers or with the player mechanism, it must be beautiful music or it will cease to please you.

Before you finally purchase your player, learn at least something about the Haddorff.

*Ask us to send you some interesting literature about Haddorff instruments.*

**HADDORFF PIANO CO.**

**65 Evelyn St., Rockford, Ill.**

***Grands*** ***Uprights*** ***Players***

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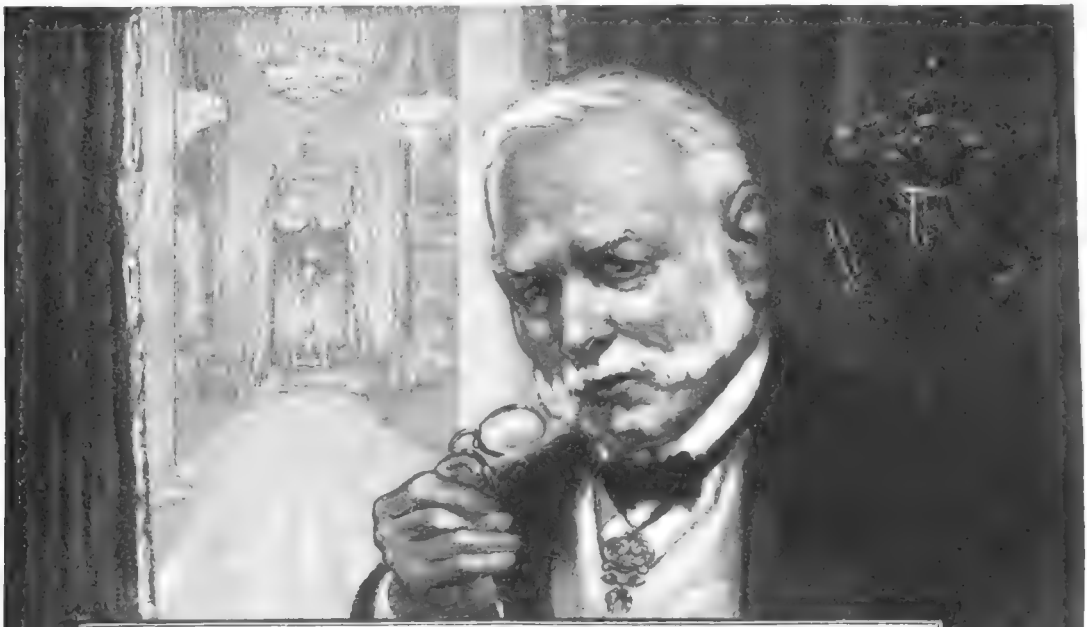

# If a King's Doctor told you to take Sanatogen—

you would be impressed—for you know that a King's Doctor must be a man of highest professional standing. You would take Sanatogen feeling confident that it would do the things promised; give you fresh vigor, fortify your system as no other tonic could.

Now it is a fact that the private physicians to seven Emperors and Kings; after personal observation of its effects, have endorsed Sanatogen in writing. (See, for instance, the accompanying letters of Dr. Ott and Dr. Kuhn.)

So you see a King's physician might recommend Sanatogen to *you*, if you could consult him—indeed there are over 21,000 practising physicians who would tell you to take Sanatogen, because they all have written us, some telling of its power to strengthen the nerves, others of its power to enrich the blood and upbuild the system, and still others of its wonderful qualities as an aid to digestion.

Such are the credentials of Sanatogen—they should, they must convince you that Sanatogen has a service to perform in *your* case.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes from $1.00 up.

*Grand Prize International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913*

**Dr. Ernest Ott,**
Late King Edward's physician, Marienbad, writes:

"I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

**Dr. Conrad Kuhn,**
Physician to the Court of H. I. M., the Emperor of Austria, writes:

"I have had the very best results from Sanatogen in the treatment of frail, anæmic children and patients suffering from wasting diseases."

# SANATOGEN
## ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send ***for Elbert Hubbard's new book*** "Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy, together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 30 Y Irving Place, New York.



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When your own painter suggests

# Zinc

for the paint he is going to use on your house, it is a sign that he is negotiating for all your future work.

*"Your Move" is a book that supplies sufficient information for you to act upon.*

The New Jersey Zinc Company
Room 409, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau

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To the pleasures of vacation days a Premo adds the further pleasure of making pictures of all the persons and things that make the vacation worth while.

*Your vacation will be much pleasanter with a*

# PREMO

Light weight and compactness, ease of loading and operating, dependability in the fullest sense of the word—these are the qualities that distinguish the Premo camera; the qualities that make it the ideal vacation camera for you. Prices range from $1.50 to $150.00.

Get the new Premo catalogue. It's free at the dealer's, or will be mailed direct on request.

**Rochester Optical Division,** Eastman Kodak Co., **Rochester, N. Y.**

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# Gain time, save space, cut cost, reduce fire risk

Self-Sentering bids for your construction work if you specify those conditions. You gain time by not making elaborate forms. With Self-Sentering you pour concrete while otherwise you'd be building forms.

SELF SENTERING

Patented March 3, 1914—Other patents now pending

**Self-Sentering makes reinforced concrete without forms. You'll know it by its Diamond Mesh**

A partition of Self-Sentering is but 2 inches thick. It doesn't take many feet of such wall to save a foot of floor space over the old thick wall method.

The lumber and labor cost of forms runs up high and fast. Self-Sentering cuts that item to zero.

Concrete over Self-Sentering withstands a severe fire. Tests have proved the resistance of such construction. A report of such tests will be sent you if you

***Ask for "Fireproofing Handbook"***

This is an opportunity to become familiar with the advantages of Self-Sentering and concrete construction — an opportunity to save money if you want to. Our new edition which is ready tells how. In writing, give us the name of your architect or builder and we will work with him Our experience is at your service.

GF YOUNGSTOWN OHIO

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING COMPANY**

**1860 Logan Avenue Youngstown, Ohio**

*Makers also of Herringbone Lath, the Rigid Metal Lath*


Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

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*Take a*

*KODAK*

*with you*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

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# It's Your Wife Who Hands You This Coupon

SHE knows you are in danger of accident every minute. She knows that one man in every seven was accidentally killed or injured last year and that you may be the one this year. She knows that even if you escape accident you are likely to be sick any time.

She knows that if you send this coupon today, she and the children will be protected fully. Now, while you can, while you are safe—

# ÆTNA-IZE

**Protect yourself against accident—protect yourself against sickness. It is not only railroad wrecks and shipwrecks and falling elevators you have to fear. A case of grippe, an attack of pneumonia, of rheumatism, a sprained ankle, cut hand, fall, any of these may stop your work and cause you worry and loss.**

**Ætna-ize and you will draw a weekly income from us and overcome all that. If you are engaged in a "Preferred" occupation, and under 50 years of age, $60 a year is all it will cost you. For that small sum—**

## We Will Pay You $25 a Week As Long As You Live

**if you are disabled by any accident, or $50 a week if disabled by a railway, steamship, or burning building accident. And we will pay you $25 a week, up to fifty-two weeks, if you are sick. We will pay hospital charges or for a surgical operation.**

**If you are killed in an accident, we will pay your wife $5,000 or $10,000 the first year you are insured and add $500 or $1,000 each year for five years, paying thereafter $7,500 or $15,000.**

**If you lose two limbs or both eyes by accident we will pay you the same amounts. One-half of these amounts will be paid you for loss of one hand, one foot or one eye by accident. The coupon costs you nothing and it puts you on the road to safety. Send it today.**

Ex. 6.15

Name .....
Occupation .....
Bus. Address .....
ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.
I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident ☐, Health ☐, Disability ☐, $50 Life Certificate ☐. My age is ..... yrs. I am in good health.
C

**ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

**Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT**

***The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance.***

**Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines**



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# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

*Old Colony*

The place of honor among wedding gifts is accorded 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silver Plate. Its reputation insures appreciation - its quality assures long service.

Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

*At leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "F-20."*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.
*Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.*

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA
*The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate*


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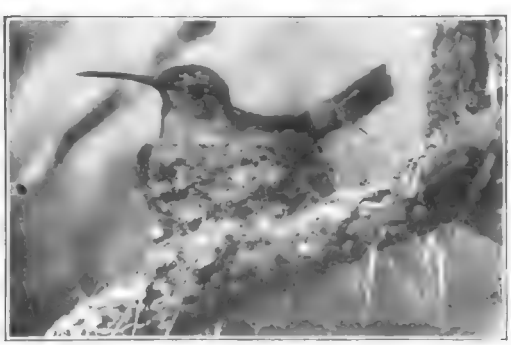
# GRAFLEX CAMERAS

You can make snapshots indoors if you use a Graflex Camera. This picture was made indoors with the shutter set at 1-35 of a second. The negative had plenty of exposure, and the shutter operated fast enough to prevent the movement of the children from spoiling the picture.

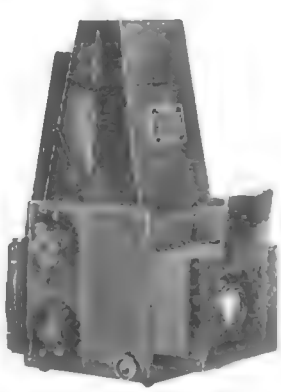
No camera equals the Graflex for high speed photography. In this picture both the automobile and biplane were going at a very high rate of speed. This made it necessary to set the shutter at 1-1000 of a second to get a picture that was clear and distinct.



Photographs in the deep woods or in the shade offer many difficulties to those who are not equipped with a Graflex Camera. With the Graflex you can make pictures under light conditions that make photography impossible with cameras of the usual type.

With the Graflex Camera you can make exposures of any duration from "time" to 1-1000 of a second. You see the image on the focusing screen, right side up, the size it will appear in the finished print, *up to the instant of exposure.*

Our 64-page illustrated catalog tells why the Graflex is the best camera for *your* work. May we send you a copy?



**FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION**
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK


Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

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# "Two fairs for one fare"

## San Francisco and San Diego Expositions are open

On your Santa Fe Way to California visit the Colorado Rockies, the old-new city of Santa Fé, the Indian pueblos, Grand Canyon of Arizona

Los Angeles, Yosemite, and Big Trees

Daily Excursions until November 30th 1915 about one fare round trip

Four daily transcontinental trains, including California Limited Exclusively first-class

*Ask for picture folders of both Expositions and Grand Canyon*

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, 1086 Railway Exchange
Chicago Ill.

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FAIRY SOAP is white and just as pure as its whiteness indicates. It is made from choicest materials; is refreshing to the skin; it lathers freely in any kind of water and always floats.

# FAIRY SOAP

Each 5c cake of Fairy Soap represents the utmost in soap quality for the toilet and bath. Money cannot buy a purer soap.

5¢

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY



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"I have to use spikes for speed on the field; for comfort on unyielding sidewalks and pavements I use Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. They're great."

Walter J. Maranville

# CAT'S PAW

## CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

### What qualities do you look for—and expect—in a rubber heel?

Comfort, surely—the result of rubber of real resiliency—the kind of rubber that you can rely upon for great durability.

Then again you want safety—positive protection against slipping on wet sidewalks and icy surfaces.

### That Foster Friction Plug Prevents Slipping

It stands between millions of people and dangerous, slippery sidewalks. It makes Cat's Paw Heels wear longer because placed right where the jar and wear comes.

If you gave us your own specifications to produce for you a pair of custom made heels to your individual order, we couldn't make a heel more satisfactory in every way than the pair of Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels you get from any dealer or repair man for only 50c. — black or tan.

The name is easy to remember. The heels are easy to find. There are no holes to track mud and dirt. Yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Better get a pair today.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75c attached of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c. and outline of your heel.

**FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY**
**105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.**
*Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.*



## Shingled Houses

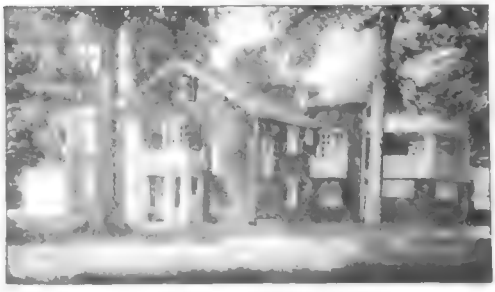
are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than tiled, slated, clapboarded, or gummed-paper houses. They cover the surface with three insulating layers and non-conducting air-spaces, and no other finish does this. They are also much more picturesque and attractive, and they admit of far more varied and beautiful coloring than any other finish.

# Cabot's Creosote Stains

color them in beautiful tones of moss-green, bark-brown, silver-gray, etc., and the creosote thoroughly preserves the wood and makes it less inflammable.

*You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for stained wood samples and name of nearest agent.*

**SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Manfg. Chemists, 4 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.**



COUNTRY CLUB, NEWARK, OHIO
*Stained with Cabot's Creosote Stains*
*Frank L. Packard, Architect, Columbus*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*Westminster Chime*

# A Favored Chime Clock

It combines melody with the usual Seth Thomas qualities of beauty and reliability. It plays the Westminster Chime on mellow-toned "Sonora" bells, at quarter hours. It has a case of fine-grained mahogany. Height, nearly one foot, with 6-inch dial.

Chime Clock
No. 57

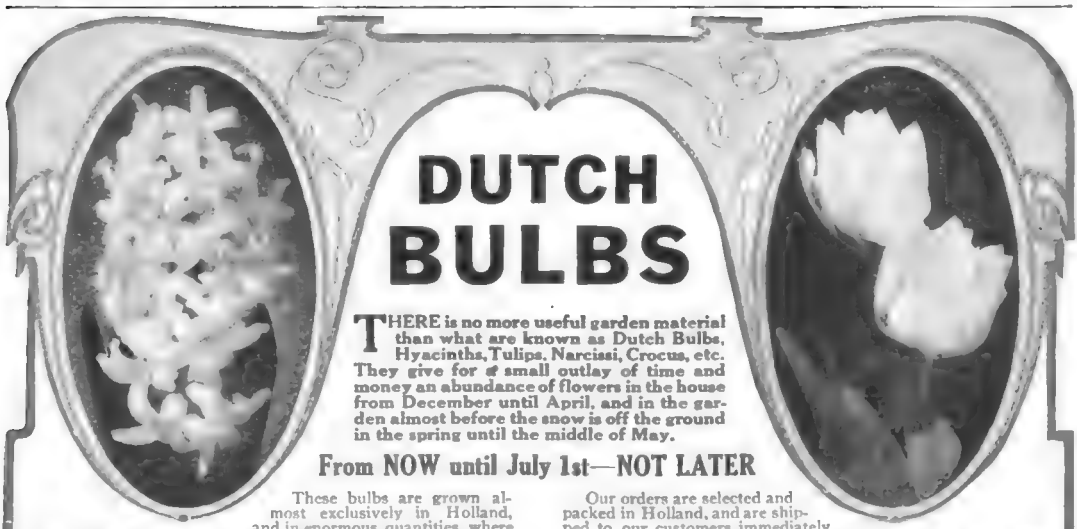
## SETH THOMAS *Chime Clocks*

are priced from $15 to $50. They can be had in almost any size or design wished. Ask your jeweler to show you a Seth Thomas Chime Clock. Descriptive leaflet given upon request to him or us.

SETH THOMAS CLOCK CO.

15 Maiden Lane New York City

*Established 1853*



# DUTCH BULBS

**THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May.**

## From NOW until July 1st—NOT LATER

These bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America. By ordering from us **now** instead of waiting until fall, you make a large saving in cost, get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival from Holland, perfectly fresh, and in the best possible condition.

If you wish to take advantage of our very **low prices**, we must have your order **not later than July 1st**, as we import Bulbs to order only. They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not of a satisfactory quality. (References required from new customers.)

**A FEW OF THE PRICES:**

| | Per 100 | Per 500 |
|---|---|---|
| Fine Mixed Hyacinths | $2.90 | $14.00 |
| Fine Mixed Tulips | .70 | 3.25 |
| Extra Fine Mixed Tulips | .90 | 4.25 |

| | Per 100 | Per 500 |
|---|---|---|
| Narcissus Poeticus Ornatus | $ .75 | $3.50 |
| Double Daffodils | 1.90 | 8.75 |
| Narcissus Empress (Monster Bulbs) | 3.00 | 13.50 |

| | Per 100 | Per 500 |
|---|---|---|
| Narcissus Emperor (Monster Bulbs) | $3.00 | $13.50 |
| Narcissus Golden Spur | 2.30 | 10.00 |
| Spanish Iris, Splendid Mixture | .55 | 2.00 |

*For prices on smaller quantities, see*

Our Import price-list, the most comprehensive catalogue of Bulbs published, now ready, and may be had for the asking.

**ELLIOTT NURSERY, 346 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.**

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*A mighty good doctor says to me once: "When it comes to curin' folks, Nature is the real M. D. I'm only her assistant." That's the way I feel about curin' tobacco for VELVET.*

*Velvet Joe*

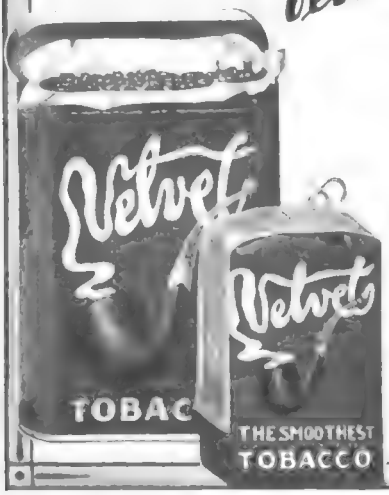
IT'S hard to show Nature anything about curing tobacco. So we have adopted Nature's own way to make VELVET the *smoothest* smoking tobacco—slow, patient ageing.

Men may "process," but they can't put into tobacco any finer pipe qualities than those Kentucky's limestone soil so richly gives to the *Burley de Luxe.*

But these qualities *can be* improved. They are brought out in their fullness in the aged-in-the-wood mellowness of cool, slow-burning VELVET.

For two years the finest Burley leaf remains in sealed wooden casks, and then only is it ready to be made into VELVET.

Get *your* tin *now*—join the growing ranks of the army who have found VELVET tobacco a delight without a single drawback.




*10c Tins*
*5c Metal-Lined Bags*
*One-Pound Glass Humidors*

**Send a 2c stamp for "Pipe Philosophy"—a book of Velvet Joe's philosophy and verse.**

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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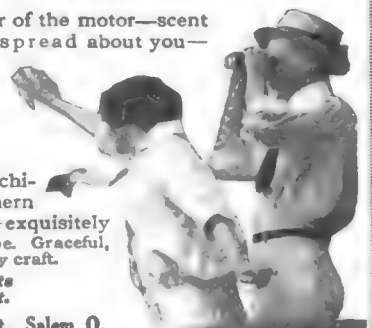
# WHEN THE THROTTLE'S WIDE OPEN

Hear the rythmic s-w-i-s-h, s-w-i-s-h of the water—the soft purr of the motor—scent the brisk freshness of the air—see all the beauties of nature spread about you—enchantment! You in your Mullins Boat sweep along, swiftly—forgettingly.



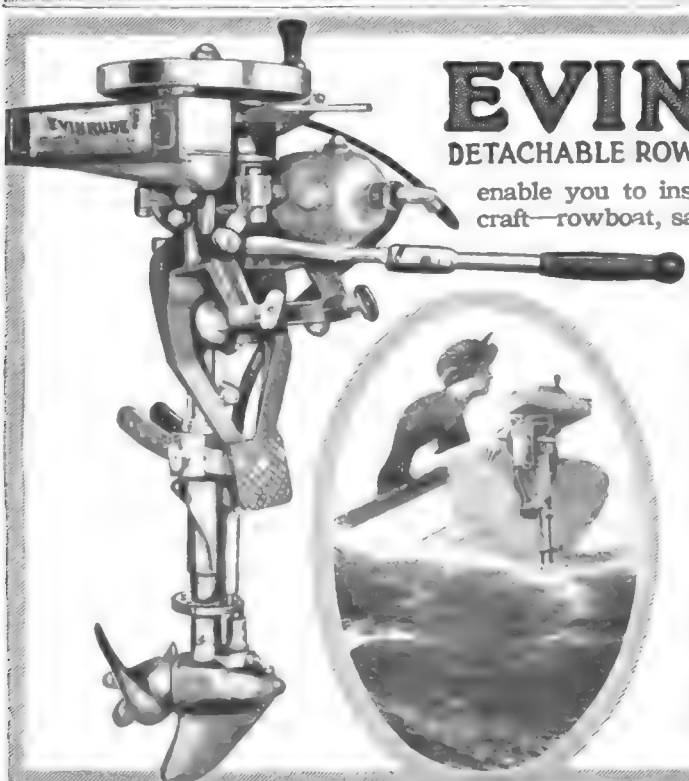
SAFETY AND SERVICE **MULLINS BOATS** SAFETY AND SERVICE

are boats of quality. Designed by America's foremost Naval Architects. Planked from garboard to sheerstrake with clear southern cedar—paneled with mahogany—fastened with brass and copper—exquisitely finished. Powered with 2 and 4-cycle motors of the most approved type. Graceful, speedy and ultra-durable. Mullins boats cost no more than very ordinary craft.

*Mullins Catalog of Steel and Wooden Motor Boats, Rowboats and Canoes will be a revelation to you—free on request.*

**The W. H. Mullins Company,** 461 Franklin St., Salem, O.

*World's largest builders of pleasure boats*




# EVINRUDE

## DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS

enable you to instantly convert any kind of craft—rowboat, sailboat, houseboat or canoe—into a power boat. The Evinrude drives an ordinary rowboat 7 to 8 miles an hour—a canoe 10 to 12 miles—and runs four hours on less than a gallon of gasoline.

So light that it can be carried with you anywhere. So strong that it is practically unbreakable. So simple that women and children find no difficulty in operating it the first time they try.

**Write today for booklet describing the 1915 model—the last word in portable marine motors.**

**Evinrude Motor Company**
44 Evinrude Blk., Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

*Distributing Branches:*
69 Cortlandt St., . . . . New York, N. Y.
218 State St., . . . . . Boston, Mass.
436 Market St., . . . San Francisco, Cal.
182 Morrison St., . . . . . Portland, Ore.

38437-41201

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Copyright U. S. A. 1915, by The B.V.D. Company.

# "You Rascal, It's B.V.D. That Keeps You Cool!"

"You've been strutting around the house, bragging: 'How Cool I Am'—*now* I know the reason—caught with the goods. You can't get ahead of your Dad, though—ha! ha! *I'm* wearing B.V.D., too. I've got it on right now.

"Mother got mine for me the other day at Brown's. You bet, she knows how to buy. Always gets what she asks for, and, Boy, I haven't felt so *cool* and *comfortable* in all my life. Doesn't bind or chafe—lets the air in—seems to keep your pores open—launders as white and soft as a handkerchief—simply great."

On every B.V. D. Undergarment is sewed
*This Red Woven Label*

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. & Foreign Countries*)

Firmly insist upon seeing the B.V. D. *Red Woven Label*, and firmly refuse to take any Athletic Underwear without it. Then you'll get properly cut, correctly made, long-service underwear.

B.V.D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit. B.V.D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

*The* B.V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

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# A Postal Today Will Save You $11.75

Let "Uncle Sam" bring you a catalog of the same refrigerators that he has adopted for use in Panama, where perfect refrigeration, scrupulous sanitation and ice economy are so vital. Learn about the one really different refrigerator that proves its worth on 30 days' free trial in your home—**THE GREAT**

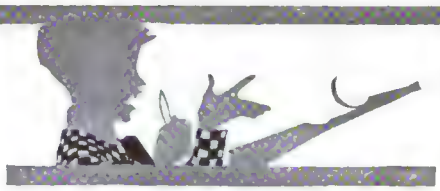
## White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

Leads in beauty, convenience and modern improvements. Round metal body, enameled snowy-white inside and out; handy *revolving shelves;* cork-cushioned doors and covers—noiseless and airtight; porcelain drinking water reservoir and cooling coil, new features; nickel trimmings; move-easy casters.

Tenth year of leadership. 25-year guarantee. Lasts a life-time. Freight paid anywhere in U. S. Try before you buy. Easy monthly payments if desired. *Postal brings handsome free catalog and lowest factory prices.*

**WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO.**
**617 N. Mechanic St.**
**Jackson, Mich.**

A miniature "White Frost" for the children—free. Ask for it when you write.



# New-Skin, for cuts—

**to prevent infection**

New-Skin is antiseptic and germ-killing. It is a liquid. When applied it dries and forms a tough, transparent "skin" that protects the wound from dirt and germs and allows it to heal naturally.

***Always look for the name!*** →

New-Skin should be kept on hand for emergencies in every home, school, office and factory. It is put up only in glass. 10c. and 25c., at druggists. Medium size sent by mail post-paid (U. S. 25c., Canada 35c.).

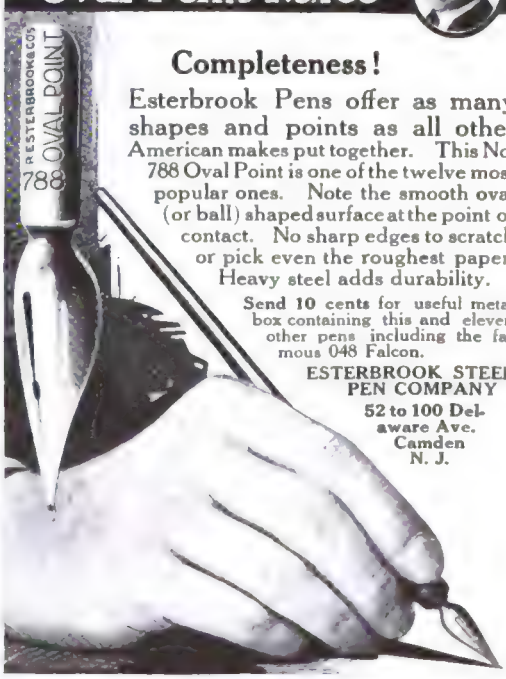
Dept. C, NEWSKIN CO., New York.

This size TRIAL BOTTLE sent free

Your home should never be without Dioxogen. It is the first protection against infectious disease. Dioxogen is not ordinary peroxide. It is 99-961/1000 per cent. pure—entirely free from acetanilid, the bitter, questionable preservative which other peroxides require. It is stronger, too. That you may know what Dioxogen is, we will gladly send you this trial size bottle, on request. Write today.

**The Oakland Chemical Co., 10 Astor Place, New York**

# Esterbrook Oval Point No. 788




## Completeness!

Esterbrook Pens offer as many shapes and points as all other American makes put together. This No. 788 Oval Point is one of the twelve most popular ones. Note the smooth oval (or ball) shaped surface at the point of contact. No sharp edges to scratch or pick even the roughest paper. Heavy steel adds durability.

**Send 10 cents for useful metal box containing this and eleven other pens including the famous 048 Falcon.**

**ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN COMPANY**
**52 to 100 Delaware Ave.**
**Camden**
**N. J.**

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# KABO Garter Month

This month we are giving away KABO Garters. To prove to every father and mother that KABO Children's Garters will stand the wear and tear of the long vacation better than any others, we are giving one pair FREE for every pair you buy between May 23 and June 23, 1915.

## You get one pair Free with every pair you buy

Take the coupon to your dealer today.

K A B O G A R T E R S

Read this regular KABO Garter Guarantee: To any mother who buys KABO Garters that do not—in her judgment—wear well—we will send a new pair FREE upon receipt of the unsatisfactory pair. This is the all-year-round KABO guarantee. Now comes this special KABO Garter Month and the extra pair free. Take this Coupon to your dealer.

KABO Corset Company
New York Chicago San Francisco

## KABO GARTER COUPON

**KABO Corset Company (Garter Dept.) Chicago, Ill.**

Gentlemen: I have today bought from

(Dealer's Name)

(Dealer's Address)

a pair of KABO Children's Garters, price 15c. According to your offer my dealer has supplied me with an extra pair of the same free and FREE

(Name)

(Address)

TO THE DEALER: Please redeem this coupon with a pair of KABO Children's Garters, price 15c. Send Coupons, properly filled out and signed by customer to us and for every such Coupon we will send you FREE a pair of KABO Children's Garters, size..... ...price 15c

**Note: If your dealer hasn't KABO Garters or can't get them for you right away, send the coupon to us with 15c and your dealer's name. We will send you two pairs of KABO Children's Garters, regular price 15c per pair, of whatever size you state.**

*Makers of the Famous KABO "LIVE MODEL" Corsets and Brassieres*



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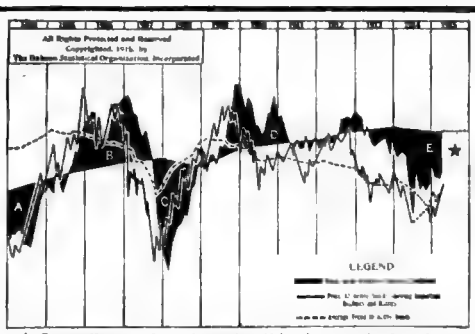



★ Subscribers each week receive this chart revised to date.

## Buy Securities Now?

**Babson clients were advised last December to buy certain securities. These are showing substantial profits today. Some securities are *still* a good "buy."**

**Eliminate worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Work in accordance with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.**

**For particulars—which will be sent gratis—address Dept. E-55 of the**

**Babson Statistical Organization**

**Engineering Block Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

**Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.**

# Boston Garter

*Velvet Grip*

*The* FIRST CHOICE *of* Men the World Over *for more than* Thirty Years

Silk 50¢
Lisle 25¢

George Frost Co. *Makers*
BOSTON

# Uses Knife and Fork

## With CARNES

# ARTIFICIAL ARMS

The above are actual photos of Mr. C. E. Huffman, Hickory, N. C. Mr. Huffman wears two Carnes Arms. He writes: "I feed, dress and shave myself; carry my suit case as easy as anyone; open and close a door; open drawer of desk or dresser, take out what I want and close it again. As for looks, no casual observer could tell that I wear artificial arms. They are comfortable to wear (in fact feel a part of me), and easy to operate."

**With a Carnes Artificial Arm**
**You Can Pick Up a Pin or a Dime**

Write, draw, sharpen lead pencil, use telephone, clean teeth, lace or button shoes, put on gloves, brush coat, tie cravat, brush hair, run automobile, ride bicycle, drive horses, play pool or billiards, sew, iron, sweep, and many other things with ease and comfort. Indorsed by surgeons. Adopted by railroads and factories.

**Write for illustrated catalogue** showing fac-simile letters and photographs of wearers of Carnes Artificial Arms. It will absolutely convince you that in the Carnes we have produced an artificial arm and hand that you can really "do things" with and without assistance of natural hand.

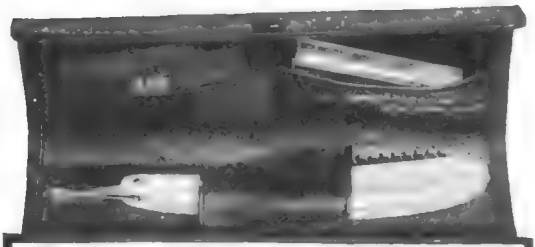
**We guarantee a perfect fit by mail or no pay.**

References: Bradstreet's or Dun's Commercial Agency or any bank in Kansas City. Write and ask for free catalog A-11.

See demonstration and exhibit in the Liberal Arts Building at the San Francisco Exposition, and in the Varied Industries Building at the San Diego Exposition.

**CARNES ARTIFICIAL LIMB COMPANY**

**Main Office and Factory, 904-906 E. 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.**
New York, 501 Centurian Bldg. Chicago, New York Life Bldg.
Pittsburg, 702 Arrot Building. Seattle, 612 Northern Bank Bldg.



DURHAM-DUPLEX DOMINO RAZOR with white American ivory handle, safety guard, stropping attachment, package of six of the famous Durham-Duplex double-edged, hollow ground blades. Genuine red leather folding kit.

*Twenty United Profit Sharing Coupons are given with this set.*

# $5 DURHAM-DUPLEX Domino Razor for $1

We are requesting the owners of Durham-Duplex Demonstrator Razors to pass them along to friends, or at least to tell their friends about the shave it is possible to obtain with the wonderful Durham-Duplex blade. This is good advertising for us, and we are paying for it by giving Demonstrator users an opportunity to obtain a Domino Razor for $1.

**DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 590 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.**

*Gentlemen:* Send me a $5 Durham Duplex Domino Kit Outfit as per illustration above for which find enclosed $1.00.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

**Any dealer will honor this coupon** BO

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# "That's The Man!"

THE delicate child, who must be kept toned up with something. How much better, for you and for him, to give him something that you don't have to coax him to take—something that tastes so good there'll be no fighting against it—and, best of all, something that's not drug or medicine but just a wholesome, nourishing, liquid-food-tonic.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

## Malt-Nutrine

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

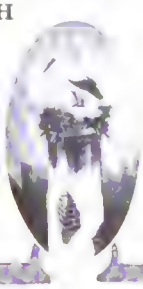
A wine glassful at each meal and before going to bed will soon make another child of that delicate, anaemic boy or girl of yours. You'll see the appetite pick up, the cheeks fill out yes! and there'll be more noise about the house—the noise of a healthy child. A genuine food and tonic for all who are weak, anaemic or run down.

ALL DRUGGISTS—MOST GROCERS

Malt Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14½ per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

*Interesting Booklet on Request*

ANHEUSER-BUSCH St. Louis, U. S. A.

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# A Well-designed Pergola

## is the finishing touch to the architectural and landscape perfection of elaborate grounds—it is "the one thing needful" to confirm the artistic character of a modest homestead—and it may be relied upon to redeem and beautify even the smallest yard, or one that is lacking in natural advantages.

*CYPRESS*, "the Wood Eternal," is the pre-eminent pergola wood because "CYPRESS lasts forever"—DEFIES ROT-INFLUENCES which destroy most other woods—does not warp, shrink or swell like most woods—takes paint and stain perfectly but does not need either. (See Govt. Rept., Vol. 1)

**Vol. 40** of the Cypress Pocket Library (entirely new) contains SKETCHES, DETAILED WORKING DRAWINGS (on sheet 24x36 inches) and FULL SPECIFICATIONS for erecting five new and original designs for beautiful and practical PERGOLAS and one COLONIAL ENTRANCE, all easily built and costing from a few dollars up to several hundreds. Not "stock patterns"—each was *SPECIALLY DESIGNED* for us. WRITE TODAY for **Vol. 40.**

*NOTE—These plans are in no way similar to those in "Vol. 30"—they are new.*

When planning a Pergola, Mansion, Bungalow, pasture-fence or sleeping porch, remember—*"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE"*

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel.

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**1200 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.,**
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INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL LUMBER DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY.*



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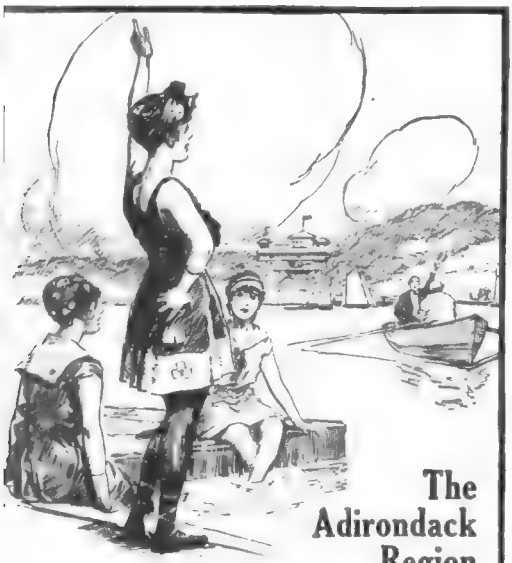

## The Adirondack Region

of Northern New York offers a wonderful diversity of recreations. There are forest trails and streams along which you can camp and fish—hotels and clubs with unsurpassed facilities for golf and tennis—lovely lakes, ideal for canoeing or motor-boating. You can choose from a wealth of delightful localities reached by the

## Delaware & Hudson Lines

***Shortest, Quickest and Best Between New York and Montreal***

Lake George, Lake Champlain, Saratoga Springs, Lake Placid, Sharon Springs and Cooperstown are unequalled in their attractiveness as vacation resorts. These and many other points in the mountain and lake country draw a host of congenial pleasure seekers during the Summer months.

"D & H" through trains leave New York, Grand Central Terminal. Summer passengers on the Hudson River Boat Lines can make connections with "D & H" trains at Albany and Troy.

Send 6c in stamps for "A Summer Paradise." It contains 360 pages of photographs and descriptions of the beautiful resorts of the Adirondack country.

M. J. Powers, G. P. A.
Albany, N. Y.
New York City Information Bureau, 1354 Broadway

"The D&H" RAIL AND STEAMER LINES

# Better Cigars for Less Money

My rare Havanas—unpurchasable in any store—cost you half what they should because you and I deal together personally. The dealer's profit goes to you.

Yet you get that same delightful cigar I myself have smoked for over 40 years. Today 12,000 discriminating smokers say I am a full-fledged connoisseur.

## I'm Hard to Please

This business was started by my friends who used to depend on me to divide up my private stock. The circle grew. Before long I kept a friend in Cuba busy selecting only the finest tobacco.

Today I command the choicest plants grown in the mountainous Vuelta district—noted for its most expensive tobacco. I sold over 2,000,000 cigars last year.

Since I pay no salesmen's salaries or expenses, I can afford to sell my private monogram J. R. W. panatela for $5.00 per hundred, $2.60 for 50; charges prepaid. That's not far from cost.

## Decide for Yourself

Once you smoke a few of my cigars—so mild and sweet—you'll want more. Not merely because you save 30% to 50%, but because they measure up to your most critical standards. Because they are all uniformly enjoyable.

**First Five Free!**

Just to convince you that you cannot duplicate these cigars for twice the cost—smoke five at *my* expense. Merely send 10c for packing, postage and revenue, with your letterhead, business card or reference.

J. ROGERS WARNER
965 Lockwood Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.

*Exact Size*

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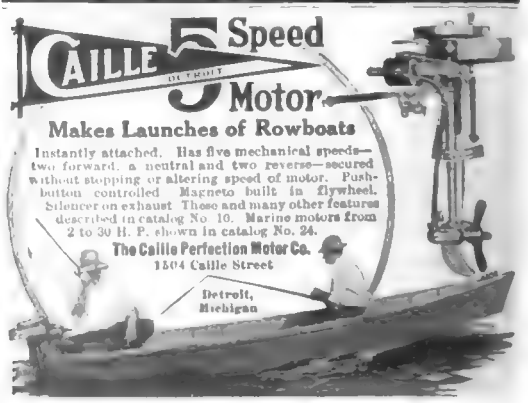
**Makes Launches of Rowboats**

Instantly attached. Has five mechanical speeds—two forward, a neutral and two reverse—secured without stopping or altering speed of motor. Push-button controlled. Magneto built in flywheel. Silencer on exhaust. These and many other features described in catalog No. 10. Marine motors from 2 to 30 H. P. shown in catalog No. 24.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.
1504 Caille Street
Detroit, Michigan

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When you buy $100. worth of average, ordinary stationery, you have invested $100.

You have bought stationery that will carry your messages, but will make no impression of its own.

You have paid for no "Feeling of Quality" and you have received none.

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2% more—$102. instead of $100. buys you Old Hampshire Bond Stationery.

Do you save money by not spending the $2.?

That depends on what ideals, what business standards you want your stationery to express.

If you are proud of your business and ambitious for it, you will be able to see plenty of reason for using Old Hampshire Bond.

Write to us using your present letterhead; we will send free the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens—assembled and bound up to interest business men. We will send you, from time to time, instructive matter from our Service Department.

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SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

The Only Paper Makers in the World
Making Bond Paper Exclusively

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# Department of Classified Advertising

RATE—$3.00 per line—3% cash discount—10% discount for six consecutive insertions. Minimum space 4 lines.

*As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable. Forms close about the first day of month preceding date of publication.*

## HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.

**DISTRIBUTORS WANTED!** Good Pay; Steady Work; giving away packages Perfumed Borax Soap Powder with our Soaps, etc. No capital or experience needed. B. Ward & Co., 224 Institute Pl., Chicago.

**WANTED: AGENTS** for complete line of high-grade, fast-selling Toilet Preparations. Liberal commission and exclusive territory. No capital or previous experience necessary. Write at once for special offer to agents. The Thompson Company, St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS**—Send for Free Copy of "The Thomas Agent." Filled with money-making plans, no license tax decisions of Supreme Court, pointers and experience of thousands of successful agents. Address, J. M. Finch, Editor, 123 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

**OWN A BUSINESS**—1000% Profit Manufacturing Inks at home, spare time. Capital and experience unnecessary. Enormous commercial demand. Our secret formulas and sure selling plans insure lucrative, steadily increasing business. No canvassing. Investigate immediately. Particulars free. A. F. Covert, Secretary, 6935-6939 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS—BIG MONEY EVERY WEEK FOR TWO HOURS'** work a day selling our wonderful 7-piece Kitchen Set. Send for sworn statement of big daily profit. Outfit Free to workers. 1200 other fast sellers. Thomas Mfg. Co., 223 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS**—To sell the newest electric appliance on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity, in the home and office; liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; it shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for $3.50 and saves the purchaser an investment of $25; write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 1016 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**AGENTS—A BIG SUMMER SELLER**—Something new—Concentrated Soft Drinks. Just add water—Delicious Soft Drinks in a jiffy—any time—anywhere. Popular for the home, picnics, parties, socials, etc. Guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food Laws. Light-weight packages—by Parcel Post—no delay. Enormous demand—Agents coining money—$6 to $12 a day. 250 other fast sellers—all big repeaters 100% profit. Agents Outfit Free—Territory going fast. Be quick—just a postal today. American Products Co., 2222 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

**A DOLLAR A MINUTE CAN'T BE MADE WITH OUR** goods or anybody's. But you can make good money with our quick sellers, not sold in stores. Write and say "show me." S. Mfg. Co. 41A. Warren St., N. Y.

**AGENTS—GET PARTICULARS OF ONE OF THE BEST** paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make $4000 yearly. Address E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 536 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

**HIGH-GRADE MEN** acquainted with architects and builders to handle well-advertised building material on commission. Exclusive territory. Leads furnished. Address "F." Mills, Box 190, Station C, Cleveland, Ohio.

**SPECIALTY SALESMEN WANTED;** big commissions being earned; write for particulars. E. L. Arnott, Greenfield, Ohio.

**GREAT OPPORTUNITY** for general agents selling New Specialty to merchants; Retails $5; $10; $15, each. Your profit 200%. No competition. Exclusive territory. Free samples. Sayers Co., 402 Wainwright, St. Louis, Mo.

**AT LAST**—A compressed air washing machine; washes tub of clothes in 6 minutes. Works like magic. Price only $1.50. Agts. coining money. A sale at every house. Wendell Co., 858 Oak St., Leipsic, Ohio.

**EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WANTS REPRESENTATIVES** in all parts of the country. The work is profitable; it doesn't take long to learn; it is a good thing for you if you're not quite satisfied with your present income. Agents who give all their time to the work get big Money—spare-time workers are well paid for what they do. It does not matter whether you are a man or a woman, young or old—all the capital you need is a neat appearance, a fair share of ability, and plenty of perseverance. Write to-day and get details of the best offer we have ever made. Address Circulation Department, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

## MOTION-PICTURE PLAYS

**SCRIPTS WANTED! WE ACCEPT MANUSCRIPTS IN** any form; criticise free; and sell on commission. Big prices paid. Don't waste money on "instructions." Write us. Story Revision Co., 100 Main, Smethport, Pa.

**EARN $1200 A YEAR** writing and selling one moving picture play a week. Turn your ideas into dollars. We teach only sure method. Send for free book, valuable information and special prize offer. Chicago Photo-Playwright College, Box 278 X. G., Chicago.

**I GUARANTEE $10 FOR FIRST PHOTOPLAY** you write by my method. As former Scenario Editor of World's largest studio, I speak with authority. Send for free booklet, "How to Write Photoplays." Elbert Moore, Box 772 VP, Chicago.

**WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS:** $10 to $100 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. No correspondence school. Start work at once. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 303 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

## FIREARMS

**FIREARMS** — Old-time and modern. Buy, sell, exchange all sorts. Stephen Van Rensselaer, West Orange, New Jersey.

**JUST ONE BIG MAN** in each territory can have own business, earning big money daily, representing and selling for wealthy manufacturing concern. Demand large and urgent in homes; housewives awaiting your call. Big future. Dur Eco Company, Dept. C., 136 West 52nd Street, New York City.

**SALESMAN,** Reliable, middle-aged man, educated, unmarried, tired of routine, should write for details of easily adaptable position. F. A. Davis Company, Medical Publishers, Dept. E, 1914 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**WANTED, SALESMEN** to sell our line of animal oils on a commission basis, as a side line. Pocket samples. Anglo-American Pork Products Co., Wade Bldg., Cleveland, O.

**AGENTS:** Big money yearly selling over eighty every-day articles to farmers. Pleasant, permanent business. Full instructions. Write quick. Dept. 50, Duoform Company, North Java, N. Y.

**TRAVELING** Salesmen Wanted—Experience not necessary. Earn big pay while you learn by mail during spare time. Only eight weeks time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work. Hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip," containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions and who are earning $100 to $500 per month. Address Dept. B-20, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

**AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY AND BECOME SALES** managers for our goods, establishing growing businesses of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 1, Daily Record Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

**SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL SHINON** Products to retailers & jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Lowest prices & attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commissions net handsome income. All or part time. Shinon Co., Rochester, N. Y.

**AGENTS**—Big yearly income sure. Permanent position assured. Exclusive territory. We teach the inexperienced how to succeed. Let's show you. Novelty Cutlery Co., 20 Bar St., Canton, O.

**AGENT**—Great opportunity to be permanent representative largest manufacturers' high-grade soaps and toilet goods. Big, steady income; unlimited possibilities. Write for immediate appointment. E. M. Davis Co., R 62 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

**WE ARE THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF TWISTED** Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, largest profits. Our new Auto Specials are winners. Send for catalog. Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn.; Rock Island, Ill.

**JOIN US** in a new, big Parcel Post business. We have a line that gets repeat orders all the time. Spare time at the start. Invest only $1.00 or $2.00 a week and soon own a nice business of your own. Write for particulars. Nadico Co., 1681 Belmont Ave., Chicago.

**GUARANTEED** Hosiery Manufacturer wants man or woman to establish permanent, distributing route in home locality. No capital or experience needed. Liberal inducements for all or part time. B. Parker Mills, 2733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

**AGENTS OF ABILITY AND HIGH CHARACTER** wanted on a new household article. Over 100% profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Address Merritt & Brock, 59 to 69 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

**AGENTS—EARN MORE MONEY.** Large profits selling Women's Wear, Dress Goods, Silks, General Dry Goods. Big Catalog Outfit Free. Est. 1899. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Desk 6R, 425 Broadway, N. Y.

**RAILWAY MAIL AND POSTAL CLERKS.** Examinations soon; over 2000 appointments yearly. Prepare at home. Write for our Plan No. 306 of payment after appointment. Philadelphia Business College, Civil Service Department, Philadelphia, Pa.

## WOMEN AGENTS

**FREE TO ANY WOMAN.** Beautiful 42-Piece Gold Decorated Dinner Set for distributing only 3 doz. Free cakes of Complexion Soap. No money or experience needed. B. Tyrrell Ward, 224 Institute Place, Chicago.

## INFORMATION FOR POLICY-HOLDERS

**LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES BOUGHT.** We can pay up to 50% more than the issuing company can legally pay for Deferred Dividend policies maturing from 1916 to 1919. Write for booklet. Chas. E. Shepard & Co., Inc., Est. 1886, 56 Liberty St., N. Y. City.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA.** Least Cost. Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. Laws, blanks and directions free. Stockholders are exempt from corporate liability. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8J, Phoenix, Arizona.

**BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN,** and escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless fields; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" to-day. American Collection Service, 18 State St., Detroit, Mich.

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# MISCELLANEOUS

## AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES

**PAINT YOUR CAR YOURSELF.** Save $25 to $75 by doing the work at home with the Arsenal system. Our big free book "The Car Beautiful" tells how. Send for it to-day. Arsenal Varnish Co., Dept. E, Rock Island, Ill.

## STAMPS—COINS—CURIOS

**OLD COINS BOUGHT AND SOLD. SPRING** catalogue list of coins for sale, free to collectors only. Buying catalogue quoting prices I pay for coins, 10 cents. Wm. Hesslein, 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

**$50.00 PAID FOR DOLLAR 1873 S. MINT; $2.00 FOR 1904** Proof Dollars; $7.00 for 1853 Quarters, no arrows, etc. Watch your change. Many valuable coins circulating. Get posted. It may mean large profits to you. Send only 4c. for Large Illus. Coin Circular. Send to Numismatic Bank, Dept. B, Fort Worth, Texas.

## INVALID FURNITURE

**ROLLING CHAIRS.** We make 70 styles. Carrying Chairs, Invalids' Lifts, Beds, Tables, Bed Trays, Back Rests, Commodes, etc. Catalog "B" illustrates—describes—(free). Send for it. Geo. F. Sargent Co., 296 Fourth Ave., New York.

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**DO YOU READ MAGAZINES?** Our Big Money-Saving Club Catalog Free. Write Today. Agents Wanted. Write for full particulars. J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency, 223 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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**PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS & COPYRIGHTS.** Our handbook on patents will be sent free on request. All patents secured through us are described without cost to the patentee in the Scientific American—Munn & Co., Patent Attorneys, 667 Woolworth Bldg., New York—Washington Office, 625 F Street, Washington, D.C.

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**PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.** Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. How to Obtain Patent and What to Invent, with List of Inventions Wanted and Prizes Offered for Inventions amounting to $1,000,000 sent free. Patents advertised Free. Wanted, New Ideas. Send for List of Patent Buyers. Victor J. Evans & Co., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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## HOW TO MAKE MONEY

**SPEND** summer gathering insects, butterflies. I pay big prices. Many worth $5.00—$10.00. All salable. Men. Women. Get instructions, price-list, pictures, descriptions. Send stamp. Sinclair, Box 244, D 17, Los Angeles, Cal.

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**12 BUNGALOW PLANS 15c.** 4, 5, 6, 7 rooms. State number rooms wanted. Set of four (48 plans), 50c. Showing exterior and floor plans. All successful designs. California Bungalow Plannery, 1749 E. 15th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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**WE DEVELOP ALL ROLL** films free when prints of exposures are ordered. Developing only, 10c any size roll. Prints up to 3½" long, 3c each; 4½", 4c; 5½", 5c. Postcards 50c dozen. 24-hour Service, A-1 work. Photo-Craft Co., 1717 Woodward Av., Detroit, Mich.

**YOUR PHOTOS ENLARGED 25c.** 8x10 made from any size negative or film. Films developed 5c per roll, all sizes. Prints 3c each, 2¼ x 3¼; 4c, 3¼ x 4¼. Send negative and get sample prints. Free. We save you money. Anti-Trust Photo Supplies. M. A. Leese, 614 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

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**KODAK FINISHING.** Quality Service. Prices right. Developing. Printing. Enlarging. Send trial order and ask for free booklet and price list. We pay return postage. The Fowler & Slater Co., 1864 East 6th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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**LARGEST STOCK OF TYPEWRITERS IN AMERICA. ALL** makes. Underwoods, Olivers, Remingtons, etc. 1-4 to 1-2 mfrs' prices. $15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue T. Typewriter Emporium (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

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# REAL ESTATE—FARM LANDS

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**FACTORIES WANTED.** Raw material, cotton, lumber, clay, stone. Water power. Rail and Water Carriers. Healthy living. Good supply labor. Profit proven and assistance given by Chamber of Commerce, Columbus, Ga.

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**"WATCH US GROW"** is the watchword of McKinley, Isle of Pines. Beautiful, Healthful Island 90 miles south of Havana. Largest American Colony in Cuba. Four days from New York by steamer. Mild, delightful climate the year round. No frost, no fevers, no irrigation needed for trees. Fertile soil for growing oranges, grapefruit, lemons, limes, pineapples, garden truck, etc. 10 acres enough to make you independent in a few years. Write to-day for Free Book showing American life at McKinley. Publicity Bureau, Isle of Pines Co., 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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**$10.00 CASH — $5.00 PER MONTH. AN INVESTMENT** without a parallel. Quarter-acre plots suitable for poultry, fruit and vegetable raising, eight miles from New York City and the largest market in the United States for farm products. Immense fortunes are being made in celery, mushrooms, asparagus and other high-priced table luxuries. 10,400 square feet of finest land for $5.00 per month; total price, $250, $300 and $350. Title guaranteed. Start now; you can lay the foundation of a fortune. Send for photographs and maps. W. Kaye, Broadway Chambers, New York.

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**LAKELAND, FLA.** Best, most progressive inland town in State. Magnificent opportunities investment and location. Splendid climate, water, schools, churches, etc. High, rolling, fertile lands for citrus, truck, general farming. New booklet free. Board of Trade.

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**VIRGINIA FARMS SMALL AND LARGE,** $15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets near-by. Write for list, maps, etc. F. La Baume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 241 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

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APPEARING MONTHLY IN ALL 7 OF THESE MAGAZINES
EVERYBODY'S-McCLURE'S-MUNSEY'S-OUTING-REVIEW OF REVIEWS-SCRIBNER'S-WORLD'S WORK
8TH YEAR-ESTABLISHED TO GIVE RELIABLE INFORMATION TO READERS OF THESE MAGAZINES IN TRAVEL PLANNING.
WRITE TO THESE ADVERTISERS FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS
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CLENDENING 188 W. 103rd St. New York
Select, homelike, economical. Suite of parlor, bedroom, private bath for two persons $2.00 daily per suite. Write for Booklet H. will mail free.

Bound for NEW YORK and were going to stop at HOTEL BRISTOL 122-124 WEST 45TH STREET WHERE THE SERVICE IS COURTEOUS, THE PRICES REASONABLE, THE LOCATION CENTRAL, NEAR SHOPS, THEATRES AND TRANSIT FACILITIES. EUROPEAN RATE $1.50 & $2 PER DAY AMERICAN RATE $3 & $5 PER DAY

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West 23d St. at 7th Ave., New York
500 Rooms. 400 Baths. Fireproof.
RESTAURANT A LA CARTE & TABLE D'HOTE.
Rooms adjoining bath, $1 up, with private bath, $2. Write for colored map "R" of city.

ADIRONDACK MTS. N. Y.

MOHAWK & Cottages 4th Lake. Capacity 125. Latest equipment, electricity, running water every room. Garage. C. S. Longstaff, Old Forge, N. Y.

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When in Seattle TRY THE FRYE
SEATTLE'S NEWEST & LARGEST HOTEL. Scenic view. Ideal location. $1.00 up.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

Atlantic City. MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM
Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for Spring & Summer. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet. Josiah White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors.

Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.

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Trout and Bass Aqua Planing Boating Bathing Canoeing Fine Table-Tents or Cottages-Booklet-H D Smith

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Faces U. S. Capitol. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places. Running Water, Electric Fans in Rooms. Bath Gratis, Garage. Music. Am. $3. Eur. $1.50 up. Booklet D.

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HOME ON A RANCH-NEW LIFE AWAITS YOU
COME TO CEDARVALE RANCH
for Grand Outing-Horses Hunting Fishing Mountains Motor Boating through wild deep picturesque canyons-Up-to-date outfits for Yellowstone Park and Custer's Battlefield-Bountiful table dairy gardens Running Water Electric Lights-Terms Moderate.

NEW JERSEY

The Engleside, BEACH HAVEN, N. J. THE ISLAND RESORT THE ONLY RESORT ON THE JERSEY COAST THAT COMBINES PERFECT BATHING ALWAYS GOOD FISHING WITH A MODERN HOTEL. AND GIVES SURE RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER BESIDES. OPENS JUNE 13. Booklet R. F. ENGLE Mgr.

NORTH END HOTEL Ocean Grove, N. J.
Open all year. Exceptionally attractive. Directly on ocean front. Caters to the most discriminating. Everything modern. Sea water in baths. FRANCIS D. YARNALL, Manager.

# New England Vacations

## Vacation Books

Essential to wise summer planning

Containing lists of summer hotels, boarding-houses and camps in over 1000 places, WITH RATES, capacity and other useful information

The White Mountains the Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods, Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Casco Bay, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert and the ocean coast of five states are covered

*Send for booklet B—state region you prefer.*

## WhiteMountains
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Marvellous region of beauty, health, rest, pleasure.

Mile-high mountains, hundred-mile views, air that makes mere living a joy.

### Golf in the Clouds

tennis, motoring, horseback riding, mountain-climbing, camping

Interesting people, delightful social life

Magnificent hotels, satisfactory inns, and boarding houses with moderate rates

*Send for booklet C*

## Maine Woods

Come down and lose yourself for a few weeks in the REAL woods.

No other vacation like it.

Canoe trips—fifty to several hundred miles through the Great Wilderness Camping on the shores of almost unknown lakes. Indian or white guides.

Permanent camps—fishing, exploring, eating wonderful camp cooking, and resting.

Summer hotels deep in the woods and lake country, but offering every summer sport and charming informal social life.

*Send for booklet E*

Address Vacation Bureau, 171 Broadway, Room 107, New York. New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.—Boston & Maine R. R.—Maine Central R. R.

NEW ENGLAND'S LEADING RESORT—POLAND SPRING, MAINE

POLAND SPRING HOUSE
Fifth season
June 1st to October 15th.
Famous as the home of
POLAND WATER.

MANSION HOUSE and THE BATHS
New and complete Hydrotherapeutic and Electrical equipment;
Resident Medical Director;
OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

HIRAM RICKER & SONS, SOUTH POLAND, MAINE

The New York New Haven and Hartford RAILROAD CO.

# Quaint Cape Cod

Seashore Country Lakes

A Land of Vacation Sport and Rest—Fishing, Bathing, Sailing, Golf

Write Advertising Department, Room 472, New Haven, Ct., for Booklet


The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

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# WHERE-TO-GO

## MAINE

**Atlantic House,** Scarboro Beach, Me. Its 33d season. Beautiful location, with woods & beach. Quiet. Restful. Tennis. Golf. Surf bathing. $2.50 up

**OCEAN HOUSE, YORK BEACH, ME.** Leading hotel. Private baths. Running water in rooms. Orchestra. Golf, tennis, bathing, fishing. Good roads. For Booklet address Willard Simpson.

**Come to World-Famous Kennebago!**
Hotel & Log Cabins, with bath. Stone fireplaces. Maine's loveliest lake. Trout and salmon abound. Open May 15. Write W. E. Tibbetts, Rangeley, Me.

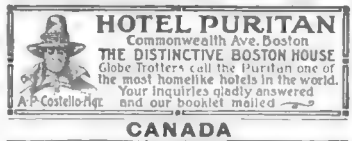
## VERMONT

**KAULIN** Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Select, Modern, Homelike. Golf. Sixth Season. Booklet.

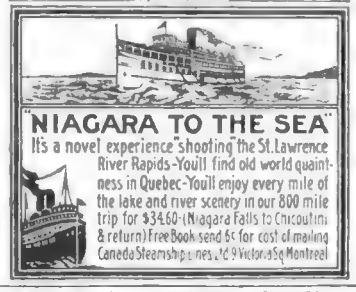
## MASSACHUSETTS

**Send 2c. stamp to THE NEW BANCROFT, Worcester, Mass., for complete itinerary of New England's historical points of interest and famous beauty spots.**

## BOSTON MASS.




## CANADA




## HEALTH RESORTS

**Health-Getting**

Every day at Battle Creek is made a day of real health-building under ideal conditions. You are brought back to health and physical well-being in a way that causes no privation. You enjoy the "Simple Life" while getting well without the absence of a single home comfort.

Your name on a card will bring "The Simple Life in a Nutshell"—a set of health rules.

**THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM**
**Box 109, Battle Creek, Michigan**

**Mt. CLEMENS FAMOUS MINERAL BATHS**
FOR RHEUMATISM AND NERVOUS BREAK DOWNS
The Colonial
WRITE FOR INFORMATION BOX 6 MT. CLEMENS MICH.

## CANADA

**NEW BRUNSWICK**
LET US HELP YOU to decide where you will spend your Summer Vacation by sending to you our 48-page beautifully illustrated booklet, descriptive of the River St. John—the Rhine of America—and the hunting, fishing, canoeing and camping opportunities in the delightful climate of this country. Enclose 2 cents in stamps to
THE FREDERICTON TOURIST ASSOCIATION
BOX 367 FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK CANADA

**Beaumaris Hotel** Lake Muskoka Ontario, Can. Golf, 18 holes. Tennis. Fishing. Boating. Bathing. Dancing. Illustrated Booklet.

## CEDAR POINT RESORT COMPANY SANDUSKY OHIO

50 leading Boat Builders have joined the Gray Motor Company in issuing a catalog showing the specialty of each. It tells where you can buy any kind of a boat from a $125 complete fishing launch to a $2500 mahogany finished express launch equipped with self-starting 6-cyl., 4 cycle Gray motor. Write for this big catalog today, free. Also **Gray Marine Engine Catalog** showing full line of 2 and 4 cycle marine motors, $55 upwards, one to six cylinders.

**GRAY MOTOR CO., 638 Gray Motor Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.**

**WHEEL CHAIRS AND TRICYCLES**

A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of invalid's rolling chairs and tricycles with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you and sell on

**THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL**

Liberal discounts to all sending for FREE Catalog now.

**GORDON MFG. CO.**
337 Madison Ave. Toledo, Ohio

**UNMATCHED SPEED**
**EXTRA POWER — NO VIBRATION**

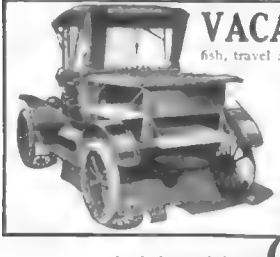
"Some speed! Drives a 16 ft. boat 12 miles an hour," writes Mr. Sanders, Madison, Wis. Has power to spare—does not shake the boat.

THE GREAT 2-CYLINDER
**KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR**

Fine record—absolutely reliable—easy starter—easy to handle. Reverses by pressing button. Both cylinders fire simultaneously—that's what removes vibration—3 H.P.—speed propeller. Best constructed rowboat motor on the market.

Active Agents Wanted

Koban Mfg. Co. 295 So. Water St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin



**VACATION WITH AN AUTO-CAMP** BE INDEPENDENT —Eat, sleep, hunt, fish, travel and enjoy yourself at less expense than living at home.

**Schilling's Auto-Camp** consists of strong enameled steel [illegible] with separate [illegible] partments for camping and traveling equipment. Fits securely on rear platform of Ford or Maxwell run about. Hinged top swings back for bed—complete with air mattress and shelter cover. Plenty of room for two adults. Price $119.00. Also made with same [illegible] Price $[illegible] [illegible] for catalog telling all about this wonderful new traveling device.

The L. F. Schilling Co., 7th St., St. Joseph, Missouri

Patent Applied for



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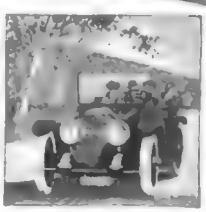

# MILES

Average certified by The Automobile Club of America in the official test with heavy cars of

## Strictly Stock Pennsylvania Oilproof

# VACUUM CUP TIRES

THESE are the only tires that have ever been submitted to official certified endurance test, and are therefore the tires offering definite mileage assurance based on impartial authority.

This proved mileage applies first to heavy car service. As is well known with light cars, tire mileage increases in proportion to the reduction in weight.

Moreover, even the A.C.A. official average, which was made in 1914, falls short of indicating the full mileages to be expected from 1915 Vacuum Cup Tires.

A new toughening process developed and applied by us has been showing not less than 50% increase in wearing quality.

*The Vacuum Cup Anti-Skid Feature*

This increased wear resistance also greatly prolongs the guaranteed anti-skid quality of the Vacuum Cups—their effective life being more than doubled.

On slippery pavements the Vacuum Cups have a perfect suction grip, acting on the only principle by which a rubber projection can grip a smooth wet surface.

Under our new price schedule, Vacuum Cup Tires are the lowest priced tires on the market of those having any sort of anti-skid feature *added* to the regular thickness of tread.

*Interesting new prices just issued for Pennsylvania Gray and Puregum Red Inner Tubes—both with unqualified guarantees*

NON SKID TRADE MARK

Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada


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A handsomely fitted bathroom offers little comfort and less peace of mind unless the closet be noiseless.

The Trenton Potteries Company

**Silent SIWELCLO Closet**

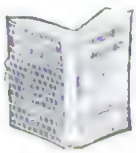
was designed to flush so quietly as not to be heard outside the bathroom, yet it is perfectly sanitary.

Its price is scarcely higher than that of any good closet and the cost for installation work is exactly the same.

Whether your house is to cost $5,000 or $75,000 the Si-wel-clo is suitable and practical.

***Booklet R-10, "Bathrooms of Character"***

free on request. Architects and Plumbers know and recommend all our sanitary fixtures.



**The Trenton Potteries Company, Trenton, N.J., U.S.A.**

*The Largest Manufacturers of Sanitary Pottery in U. S. A.*

*get this book free*

128 pages showing why more law-trained men are wanted. Modern conditions **demand** that **you** be law-trained. It is **necessary** for Success. No use doubting it! It's a **fact**. Learn why. Our book also shows you how men who are unable to leave their home or business can become law-trained by a new and improved reading course prepared by 60 eminent legal authorities and endorsed by U. S. Congressmen, and by judges and lawyers **everywhere**. Written in plain simple language, and easy to understand. Practical, yet reads like a story. Exceptionally favorable offer now being made to ambitious men. Write for particulars and free book. No obligation.

**BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE**
**20 W. Jackson Blvd., 1EF, Chicago, Ill.**

**Whether You Portage**

or shoot the rapids, you want a canoe that's easy to handle.

**Racinewis Canoes**

respond quickly to every stroke of the paddle. Their staunchness and seaworthiness make them safe in boiling rapids, but if portaging is preferred, you'll find the Racinewis is the lightest canoe you ever lifted. Write for free copy *Canoes and Canoeing*, containing special article on camping.

**RACINE BOAT COMPANY, Dept. E, Racine, Wisconsin**



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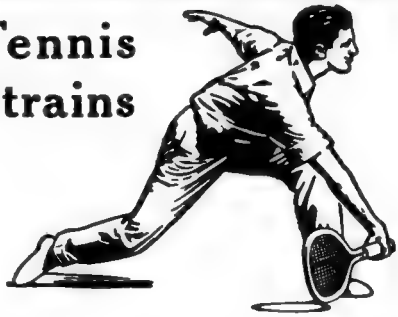
# Tennis Strains



Overworked muscles from a vigorous game of golf or tennis—wrenched tendons and ligaments, soreness and lameness from any sport or severe physical exertion are quickly relieved with Absorbine, Jr. It takes the kinks from stiff muscles and joints, stops pain and inflammation, and prevents second-day soreness.

A few drops of this clean, fragrant, refreshing liniment, well rubbed in, will do the work effectively and leave no greasy residue.

**Absorbine Jr.**
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The first game, the first lap around the cinder track, the first of the season's out-of-doors sports, does not claim its toll of sore limbs when the muscles are rubbed down with Absorbine, Jr.

Absorbine, Jr., is more than a liniment—it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. This doubles its efficiency and its uses. When applied to *cuts*, *bruises*, *sores* and *wounds*, it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptic and promotes rapid healing.

Acts promptly in *allaying pain* and reducing *sprains*, *wrenches*, *swellings*, *enlarged veins* and *glands*.

Absorbine, Jr., is made of herbs and is non-poisonous—safe to use anywhere.

## Used as a Rub-down

after violent exercise, it puts vim and energy into jaded muscles, limbers the joints and gives the body the glow of health. Make this soothing, invigorating and antiseptic rub-down by adding one ounce of Absorbine, Jr., to a quart of water or witch hazel.

Ev.
June, '15

**Absorbine, Jr., $1.00 4-oz., and $2.00 12-oz. bottle, at most druggists' or delivered.**

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

**W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.**
**121 Temple Street**
**SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

W. F. Young, P.D.F.
121 Temple Street
Springfield, Mass.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps, for which send me postpaid Trial Bottle Absorbine, Jr., pamphlet and laboratory reports.

Name _____

Address _____

My druggist is _____



FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

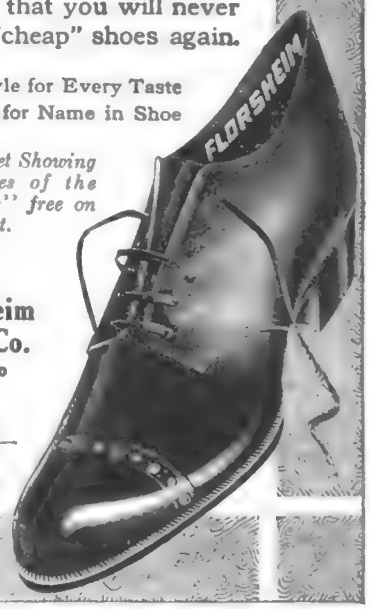
MEN WEAR THEM EVERYWHERE

FIGURE the economy in buying all leather shoes scientifically made—getting comfort and style from first to last day's wear. Five or six dollars invested in The Florsheim Shoe will bring you so much satisfaction that you will never wear "cheap" shoes again.

A Style for Every Taste
Look for Name in Shoe

*Booklet Showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.*

**The Florsheim Shoe Co.**
**Chicago**




*"The Parade" Black Kid—Light Weight Style 1640*



BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME!

"ARTBRONZ" PRODUCTS

A scientific depositing of government test bronze over a reinforced base. The original and best [illegible] in work, workmanship and durability—at one-tenth the price.

Book Rocks—Boudoir Lamps—Ash Trays—Paper Weights—Statuary—Portables, etc.

No. 560 Height 10½"
"History" Book Rocks

Decorative use in the home
Distinctive Gifts for all occasions
Unusual Bridge and other prizes
*Prices ranging from $1.50 up*
Sold by the best dealers everywhere

Send for CATALOG illustrating [illegible]

None genuine without this name "ARTBRONZ"
KATHODION BRONZE WORKS
535 Fifth Avenue New York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# STEINWAY

THE purchase of a Steinway for the home means the selection of the ideal piano, tone and workmanship being of first importance.

It is the price of the Steinway which makes possible its supreme musical qualities, but you will find that the Steinway costs only a trifle more than many so-called "good" pianos.

Style V, the new Upright, and Style M, the smallest Steinway Grand, offer a special advantage in price. They embody all the distinct Steinway features, but, being of a reduced size to meet the requirements of the modern home or apartment, are offered at very moderate prices.

*We shall be glad to send you, free, illustrated literature, with the name of the Steinway dealer nearest you.*

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
*107-109 East Fourteenth Street, New York*




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## He Owes His Success to Vigorous Health

He knows that well kept teeth are essential to health. He guards them by periodic visits to his dentist and regular night and morning use of either—

# Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Both safe and pleasant to use. Both dissolve quickly and rinse thoroughly. Dr. Lyon's has been the standard dentifrice for half a century.

Send 2-cent stamp for a 10-day trial package of either. I. W. Lyon & Sons, 545 West 27th Street, New York City.

*Save the FREE Tooth Brush Coupon in every Dr. Lyon's package.*

O'BRIEN'S Liquid Velvet

# For Luxurious Homes

LIQUID VELVET is the most appropriate of all decorations because of its richness and artistic value. Elaborate furnishings and hangings, rare pictures and ornaments, look their best against the background of soft toned, *velvet* walls.

That this same velvet tone and texture is extremely durable, that its beauty and freshness may be preserved indefinitely by *washing*, makes it also first choice with the owner of the modest bungalow—

—While these *combined advantages* have made LIQUID VELVET the favored finish for fine public buildings of every character.

O'BRIEN'S LIQUID VELVET is the new oil-base wall finish that is *washable, scratch* and *mar proof*. Its use insures you the satisfaction of thoroughly artistic surroundings secured at moderate expense.

Can be applied over old wall paper if desired, is especially adaptable for stencil work.

Comes in 24 shades, capable of innumerable combinations. Use LIQUID VELVET and you enjoy the fullest opportunity for the expression of individual taste.

**Send for Free Sample**

We will send you a *free sample size* can, any color, of LIQUID VELVET and the LIQUID VELVET book which has a full color chart, showing shades and texture.

MASTER VARNISH and FLEXICO ENAMEL are as satisfactory for finishing floors and woodwork as LIQUID VELVET for walls and ceilings. Book on MASTER VARNISH free. Write for Books and Free Sample, giving dealer's name and enclosing 10 cents for postage and packing.

**THE O'BRIEN VARNISH CO.**
**619 Johnson St., South Bend, Ind.**

730-734 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 909 Franklin Ave., St. Louis
The O'Brien Varnish Sales Co., Eastern Distributors
95 Madison Ave., New York City
C. W. Coburn & Co., Distributors for the Pacific Coast
320 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. (61)




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# How a Question Upset an Industry

For several months leading magazines have carried in their advertising pages this strange query: "How Many Hides Has a Cow?"

This seemingly innocuous question has in fact not only adduced the surprising answer that a cow's one natural hide becomes in the leather factories three to five sheets of leather each as large as the original hide, but it has also started a storm of protest and columns of explanation in trade journals on the part of the leather men.

The manufacturers of upholstered furniture demand official classification of leather to distinguish genuine hair-side grain leather from the two to four artificially surfaced and embossed splits made from the fleshy side.

The manufacturers of leather have concluded that the best protection of their industry against the rapid progress of improved substitutes for leather is the enactment of legislation that will require the marking of upholstery to show whether it is genuine grain leather, a leather substitute, or a coated "split".

Out of all this pother the public will be the greatest beneficiary.

Genuine grain leather—the centuries-old aristocrat of furniture coverings—will be saved from loss of caste by association with weak, fleshy splits surfaced and embossed to imitate it. Splits will be sold as such at prices consistent with their low quality.

Fabrikoid, the improved upholstery material, which has the appearance and luxuriousness of the finest leather, which is guaranteed superior to splits in wearing qualities, and which is moderate in cost, will be the choice of the majority.

More than half of all the new automobiles registered in 1914 were upholstered in substitutes for leather. Similar conditions prevail in the furniture business.

Before buying an automobile, a buggy or upholstered furniture, get our free booklet and "The Orange Papers". Both should prove interesting and profitable.

## Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Del.

Craftsman Quality Fabrikoid is on sale by John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Jordan-Marsh Co., Boston; McCreery & Co., Pittsburgh; J. & H. Phillips, Pittsburgh; John Shillito Co., Cincinnati; The Bailey Co., Cleveland; Stix-Baer-Fuller Co., St. Louis; The Palais Royal, Washington, D. C.; Bedell & Co., Washington, D. C.; Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.; T. Eaton & Co., Ltd., Toronto and Winnipeg; Davison-Paxson-Stokes Co., Atlanta, Ga.; D. N. & E. Walter & Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland; Henry B. Day & Co., Los Angeles, and upholstery dealers generally.




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Imperial Sanitary Floor

## Put on Like Plaster—Wears Like Iron

A composition 3/8 in. thick easily applied over any foundation—will not chip or come loose.

A continuous, fine grained, smooth, non-slippery surface, practically a seamless tile—fireproof, waterproof, germ-proof—no crack, crevice or joint for the accumulation of dirt.

**The Best Floor**

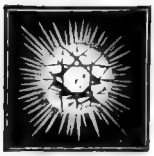
**for Kitchen, Pantry, Bath Room, Laundry, Porch, Garage and Show Room, Restaurant, Church, Factory, Dairy, Theater, Hotel, Office Building, Railroad Station, Hospital—all places where durability, sanitation and low cost of up-keep are the requirements. Your choice of five practical colors, Red, Buff, Brown, Gray and White.**

*Full information and sample FREE on request.*

**IMPERIAL FLOOR CO., 21 Cutler Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

*On the market nine years.*

## "The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, **I guarantee** these stones to be **genuine.** Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance,

**H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,**
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.

# Sterno
## Canned Heat

*Can't leak or spill—it's solid.*

The ideal fuel for outdoor use. For the autoist, camper, the traveler, the yachtsman.

It's convenient; it's safe; no wick to bother with; put up in cans like cold cream.

Pack it in your grip when you're going away.

A wonderful convenience for every home.

Send 10c for sample can and stand.

*Ask your dealer to show you this boiler—50c.*

S. STERNAU & CO., 317 Broadway New York City

# Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are **saving $50 to $200 a year** in their tire expense.

**We ship on approval** Without a cent deposit **prepay the express** and allow you to be the judge. **Durable Treads** double the life of your tires and are sold under a **signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without puncture.** Applied in your own garage in thirty minutes.

**Special Discount** offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment **direct from factory.** A postal will get full information and sample within a week. **State size of tires. Don't wait—write today.** Address the nearest office.

**The Colorado Tire & Leather Company**
**Dept. F 17, Box 228, Chicago, Ills.**
**617 Tread Bldg., Denver, Colo.**

## Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and show a new 1915 model **"RANGER"** bicycle. Write for our *liberal terms.*

**DELIVERED FREE** on approval and **30 days' trial.** Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our **low prices** and *remarkable terms.*

**FACTORY CLEARING SALE**—a limited number of old models of various makes, $7 to $12. A few good second-hand wheels $3 to $8. Write if you want a bargain.

**Tires,** lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, motorcycle supplies of all kinds *at half usual prices.* **Write us** before buying.

**MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. N 43, CHICAGO**

## TYPEWRITERS SUMMER PRICES

Look at these bargains! Typewriters Rebuilt in our own Factories, and guaranteed for one year.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Remingtons | $20 to $55 | Smiths | $18 to $40 |
| Underwoods | $35 to $60 | Royals | $25 to $45 |
| L. C. Smiths | $30 to $50 | Olivers | $20 to $35 |

We have others, of course. Send for catalog describing them, and address of nearest branch office.

**American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.**


# *Do you feel*

Have you read Henry Kitchell Webster's story on Page 657? Did you feel the strong, pulsing life that surges through it? Isn't that careless girl adorable?

Every one so far has said "a splendid *start.*"



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# You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can—**I know** it, because I have **reduced** 32,000 women and have **built up** as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you to breathe, to stand, walk and to correct such ailments as **nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.**

*One pupil writes:* "I weigh 83 lbs. less and I have gained wonderfully in strength." *Another says:* "Last May I weighed 100 lbs.; this May I weigh 126, and Oh! I feel *so well.*"

**Write today for my free booklet**

**SUSANNA COCROFT,**

**Dept. 20, 624 So. Michigan Boul., Chicago**

*Author of "Growth in Silence," "Self-Sufficiency," etc.*

# Garage $69.50

10 x 12 feet "Steelcote" Edwards ready-to-use garage, $69.50 complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Quickly set up. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postal for illustrated catalog.

**The Edwards Mfg. Co.**

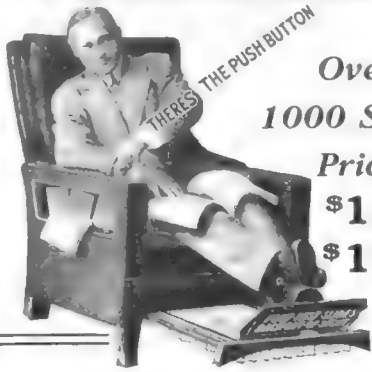
**309-359 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.**

# the lure?

You have the editor's word for it that Mr. Webster's characters make an equally fine *finish.*

If you missed reading it, take our word for it and do it now.

"Push the Button-Back Reclines"




*Over 1000 Styles*

*Prices* **$12** *to* **$100**

## Royal Easy Chairs

"THE PUSH BUTTON KIND"

give you the greatest possible ease and comfort for very little money. A finger pressure on the patented "Push Button" noiselessly adjusts the chair back to any position you find comfortable and holds that position till you change it.

The Foot Rest allows you to stretch out at full length and relax tired nerves and muscles. Out of sight when not in use. In it is a concealed magazine basket. Over 1000 styles in rich oak and rare mahogany. All upholsterings. Prices $12 to $100. No breakable mechanism. Fully guaranteed.

***Write today for handsome illustrated free booklet and name of your local dealer***

Genuine Royal Easy Chairs have the name Royal stamped on the Push Button—like cut.

**ROYAL CHAIR CO.**

**421 W. Chicago St., Sturgis, Mich.**

## Save Dealers' Profits

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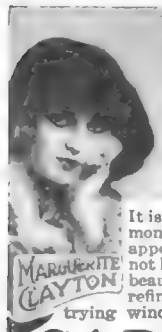



# She Has A Beautiful Complexion

It is not merely vanity, but good, plain common sense that makes every woman desire to appear at her best—and what woman does not long for a fine, clear, rosy complexion—the beautiful, soft, velvety skin which evidences refinement and care. Under all conditions—trying winds—under artificial light—the use of

## CARMEN Complexion POWDER

insures your having an admired complexion.

### *A Distinctly Different Powder*

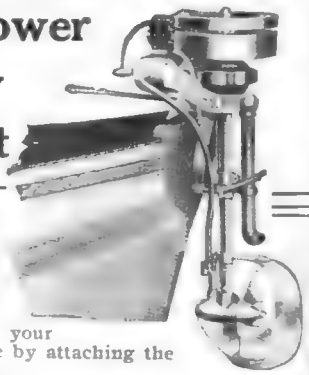
Scientifically made, pure, harmless to the most delicate skin, lastingly fragrant and so fine it can be applied without a mirror—without showing spots. Gives the natural tint to the complexion under artificial light. Is the best daylight powder, for it does not "dust off" nor "show powder." White, Pink, Flesh, Cream, Toilet size, 50c everywhere. Refuse substitutes—they are not like Carmen.

*Purse size box and mirror containing two or three weeks' supply of Carmen (state shade), White, Pink, Flesh, Cream, sent for 10c silver and 2c stamp.*

*"The kind she uses"*

**Stafford-Miller Co., 571 Olive Street St. Louis, Mo.**

# Hitch Power To Any Rowboat



Why wear your self out pulling oars when you can quickly make a good, speedy powerboat out of your rowboat or canoe by attaching the

## Spinaway Detachable Rowboat Motor

*Three Big Exclusive Features make it superior to any other of its type:*

Disappearing Crankhandle—keeps handle out of the way after starting;

Self-locking Tiller—holds boat true to its course without watching;

Underwater Exhaust—insures quiet, noiseless running.

Engine equipped with famous Bosch High-Tension Magneto. Write today for 1915 price and Free Catalog.

**SPINAWAY BOAT MOTOR CO.**
**264 Chicago St., Freeport, Ill.**



# LOOK INTO

*Trade Mark Reg. No. 94745*

Investigate its strength and durability, its resistance to moisture, cold, heat and fire, and you'll see why it's *better* than lath and plaster as a wall lining for your house.

And it's the *wood core*—the center layer of kiln-dried wood slats—that makes it better. It's this same feature that *identifies* the *genuine* Compo-Board.

Write for testing sample and interesting book of original decoration suggestions.

Compo-Board is sold by dealers everywhere in strips four feet wide and from one to eighteen feet long.

**Northwestern Compo-Board Co.,**
**4324 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.**



# DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

World's Lowest Prices

## SEND NO MONEY

**JUST SEND US YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS,** and we will ship to you, on approval, at our risk, all delivery charges prepaid, the famous No. H66 Loftis "Perfection" $50 Diamond Ring.

## You Pay Nothing Not One Cent

until you **see** this beautiful Diamond Ring. We want you to **examine** it right in your own hands. We want you to **compare** it. We want you to **judge** the ring **after you see it**, and we want to give you the same chance to **see for yourself** that is afforded customers in any of our large city stores. You assume no obligations, for we send you the ring **before you pay one penny. IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIPT OF YOUR NAME,** we will select a special Diamond for you, mount it in 14 karat solid gold, case it in a handsome velvet ring box, and send to you prepaid. If you find it to be all that we claim—if it meets your expectations in every way, and if you are absolutely satisfied that it is an **unusual bargain**, pay $10 and keep the ring, then $5 a month for eight months, making a total of $50, and the ring is yours. That's the "Loftis System"—which means a square deal to all.

**Write for our Free Catalog** containing over 2,000 photographic illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties, etc. It tells all about our **easy credit plan. Write today.**

**LOFTIS BROS. & CO.**
**The Old Reliable Diamond and Watch Credit House**
*Established 1858*
**Dept. A 864, 108 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.**
Stores in: Chicago: Pittsburgh: St. Louis: Omaha

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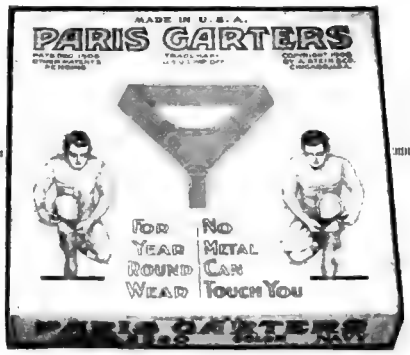


STUDY this box. It's the container of a pair of PARIS GARTERS. The kneeling figure and the phrase "No metal can touch you" are exclusive PARIS GARTER emblems. The more familiar you are with this box, the easier it will be for you to select the best garters.

The genuine PARIS GARTERS have the name stamped on the inside of the shield. It's wise to look for it.

25 and 50 cents

A. Stein & Co.
*Makers* Children's HICKORY Garters
Chicago New York

# "What y' Doin' Now, Bill?"

You don't have to ask that question of a ***trained*** man, because you ***know*** his position is a permanent one—that he is not at the mercy of conditions that affect the ***untrained*** man.

You can always be sure of a good position and a good salary if you have the ***special training*** that puts and keeps you in demand. The International Correspondence Schools will bring ***special training*** to you, no matter where you live, or how little spare time or spare cash you have.

To learn ***how*** the I. C. S. can help you, and how you can easily qualify for success in your ***chosen occupation,*** mark and mail the attached coupon today. Doing so costs you only the postage. You assume no obligation. If you ***think*** you're ambitious, marking the coupon will ***prove*** it. Do it NOW.

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**
**Box 1269 SCRANTON, PA.**

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

| | |
|---|---|
| ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING | ☐ SALESMANSHIP |
| ☐ Electric Lighting & Railways | ☐ ADVERTISING |
| ☐ Telephone Expert | ☐ Window Trimming |
| ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEERING | ☐ Show Card Writing |
| ☐ Mechanical Drafting | ☐ Lettering and Sign Painting |
| ☐ Gas Engines | ☐ ILLUSTRATING |
| ☐ CIVIL ENGINEERING | ☐ BOOKKEEPING |
| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Stenography and Typewriting |
| ☐ MINE FOREMAN AND SUPT. | ☐ Higher Accounting |
| ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEERING | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ ARCHITECTURE | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH FOR EV'YONE |
| ☐ Building Contractor | ☐ Teachers Course |
| ☐ Architectural Drafting | ☐ English Branches |
| ☐ Concrete Engineering | ☐ CIVIL SERVICE |
| ☐ Structural Engineering | ☐ AGRICULTURE |
| ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING | ☐ POULTRY |
| ☐ AUTO RUNNING | ☐ Chemistry |

☐ Spanish ☐ German ☐ French ☐ Italian

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____




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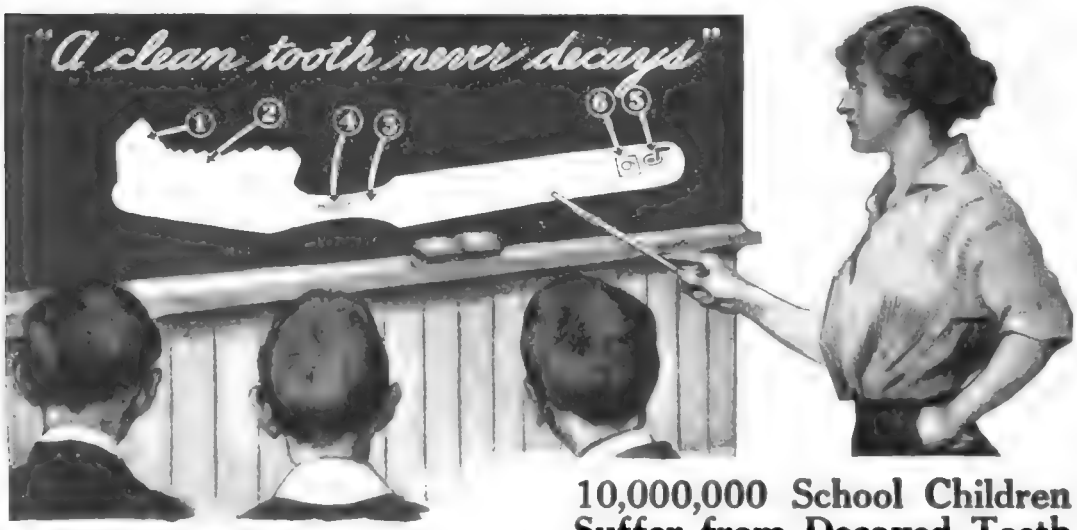



## 10,000,000 School Children Suffer from Decayed Teeth

That means ten million on the road to the mental and physical deterioration that usually results from decayed teeth. Isn't it time for mothers and teachers to feel real concern about it? Isn't it time that we as a nation take decided steps to prevent it?

If the law required that a child learn to brush his teeth in the right way with the right tooth brush, just as it requires that he shall learn to read and write, we should be building such a future for America as we now scarcely dream of.

Tooth decay would not take place if every child cleaned his teeth regularly twice a day with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It is the tooth brush that really cleans the teeth. Its pointed bristle tufts, arched to fit the curve of the teeth, reach all the crevices in between, around and behind the teeth, leaving no food particles in hidden places to start decay. The big end-tuft reaches where no ordinary tooth brush can—around the backs of the back teeth—and the curved handle makes it easy.

# Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Brush your Teeth Up and Down

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Not This Way

**A New Prophylactic for Each One that Proves Defective**

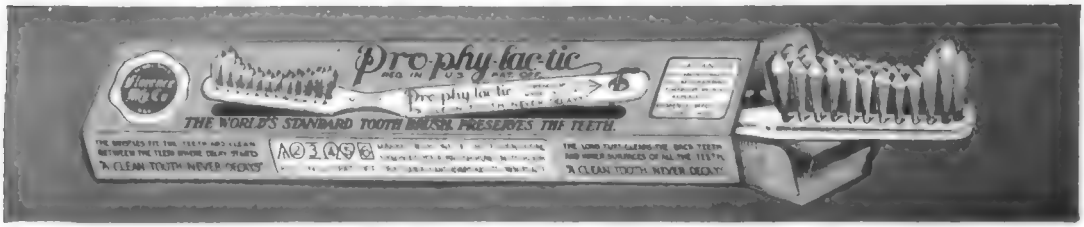
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes; rigid, flexible and De Luxe (colored transparent) handles; hard, medium and soft bristles. Special 4-row brush for men. Dental plate brush for cleaning artificial teeth. Sent postpaid if not locally obtainable. Prices: Adult's size, 35 and 40 cents; Youth's and Child's size, 25 cents.

***Send for Interesting Free Book on the Care of the Teeth***

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 167 Pine Street, Florence, Massachusetts

Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

Look for the Yellow Box





The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

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# Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket

**Ideal summer life out in the Atlantic; beauty and companionship of the sea; exhilaration of its air; are yours at these**

## Vacation Islands

**Rolling moors; inland lakes; lighthouses, windmills, quaint seaside villages; a picture of rest and contentment.**

**Perfect playgrounds for golf enthusiasts.**

**Sheltered harbors for yachts and motor-boats; bathing; fresh and salt water fishing.**

For illustrated booklets write Advertising Department, Room 451, New Haven, Conn.

**New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.**

# BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

ASSETS OVER 50 MILLION DOLLARS

THE confidence which this old-established bank enjoys is indicated by the vast number of depositors in all parts of the World who heartily endorse its methods and are constantly recommending it to others.

We pay 4% interest, compounded twice a year, which yields you a one-third greater income than 3%. Send for our free Booklet "E," explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.

**THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.**

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 6½ MILLION DOLLARS

# Three Refrigerator Improvements Shown in this Book

Write today for this new book by Mr. Leonard. Learn about

(1) The new method of lining that does away with corners in "hard-to-get-at" places, and makes cleaning easier than ever;
(2) The new one-piece door lining; and
(3) The Self-Closing Trigger Lock that automatically shuts the door ***tight, always,*** and insures the efficiency of the refrigerator

## Leonard Cleanable

With these three improvements the Leonard is absolutely perfect. Its beautiful, glistening-white, seamless, porcelain lining makes it as sanitary, clean and easy to care for as a Haviland China dish. There is not a nook or crevice in which grease or dirt can collect.

**Write for book and sample of porcelain** used in the Leonard Cleanable. Compare this lining with any other kind. Put to hard tests. Then you'll understand why the Leonard outlasts ten ordinary refrigerators and is "like a clean china dish." Write today.

**GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY**
**122 Clyde Park Avenue Grand Rapids, Mich.**
*World's Largest Refrigerator Manufacturers*

50 styles $15.00 and up.

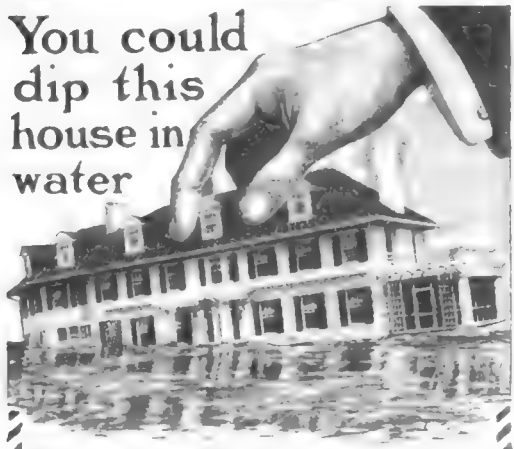
This style [illegible] in Oak [illegible] $[illegible]

Freight paid to Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

For sale by good dealers everywhere, or direct from factory with money-back guarantee if not pleased.

Like a clean china dish

# You could dip this house in water



**Stucco, concrete** or **brick** walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsanitary and disfigured. But they can be water-proofed and beautified with

## TRUS-CON STONETEX

**APPLIED WITH A BRUSH**

A liquid cement coating which becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing all pores and filling hair-cracks. Hard as flint. Damp-proof, weather-resisting. Gives uniform, artistic color. Applied to new [illegible]

It will pay you to learn about Trus-Con Waterproofing Products. Write for full information, telling us your needs

**THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES**
**134 Trus-Con Building, Detroit, Mich.**
**Waterproofings—Dampproofings Technical Paints**

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# A Terra Cotta TILE ROOF

Affords a protection which is absolutely leak-proof—takes up no moisture on the under side to cause decay and lasts forever—is the only roof which is absolutely fire-proof.

Write for our illustrated booklet "The Roof Beautiful," printed in colors, referring to the origin and use of Tiles. It contains views of many beautiful homes with roofs of Terra Cotta Tile, and is sent free upon request.

LUDOWICI-CELADON CO.
Manufacturers of Terra Cotta Roofing Tiles
Gen'l Offices: 1109-1119 Monroe Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

*PROTECT Yourself* At Soda Fountains *Ask for* ORIGINAL GENUINE

*THE* Food-Drink for All Ages
Nourishing
Delicious
Digestible
*OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS*

# BLUE BIRD *line of* MOTOR BOATS

16, 18, 20-foot Blue Bird boats ready to ship. Thoroughly guaranteed and tested. Most practical family boats afloat. Combine handsome appearance with speed, durability and seaworthiness. Best material and workmanship throughout. Engine Detroit, two cycle reversible, guaranteed **FIVE YEARS**, only 3 moving parts, starts without cranking, child can run it. Has auto boat seats.

SEND FOR FREE BLUE BIRD CATALOG TODAY

Demonstrator agents wanted everywhere. Agent's price to each first user of a Blue Bird in any locality. Ask also for **BARGAIN SHEET** on 20, 21, 23, 35' Runabout Motor Boats. **DETROIT BOAT CO.**, 1119 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

# ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

**The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes**

"Oh! What Rest and Comfort"

Over 100,000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. It rests the feet, prevents friction, blisters, Corns and Bunions and makes walking or standing easy. **Don't go to the California Expositions** without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet and prevents swollen, hot feet. Sold everywhere, 25c. **Don't accept any substitute.**

**FREE** TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

# "Cheap Tires Don't Pay!

It has cost me more in repairs than a *good* tire would have cost in the first place. Hereafter I buy good tires—or walk."

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

Have a tread that is good for thousands of miles of hard riding. A fabric so strong it can't blow out. An inner-tube of rubber so heavy and pure that it can't leak air. Send for testing sample and prove these claims.

*FREE Story "The Man who Rode on His Rims"*

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1934 Liberty Street Erie, Pennsylvania


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The Thief Sees The Red Bull-dog

## Why Didn't He Steal the *Other* Car?

Automobile thieves are fast learning that the "Little Red Bull-Dog" on the radiator and the protection plate on the inside mean ***certain arrest and conviction of the man who steals that car.*** These are the official emblems of the Motorists' Security Alliance, a national Organization of automobile owners for mutual protection—similar to the American Bankers' Association. ¶ Here is a typical instance of the work we are doing: One of our members was defrauded by an automobile crook. We spent $1500 chasing the thief through fifteen States, and he is now "doing time."

# How the "M.S.A." Protects Automobile Owners

Protection against the "Crime Syndicates" that are making a ***business*** of stealing and disposing of automobiles and accessories is just one of the many benefits which the Motorists' Security Alliance extends to its thousands of members. There are four departments, viz.: Protection, Purchasing, Legal and Insurance, whose services are freely at the disposal of each member.

## Big Savings on Supplies

By purchasing their supplies through one channel, our members secure a very substantial saving. Everything from spark plugs to bodies can be secured through the M.S.A. at special prices. The saving on insurance premiums alone amounts to more than cost of membership. Our official attorneys throughout the country give legal advice on matters growing out of the ownership or operation of automobiles.

## The "M. S. A." Book FREE

### *To Motor Owners*

Write your name, address and name of your car on the coupon and mail today for a copy of the official book of the Motorists' Security Alliance. Join hands with the big national organization whose protection and service is bettering conditions for motor owners everywhere. Learn how the Little Red Bull-Dog and protection plate of the M.S.A. on your car will benefit ***you***—how it protects you from theft, extortion and fraud—how it comes to your aid in emergencies—how it works for your interests in pushing the good work for good roads, fair legislation, etc.

**Local Agents Wanted**

We have a very attractive proposition for men qualified to represent the M. S. A. If interested ask for details. Every local representative must be an automobile owner and a member of the M. S. A.

**J. LESTER WILLIAMS, Secretary**

**Motorists' Security Alliance**

**National Headquarters, Dept. 33, 327 S. La Salle St., Chicago**

MOTORISTS: TEAR OFF AND MAIL FOR FREE BOOK

J. Lester Williams, Sec'y Motorists Security Alliance,
Dept. 33, 327 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send the official "M. S. A. Book." I own a _____ car. Year model 191 _____

Name _____

Address _____




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# Everybody's Tooth Paste

Pebeco is for every man, woman or child.

If you honestly expect to keep your teeth for life, then Pebeco is for you. The only sure way to preserve teeth free from cavities is to stop "Acid-Mouth." This is the ***cause*** of 95% of all tooth decay. The one dentifrice which fights "Acid-Mouth" while it at the same time keeps teeth white and polished is

# Pebeco
## Tooth Paste

"That first refreshing 'tingle' of Pebeco won me. You couldn't hire me to use an ordinary dentifrice now. A business-dentifrice for a business-man."

If you expect to save your teeth it will pay you to insist on getting the dentifrice which helps stop "Acid-Mouth." It comes in ***extra-large*** tubes and you need use $\frac{1}{3}$ of a brushful ***only.***

Manufactured by
LEHN & FINK, 118 William Street, New York

Canadian Office:
1 and 3 St. Helen Street, Montreal

Old Assembly House
Salem, Mass.

## White Lead Wards Off the Effects of Age

This "Old Assembly House" in Salem was already well up in years when Washington and Lafayette dined and danced there on October 29, 1784. Passing time has dealt gently with the old hall, and so will time to come, for it is kept painted with weatherproof

# Dutch Boy White Lead

and pure linseed oil. The same treatment will save your house from weatherbeaten decay. Simply direct your painter to use Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil, tinted any color you choose.

Would you like to see a simple test that will help make you paint wise? We will send you materials and directions for such a test, together with booklet of practical suggestions and color schemes. Just ask our nearest office for Painting Aids No. 94.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, San Francisco
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co. Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co. Pittsburgh)

*Our exhibit in the Home Builders' Permanent Exposition in the Craftsman Building, 6 East 39th Street, New York, is in charge of an experienced decorator whom you may consult free of cost.*


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# Doing Business with a Business Concern

The business man is an important factor in your daily life and happiness.

He may raise wheat or cattle; he may manufacture flour or shoes; he may run a grocery or a drygoods store; he may operate a copper mine or a telephone company. He creates or distributes some commodity to be used by other people.

He is always hard at work to supply the needs of others, and in return he has his own needs supplied.

All of us are doing business with business men so constantly that we accept the benefits of this intercourse without question, as we accept the air we breathe. Most of us have little to do with government, yet we recognize the difference between business methods and government methods.

We know that it is to the interest of the business man to do something for us, while the function of the government man is to see that we do something for ourselves—that is, to control and regulate.

We pay them both, but of the two we naturally find the business man more get-at-able, more human, more democratic.

Because the telephone business has become large and extensive, it requires a high type of organization and must employ the best business methods.

The Bell System is in the business of selling its commodity—telephone service. It must meet the needs of many millions of customers, and teach them to use and appreciate the service which it has provided.

The democratic relation between the customer and the business concern has been indispensable, providing for the United States the best and most universal telephone service of any country in the world.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**

**AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

***One Policy*** ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

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## Places like this make Criminals

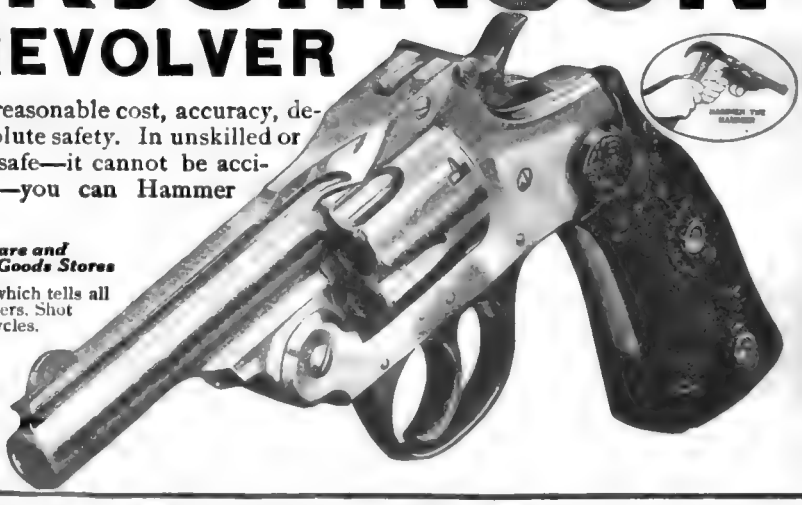
Society trains criminals as carefully as it does lawyers or doctors—and graduates more of them. There will always be criminals as long as the training schools of crime exist—rum holes, prisons, opium joints and gang-infested street corners.

Any criminal is a menace; anyone—you—may be his victim. What protection have you? The law? It punishes but rarely prevents crime. The Police? They cannot be everywhere.

Between you and the criminal there is but one certain barrier—your own readiness to defend yourself and your family against felonious aggression. In the

# IVER JOHNSON

**Safety Automatic REVOLVER**



are combined, at a reasonable cost, accuracy, dependability and absolute safety. In unskilled or nervous hands it is safe—it cannot be accidentally discharged—you can Hammer the Hammer.

***$6 to $8*** *at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores*

Send for our 84-page book which tells all about Iver Johnson Revolvers, Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS**
126 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York
717 Market St., San Francisco

**AN EXCELLENT TONIC FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HAIR**

# BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

## HAIR TONIC

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil. Trial will convince you.

**Makes the hair light and fluffy.**

***If your dealer can not supply you send us $1.00***

**BALDPATE CO., 467 WEST 34TH ST., NEW YORK**

***Sold Everywhere***


The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4

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# "CHALMERS Lets the Body Breathe"

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905.
"Porosknit"
DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED

*This Label on Every Garment*

With Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits there can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no cutting in the crotch. Their Closed Crotch is comfortable, fits, stays put, cannot gape open nor bulge. With full elasticity in the seat, the garment gives freely with every turn or bend. Guarantee of satisfaction with every garment.

**Write for Handsome Book of All Styles**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FOR MEN **50c** | Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment | FOR BOYS **25c** |
| FOR MEN **$1.00** | UNION SUITS Any Style | FOR BOYS **50c** |

*Fall and Winter Weight*

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
9 Bridge Street Amsterdam, N. Y.

Note How You See Through the Open Weave

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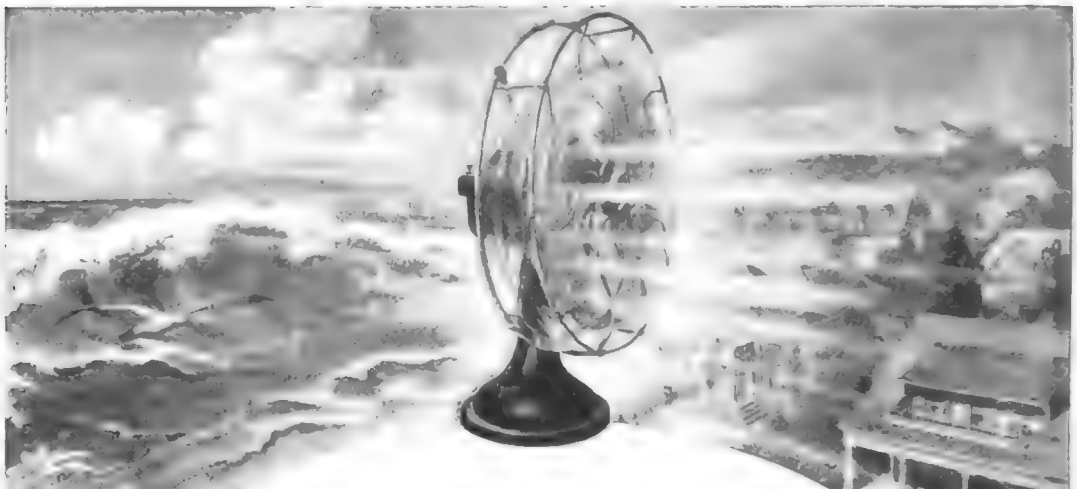

# A Two-Hour Breeze for One Cent

Do you realize how little it costs to operate an electric fan? As a matter of fact, one consumes only as much current as an ordinary Mazda lamp. Electric fans are within reach of all whose homes are wired for electricity. They are a summer convenience as necessary as screens and awnings.

## *Western Electric* FANS

carry the distinguishing marks of a well made product. They are light in weight, practically noiseless in operation, and strongly built. Will last as long as a sewing machine, and need even less attention. They come all ready to connect to any lamp socket, and start at the turn of a switch.

Discriminating electrical dealers sell them, along with other Western Electric Household Helps.

***Write for booklet, "Summer Breezes," No. 121-P, and we will send you the name of our nearest agent.***

**WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY**

New York, Buffalo, Newark, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlanta, Richmond, Savannah, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, St. Paul, Chicago, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Louis, Dallas, Houston, Denver, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Oklahoma City, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland

**EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED**


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# TRY THIS

## GOOD "3-IN-ONE" OIL

"3-in-One" is a perfect lubricant for all light machinery. It goes right into the contact point of all bearings, removes dirt, reduces friction, makes every action part work better and last longer. It will not dry out, cake, turn rancid or collect dust and is the only oil on earth that positively will not gum.

"3-in-One" cleans and polishes wood or metal surfaces and prevents rust in any climate or weather. This good oil is indispensable for a hundred uses about home, shop or office. Ask any good hardware dealer, druggist or general store. Try it yourself for:

**Sewing Machines** "3-in-One" lasts longer, costs less and lubricates better than any machine oil or cheap mineral oil. It won't turn rancid, gum, collect dust to soil the fabric. A little "3-in-One" will remove all dirt from the bearings and make the hand wheel, treadle, bobbin, foot, etc., of any machine, new or old, work exactly right. "3-in-One" saves time in sewing, saves the hard labor of pumping and expensive repair bills when the machine breaks down or parts wear out before they should. It's the best oil for **any** make of machine. Polishes the wooden case —prevents rust on all metal surfaces, particularly the nickel.

**Typewriters** "3-in-One" is just right for oiling all the delicate parts. It cuts away gum and grease, cleans the typefaces, prevents rust on all the metal and makes machine work faster and better. Your typewriter needs "3-in-One."

**Guns** "3-in-One" makes trigger, lock and every action part work easily, accurately and without hitch. It cleans and polishes the wooden stock, prevents rust on metal parts, removes residue of burnt powder (black or smokeless) and keeps barrels bright and shiny—inside and out. Preserves the wooden stock.

**Furniture** Every housewife needs "3-in-One" for cleaning and polishing chairs, tables, beds, hardwood trimmings, bathroom fixtures, etc. Has no disagreeable odor and contains no grease or acid to soil or injure. "3-in-One" is the best furniture polish sold—better than any varnish, because it is not greasy or sticky. "3-in-One" is also best for razors, bicycles, fishing tackle, office fixtures, clocks, fans, talking machines scales, tools, and many other things. You can't afford to be without this good oil.

**Three-in-One Oil Company**

**42CYG. Broadway,**
**New York**

**FREE**

Just tear off this corner coupon, sign your name and address plainly and mail the coupon to us. We will send you, *absolutely free*, a sample of "3-in-One" oil and our 24-page "3-in-One" dictionary. Do it right now—this minute.




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**Technical High School, Buffalo, N. Y.**
Architect, Martin C. Miller, Buffalo, N. Y.
General Contractor, Mosier & Summers, Buffalo, N. Y.
Roofers, Kelker Blower Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Photo. by A. H. Schaefer, Buffalo, N.Y.

# Barrett Specification Roofs

## *On a modern building—*

Here is the handsome new High School at Buffalo, New York—a fine example of first-class, modern construction throughout.

*It is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof.*

Now that the roof is completed it will not be necessary for the authorities to give any further thought to it for twenty years or more. It will require no painting, no repairs, no maintenance cost of any kind.

These roofs take the base rate of insurance and are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

It is a bit unusual, perhaps, to find that the cheapest permanent roof to build is also the *best* roof—yet that is the case with Barrett Specification Roofs. Their low cost and long life account for their high standing and popularity with first-class engineers, architects and roofers.

To be sure of getting a Barrett Specification Roof on your building, send to our nearest office for a copy of The Barrett Specification with diagrams and *incorporate same in your building plans.*

We should like to send every architect, engineer and building owner a copy of the Underwriters' Laboratories report on Barrett Specification Roofs. Address our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., LIMITED: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S. Sydney, N.S.

TRADE B MARK


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# ANSCO
## CAMERAS & FILM

ANSCO Speedex is the highest development of the folding camera. Equipped with a fine Ansco anastigmat lens, working at F. 6.3, and a high-grade shutter, with accurate, watch-timed speeds, reaching a maximum of 1/300 second, the Speedex will take snapshots on dull days or fast time-exposures in poor light—and the pictures will be *right*. Always use the combination of Ansco Camera, Ansco Film and Cyko Paper for the best results.

Your dealer will demonstrate to you the value of the exact radius finder on this camera. Catalog from him or us free upon request.

**Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.**

*Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon Ansco patent rights, establishing Ansco Film legally as the original film.*

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# Fog and Damp Salt Air Will not Affect

# Kno-Burn

## Expanded Metal Lath

THE house shown above is on the Atlantic shore at Cohassett, Massachusetts. It has a plaster base of Kno-Burn Expanded Lath—galvanized. After five years the stucco shows no signs of cracking. "Kno-Burn" costs hardly any more than the *cheapest* plaster bases and it insures walls of *permanent* beauty. Ask your architect.

"Practical Homebuilding", written in simple language that simplifies knotty technicalities, will give you full particulars about the cost and qualifications of "Kno-Burn" together with a world of interesting facts about building in general.

***Send ten cents to cover cost of mailing and ask for booklet No. 519***

**North Western Expanded Metal Co.**

**915 Old Colony Bldg. Chicago, Ill.**

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# Tarvia

## *A modern story of good roads at low cost*

ALL over the country there is a strong movement in favor of better roads.

Taxpayers are beginning to realize that good roads are an *asset;* poor roads a *liability.*

The proper kind of roads in a community means increased property values, more accessible markets, reduced transportation expenses.

The important question now is—"Can *good* roads be built at *low* cost?"

The answer is—"Yes, if Tarvia is used—and here are the facts."

For many years, outside of the heavy traffic zones in large centres, macadam roads were recognized as the most economical and satisfactory.

The advent of the automobile changed this. Macadam roads as then constructed, rapidly disintegrated under motor car traffic.

French engineers were the first to make this discovery. They, also, were the first to find a remedy, namely, *the use of tar preparations instead of water* in building macadam roads.

In this country, the Barrett Manufacturing Company took up the problem in 1902 and developed Tarvia in various grades. This treatment was wonderfully successful, resulting in *better roads at lower cost* than ever before.

Since that date thousands of miles of roadways in this country have been treated with Tarvia and today a tarviated roadway with its firm, easy traction surface, free from dust and mud, is a blessing to hundreds of communities.

The first cost of building a tarviated road is not greatly in excess of the cost of constructing plain macadam. The saving in maintenance expense, however, is usually greater than the cost of the Tarvia treatment.

*In other words, a tarviated road is really less expensive than ordinary dusty, muddy, water-bound macadam.*

If taxpayers realized that at practically *no extra cost* they could secure a firm, waterproof, dustless and mudless road they would be far more strenuous in their demands that tarviated roads be built.

### *Special Service Department*

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, the Barrett Manufacturing Co. has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write nearest office regarding road conditions in your vicinity the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers.

This service is free.

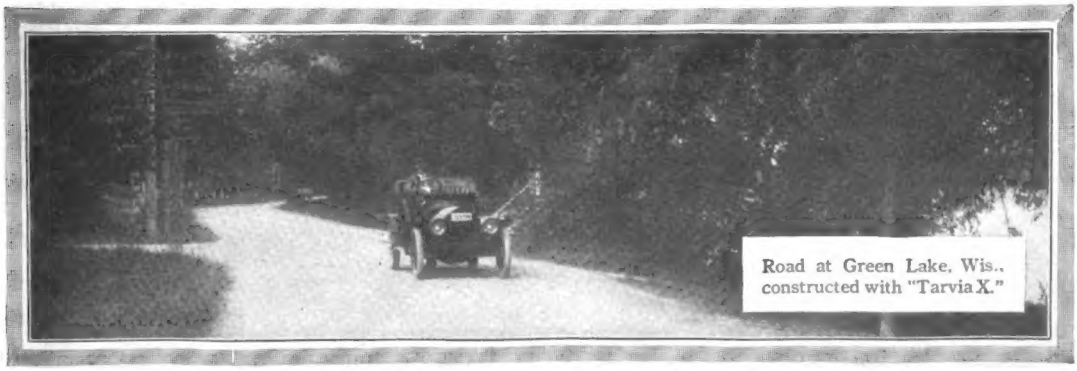
If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes,* this Department can greatly assist you.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle

THE PATERSON MFG CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK



Road at Green Lake, Wis., constructed with "Tarvia X."



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COPYRIGHT 1915 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

THERE is no weak link in the chain of Ivory Soap accomplishment. It does well everything that soap can do.

Ivory Soap removes the dirt and grime of a hard day's work. Ivory Soap provides a refreshing bath and toilet at any time. Ivory Soap bathes the baby without irritation to the tender skin. Ivory Soap washes delicate garments without injury. Ivory Soap cleans beautifully and safely the better home furnishings.

Ivory Soap is not limited to any one kind of cleaning because it does not depend upon ingredients suitable only for special kinds of work. Ivory Soap is nothing but pure soap of the best quality. It cleans thoroughly because it is pure, high grade soap. It cleans gently because it is pure, high grade soap. Its purity and quality make Ivory Soap safe and effective for every purpose.

IVORY SOAP. . . .

. . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

IT FLOATS

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# "The Best is the Cheapest"

There is true economy in PEARS because it is all pure soap—absolutely without waste—and particularly low in price.

*Even the last thin wafer end is not wasted—it adheres quickly and firmly to the fresh cake.*

# Pears' Soap

for many generations the world's standard for quality—the finest soap possible to produce at any price, is also the very cheapest soap that you can use. It is made from the finest ingredients obtainable, blended with extreme care and refined to the very highest degree—not almost pure, but ABSOLUTELY pure.

PEARS thoroughly cleanses the pores and leaves the skin in a natural, soft, healthy condition—it is far more beneficial than any cosmetic could possibly be. Each cake of Pears' Soap goes through a drying process for a full year before leaving the works, which removes every particle of water. A cake of Pears is all soap and only soap; that is why it lasts so much longer than ordinary kinds.

The quality of Pears' Soap is not approached—its durability greater than any other; yet you can buy the unscented anywhere at not over 15c a cake. There surely is no need to use ordinary soap when you can get *"the best"* at so low a price. Try PEARS now at our expense and bring the charm of this delightful soap into your daily life.

## A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

*The largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world.*

**For a generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented Soap send your address and 4c. in stamps to cover mailing cost, to WALTER JANVIER, United States Agent, 419-D Canal Street, New York City.**

*All rights secured.*

***The price of Pears' Soaps to dealers has not been and will not be affected by the European War***


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# The Third Partner

## You too should make a partner of

For sale where you buy other "Colgate Comforts"—or send 4 cents in stamps for a generous trial tube.

**COLGATE & CO.**
*Established 1806*
Dept. E
199 Fulton St., New York

*Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—Delightful, lasting, refined.*

## and get a higher rating in Good Teeth—Good Health

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